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OF

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VOL. XI.

CONTAINING

THEODORE;

OR,

THE SKEPTIC'S CONVERSION.

FROM THE GERMAN

OF

DE WETTE.

BOSTON:

HILLIARD, GRAY, AND COMPANY.

M.DCCC.XLI.

As wine and oil are imported to us from abroad, so must ripe understanding, and many civil virtues, be imported into our minds from foreign writings; — we shall else miscarry still, and come short in the attempts of any great enterprise.

MILTON, *History of Britain. Book III.*

THEODORE;

OR,

THE SKEPTIC'S CONVERSION.

HISTORY OF THE CULTURE OF A PROTESTANT CLERGYMAN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

OF

DE WETTE.

BY JAMES F. CLARKE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

BOSTON:

HILLIARD, GRAY, AND COMPANY.

M.DCCC.XLI.

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DE WETTE.

THEODORE.

PART SECOND.

BOOK FIRST.

DE WETTE.

THEODORE.

CHAPTER I.

THEODORE SLOWLY RECOVERS FROM HIS WOUND. FREDERICA COMES TO TAKE CARE OF HIM. HE GOES TO REJOIN THE ARMY. ENDEAVORS IN VAIN TO GET INFORMATION ABOUT HILDEGARD.

They had been obliged to deceive Theodore about the situation of affairs. When the surgeon, on the day of the engagement, hastened to examine the wound of Theodore, the enemy had already mastered an important post in front of the army, and those acquainted with war considered the battle as certainly lost. John, who accompanied the surgeon, communicated to him this intelligence, which he had received from one of the superior officers, and asked him whether his friend could be removed, without danger, to the rear, in order to save him from being taken prisoner. The surgeon thought that it might be done, and John immediately made preparations for that purpose. He also advised the nobleman to leave his castle, or at least to convey his family to a place of security, which he did on the same day. When our friend recovered his consciousness, the battle was already lost, and the retreat had

commenced, which went further than was anticipated. John was just taking measures to have his friend removed again, when the news came that an armistice had been agreed on. In consequence of this, Theodore was permitted to remain where he was, until his cure was effected. John avoided seeing him at first, in order not to be obliged to betray to him the loss of the battle, the knowledge of which might interfere with his friend's recovery. In the mean time, he wrote to Frederica, and invited her to come to the place, and undertake the care of her wounded brother; and asked his wife to accompany her.

Theodore's imagination, meanwhile, was busied with the image of the fair and pious unknown, whom he had seen in the castle of the nobleman. He finally overcame his reluctance, and inquired of his servant about her.

"You mean," answered he, "the Lady Hildegard; for that is her name. She was much interested about you, and would gladly have undertaken to nurse you; but she was obliged to journey away the same evening on which we removed you."

"Is she, then, the daughter of the nobleman?"

"I believe so."

"But she is a Catholic; for I found her kneeling before a Madonna; and I do not think that there are any Catholic proprietors residing in this region."

"I saw the village clergyman; and he did not look like a Catholic priest."

Nothing more than this could be learned from the servant.

The fair and saintly Hildegard had made a deep

impression on Theodore's heart, which very much effaced that of Theresa, about whom he still often thought with painful longing. Even in outward appearance, Hildegard excelled Theresa. Her figure was taller; and, though Theresa was indeed charming and graceful, Hildegard was beautiful in a nobler and loftier style. But her expression, so profoundly spiritual, and her look, so devoutly calm and self-forgetful, gave a higher and holier character to her beauty, and compelled all persons to a feeling like that of worship. Compared with her, Theresa, with her graceful levity and self-pleasing attractions, seemed a being of an inferior nature.

When Frederica and Anna arrived, John also ventured to show himself to Theodore, and disturb him with the news of the loss of the battle. The joy of seeing his dear sister again, enabled the sick man to bear this disagreeable intelligence. But, notwithstanding the affectionate and cheering care which was taken of him, he had not recovered sufficiently, when hostilities were renewed, to take his place in the army. The healing of his wound had been retarded at first, so that the fever had lasted longer than usual; and, after the wound itself had been long healed, he suffered from severe nervous weakness. It gave him much pain to be obliged to remain behind; yet he soon had the pleasure of hearing of a great victory, the news of which visibly hastened his cure.

John had returned to the army some time before; and Frederica, at Theodore's request, had accompanied her friend Anna, who was obliged to return home. At

last the physician thought that Theodore might be permitted to go also.

In his journey to rejoin the army, which had, during this time, advanced very far, he passed through the village where he had seen Hildegard, in the hope of meeting her again. But the nobleman had gone with his family to a neighboring metropolis, and the steward, who received Theodore, could tell him nothing about Hildegard, except that she was the daughter of a friend of his master, and that, having commenced a journey to Russia with her father before the beginning of the war, she had been detained by sickness in this village, but had now returned to her home on the Rhine. He was unable to give either her family name or the place of her residence. Theodore could not remain longer in this place, which, every where showing the ravages of war, appeared to him yet more desolate because no longer beautified by that fair presence which had before given it a charm and a glory.

CHAPTER II.

OTTO VON SCHÖNFELS. THE RHINE. UNION OF CHURCH AND STATE. ITS EVILS. CLERGY AND LAITY. VARIETIES OF OPINION AMONG PROTESTANTS. THE CATHEDRAL.

In the next city, Theodore met with several officers, who, like himself, had recovered from their wounds, and were on their way to rejoin the army. He happened to travel in the same coach with one, whose name was Otto von Schönfels. There was something in the looks of this young man which immediately attracted Theodore; and they soon came to like each other much, although their views on many points were very different, and they were very apt to dispute together about them. Otto was a Catholic, warmly and zealously attached to his church. He was a nobleman, and enthusiastically devoted to the old constitution of the empire, and to feudalism. But, though filled with prejudices, and earnestly defending them, he yet willingly listened to the opinions of others, and allowed himself to be convinced of his errors, although slowly. Theodore, however, was very guarded in opposing his opinions, especially when they regarded the doctrines and usages of his church. Nevertheless, the further they travelled together, and the more intimate they became, the more freely did the Protestant venture to express himself.

When they reached the Rhine, Otto was delighted to greet once more his native land, now delivered from a foreign yoke. "O, royal stream," said he, "thou canst now roll thy waves between countries, both of which are free! now thou art not a limit to divide, but a bond to unite, nations sprung from a common source!"

Theodore, also, was much delighted with the fair sight of this noble stream and its blooming shores, and thought of Hildegard, whose home was in this sweet country.

"Ah!" said Otto, "if on these lordly shores those pillars of the German church, the three spiritual electorates, could be again planted![1] What happy times, when those archbishoprics still remained, and the people lived tranquil and pious under the crosier!"

Theodore was struck by these expressions; he could not have believed that the blind reverence of his friend for Catholicism and the hierarchy could have gone so far. He felt bound to contradict this idea, but did it as gently as possible. "It is usually asserted," said he, "that these spiritual governments were very mild. But this praise seems to be chiefly based on the fact that their subjects were not heavily taxed. It cannot be shown that these governments possessed a firm and vigorous political character."

"They were always the truest subjects of the emperor," answered Otto; "and you still find among their subjects the most attachment to the empire."

"Yet there are numerous instances of the spiritual princes having allied themselves with foreign powers against the emperor and the empire; and the weakness

[1] See Note A.

of the imperial authority in early times is chiefly ascribed to them, as they took part with the pope against the emperor, and forced the latter to relinquish one possession after another."

Otto was struck by this remark, and seemed to be reflecting upon it.

"It is an important question, whether the union of temporal and spiritual power contributes to the temporal and spiritual advantage of nations or not. Let us first look at their temporal advantage."

"Is not the hierarchal form of government the most perfect? The people will certainly be governed in the best way, when the sceptre is wielded by the pious and the wise. The Mosaic constitution was hierarchal; and, throughout all ancient nations, the priests and the oracles possessed great influence."

"But the Mosaic constitution soon fell asunder, and gave way to anarchy, till at last the people felt the need of choosing a king for themselves. This example is not a favorable one for the hierarchal government. Priests and prophets live in the contemplation of spiritual things, and are not usually fitted for handling worldly matters. The false prophet Mohammed is the only instance of one who was at the same time a successful warrior and ruler.[1] Worldly governments ought

[1] [Such men as Cardinal Ximenes would seem to be an exception to this rule; though, even in the case of this remarkable man, we are told that he too much underrated the practical obstacles which opposed his designs. This habit of mind evidently came from the contemplation of absolute truth, in that spiritual world where earthly limitations are not found. See RAUMER's *Geschichte des Europas*, &c.—TRANSL.]

to lend an attentive ear and heart to the advice of the clergy, and should follow the guidance of the Spirit. But, in this case, the government is not hierarchal, but theocratic; that is, God governs by human instrumentality. And this was exactly the ideal which Moses attempted to realize."

"But, if the clergy are without power, their voice is not attended to. A share in the government should be assigned them by the constitution, as was the case in the German empire, when the archbishops sat in the electoral colleges."

"This brings us to the spiritual welfare of the people, and to the question whether this is advanced by a hierarchy. Do you actually believe that the influence of the clergy is increased by their possessing temporal power?"

"Certainly; they are thus enabled to give their opinions weight, and make them of consequence."

"But truth is truth to us only so far as it conquers us by an inward and a spiritual power. What is the use of giving it an external prop and support? A conviction forced upon us is no conviction — a virtue which does not come from free choice is not virtue. Consider, too, that when you give to spiritual offices worldly power and wealth, you make them objects of ambition for the children of this world. I ask you in candor — how is it that the chapters and bishoprics in Germany are almost entirely possessed by noblemen? Will you say that the nobility are always the most pious and enlightened of the clergy?"

"That, to be sure, is an abuse."

"But an almost unavoidable one. Even though the

sons of the nobler families should not always appropriate to themselves the spiritual dignities, they will be occupied by those who obtain them by worldly means. Those who truly deserve them the most will not, as a general thing, obtain them, because they are modest and unpretending. History shows that, while the Christian clergy was poor, the church was in the best spiritual condition; when it became rich and powerful, its morals became corrupt, and its enthusiasm decayed."

"But the situation of the Protestant clergy, who are, for the most part, weighed down with poverty, does not speak in favor of your views. They do not seem to me to be much respected."

"I grant that we Protestants run into opposite errors, while our clergy are often in want of necessaries, and are seldom able to live as they ought. But, even in their present situation, the Protestant clergy enjoy more true respect than the Catholic. Rarely do you find a city without at least one worthy, learned, pious, and edifying divine, who receives the respect of the whole community as a free-will offering. The office with us goes for little — the worth of the man is every thing. Now, I think that this is the true Christian sentiment; for Christ meant to redeem men from a slavery to external things, and make them inwardly free in the spirit. He meant that man should not be governed in future by the law, by fear and blind awe, by show and splendor, but by the free choice of his own soul and heart."

"You seem, then, not to approve of any clerical order, as distinct from the laity."

"I recognize a clerical office, but not a clerical order. Let him to whom God has granted the gifts which fit him to be a spiritual teacher and guide, take the charge of the church which has freely called him to do so. Since those who preach the gospel should live by the gospel, let the clergy be paid for their labor. But I like best to see the churches contribute voluntarily what the need of the pastor requires."

"You have a very different notion of the church from mine. It appears to you to be merely an individual concern."

"The church is a spiritual union, which rests upon common convictions and sentiments; and, so far, it ought to be wholly free. But that does not make it an individual affair, but the most universal relation which can subsist among men. It extends over the whole earth, and through all times. True Christians are every where bound together. He who to-day truly believes in Christ, is a brother of the early Christians, who attached themselves to the Lord eighteen centuries ago, and of those who shall hereafter confess the same faith in the remotest future."

"But how can there be either unity of doctrine or of practice, if there be no priestly order, united under one head, to watch over it. The Protestant church has been divided into many sects, and torn asunder by an unbridled freedom of doctrine. We alone have a quiet and firm position."

"When the Christian church was in its fairest bloom, it produced many sects, and the apostle justly says that they are necessary. A repose, without discussion, without motion, is spiritual death. Even in

the middle ages, when Catholicism was in its glory, there was no want of heresies, and of novel doctrines. Now, when there is less strife and diversity of opinion in the Catholic church, theology has fallen asleep. We do not envy your church a peace of this sort."

"But your church will soon be broken in pieces by its unbridled freedom of doctrine."

"I am not afraid of it. Our theology has run through many erroneous paths, but it is already returning from them. Truth must always make itself felt at last. You are also mistaken in supposing that we have nothing to restrain us. The sacred Scriptures and history, whose testimony we freely receive, do not suffer us to wander far away from the right path."

"I do not know exactly where lies the difference in our two views about the church. You seem to me to look at religion too inwardly and spiritually. I wish to see, besides, some outward manifestation of it. Look at that cathedral which rises so majestically, with its towers, into the air" — for they had just reached an elevation, from which they could see in the distance a large city. "It tells us, by its very appearance, that here dwells the worship of the Lord. The rude and dead masses of stone, ordered and arranged by the pious mind of the artist, have been compelled to the service of faith. The worship of God in spirit and in truth, the prayers which the pious send to him, have wrapped themselves in an earthly mantle. They appear in a visible shape, in order to warn man, through his senses, not to forget what he owes to God. In this work of architecture, the spirit speaks to us, though in bodily form. Listen to the majestic peal of bells,

which sounds to us from this cathedral. It announces the hour of devotion; it calls the pious to prayer. It is the spirit of piety which speaks to us, though with an earthly tongue. So ought the spirit always to master the material substance, impress it with its form, use it as its instrument. Just so ought there to be a powerful order of priests, clothed with authority, in order that the authority of the spirit should have some outward expression. Where the spirit does not create and mould, — where it remains as an inward principle only, without any outward operation, — there it is powerless and languid, and exposed to the derision of the impious."

"You have mixed truth here with what only looks like truth. Certainly, religion should come with authority into life, and inspire men to great deeds and actions. Also, the exercises of devotion should take form, and come to edify us through works of art and images. If the feeling of devotion may express itself in solemn songs, in eloquent oratory, why not also manifest itself by architecture and painting? The place in which the hymns are sung should be itself an image of devotion, by the loftiness of its architecture, and by its significant ornaments. A community which possesses a living spirit of devotion, will create for itself such means of edification, and glorify God with the products of its creative enthusiasm. But what is purely spiritual and inward cannot be expressed and imbodied outwardly. The gift of the Spirit, the office of caring for souls, cannot be treated as a monopoly or trade, or fastened to outward conditions. Just as it is a sin to sell the gift of the Spirit, or a spiritual

office, for money, it is no less a desecration of holy things to give them a splendor which they do not need, and to draw them down to a union with what is earthly. As little ought they to be honored and adorned with worldly gifts, as to be bought and sold for worldly money."

"But, if you do not reject the service of art for the church, you must allow the church some worldly means of making art serviceable. Where the clergy are not rich, the arts will not do much for the church. Cloisters, founders of religious institutions, bishops, and popes, have always given the most employment to artists."

"I grant it. But, when the adorning of the church by art is not done by the united effort and willing sacrifices of the whole body, it has by no means the true value. Till it can be accomplished by such an enthusiastic and ardent feeling, it were better to leave the church unadorned. Leave it free, and let it have its natural development."

CHAPTER III.

THEODORE CONVERSES WITH A CATHOLIC PRIEST ON PROTESTANTISM AND CATHOLICISM. THE SOURCES OF FAITH. ANTIQUITY AND TRADITION. THE SCRIPTURES. THE LATIN VULGATE. THE CATHOLIC CHURCH RESISTS IMPROVEMENT.

Our travellers stopped one day to rest in the city to which they had now arrived, and Otto introduced to Theodore a Catholic priest, whom he had formerly known, with the avowed purpose of having him carry on the controversy for the Catholic church, instead of himself. The priest soon made this objection to Protestantism, that it was on the way to infidelity, while, on the other hand, the Catholic church remained loyal to Christ. For the Catholics cannot easily understand the freedom of the Protestant church; and they have been so alarmed by some rash assertions of Protestant writers, that there is no more common view among them concerning Protestantism than this, which Otto had already urged, and which was now repeated by the priest.

"What should you think," said Theodore, "if I could show you that your church is on the way to infidelity, and that ours is the only true one?"

"I should think it, to be sure, a masterpiece of dialectics," answered the priest.

"It needs no power of argument, but only a simple

statement of the truth. We must, however, first agree upon a principle — upon some rule by which to measure the condition and direction of the two churches. You will admit, I suppose, that that is the truest which best agrees, and endeavors most earnestly to agree, with the original divine revelation."

"Certainly. It only depends on what you call revelation, and what sources of revelation you admit."

"I think we will agree on that point also. Revelation is that which has been given to man as a free gift from God, which has not been invented by human wisdom, but, on the contrary, must be the guide and rule for it."

"You place it, then, above reason, while many of your writers make them both the same thing."

"We will not now undertake to settle precisely the connection of reason and revelation. Enough, that revelation must not be changed and transformed by logical subtilties, or by arbitrary opinions. It was the object of Christ to free man from the tyranny of human wilfulness, and place him under the dominion of that everlasting truth which shall make him free. Before his time, different religious systems, devised by human craft, had ruled the nations one after another. None of them could satisfy the heart of man; none of them could have a lasting endurance. These unhappy alternations of opinion were to be ended by Christ. The pure sun of truth was to overpower all these dim lights, and to dispel every cloud which hung on the horizon of man."

"I do not yet see what you are aiming at."

"You will see immediately. All depends now on

the true and pure reception of this divine revelation, which happens only by means of a faith awakened by the sight of the glory of Christ, or by the testimony concerning it which has come to us. Faith is the humble, confiding, unconditional recognition of eternal truth, without any attempt arbitrarily to reason it away. This faith was purest and most living in those who had themselves seen and listened to Christ, or who had heard of him from the lips of his inspired disciples. But how is this faith to be carried forward further?"

"By tradition and by Scripture."

"Let us consider, then, tradition, on which your church lays such great stress. To express it in a way which will exhaust the whole Catholic meaning, it belongs not only to the memory, but also to the feelings; and, besides our historical information about Christ, it contains the collected feeling of the whole church concerning his surpassing spiritual dignity and majesty, and the truth he has communicated. But now, as far as regards the memory, I ask, do you consider the human memory as infallible?"

"Not the memory of an individual; but the memory of the whole church, I do."

"If one can err, all can err."

"That is not a just conclusion; especially when we remember that the church has always watched over the purity of its traditions."

"My conclusion is just: as are the parts, so is the whole. And, as regards the watchfulness of the church, that might avail if it possessed any rule, according to which it might decide on the correctness of tradition."

"The rule is antiquity, universality, and consent.

That which has been taught every where, always, and by all persons, is admitted by us to be catholic or universal truth."

"What an imperfect rule! and how seldom has it been faithfully followed! Is it not admitted that certain doctrines and usages have been first received and sanctioned by the church in modern times — as, for instance, the doctrine of purgatory, and the practice of withholding the cup from the laity?"

"But indications of that doctrine are found in the oldest church fathers; and the practice of which you speak is considered by the church to be in accordance with the ideas and spirit of the apostolic church."

"I grant that your church can consider the agreement of the fathers as a source and a standard of tradition; but such evidence does not have the full force of history, since it is not only possible, but certain, that the church fathers were influenced in a degree by the opinions of their age, and that, consequently, the doctrines which they teach may be only the opinions of men. You have also alluded to a kind of tradition, which is wholly without historical basis; namely, the right of the church to institute new usages in the spirit of Christianity and of apostolic antiquity, which it calls legislative tradition, or *traditio constitutiva.*"

"The right which the church possesses to do thus, arises from the fact that the spirit still remains living and active in the church, which Christ gave to his apostles; so that all which is expressed by the consent of our teachers, and by the universal councils, flows from the fountain of inspiration itself."

"That, I know, is assumed. We come, then, to that part of tradition which we called the second part; I mean the collective feeling of the church, so expressing itself. Such a feeling certainly exists in it, and is a true spirit of life. But can you think that it has always remained pure? A pure feeling of the divine dignity of Jesus, and of the truth revealed by him, can be received only into a pure heart. And do you suppose that the impurity of the human heart has never shown itself in the church? And this feeling must always become weaker the further it goes. It was in its full strength among the apostles, and began already to become weaker among their disciples."

"You forget that Christ left his spirit in the church, to lead it into all truth."

"No. The *feeling* of which I speak is this very spirit. It is a feeling which lives in the hearts of Christians, and which originated in the spiritual impression made on the world by the life of Christ himself. How do you suppose that the spirit is communicated? Do you believe that Christ breathed it out over his disciples like a kind of material fluid? Spirit is life — is the power of life. The spiritual life of man — created, indeed, pure by God, but darkened by sin — received, from the higher and purer power which dwelt in Christ, new impulse and direction toward the good and lofty. And this power, which purifies man from his stains, I consider to be the spirit which Christ has left behind him."

"You do not, then, regard this spirit as actively present with us now, but you assume an impulse which formerly was given once for all, and which we have

been consuming as an inheritance which may be exhausted. You do not, therefore, believe in the immediate presence of Christ with his church?"

"My faith is the same as yours; my thought is somewhat different from yours. The spirit of Christ is actively present in his church, but its effects appear indirectly, and in a variety of degrees. Do you yourself believe that it acts upon all hearts with an equal influence? If not, you believe exactly as I do. You must believe, that is, that, since we depend entirely on a transmitted tradition of the original revelation, its purity must in time be more or less obscured."

"But we have the Holy Scripture, as another source of truth."

"Which, however, you do not sufficiently use and value."

"We do not overvalue it, as you Protestants."

"I admit that we overvalue it, according to our received systems, for we confound it with revelation itself. It is not a revelation, but it contains the oldest and truest accounts concerning it. Revelation itself came to pass in the incarnation of Christ, and in what he did and suffered on the earth. I will also grant you that the church stands higher than the Scripture, because it was based on the living confession that Jesus is the Son of God, and not upon the reception of the Scriptures as the Word of God."

"By this admission, you have wholly relinquished the position assumed by your church."

"Not at all. It is not based, as a church, upon the admission of the Scriptures, but it is united in a common confession with the catholic, that is, the universal,

church of Christ on earth. In opposition to your church, however, in its confession of faith, it is founded on the recognition of the Scripture as the highest rule of faith; and it is right in this, as I hope to convince you, if you will listen to me patiently.

"For since," continued Theodore, "human memory is treacherous, — since human feeling is not pure, and is susceptible of unworthy impressions, — it follows that the original stamp of revelation is in danger of being darkened and disfigured. In order, therefore, to be the eternal archetype, it must be preserved in a true and pure mirror, in which Christians may always contemplate it, and so recall it to their memory, and renew its impression on their hearts. If the original form of revelation is defaced and clouded, it fails of its purpose to rescue man from the tyranny of his varying opinions and wavering fancy. Thus, by degrees, human opinions will overlay the truth as made known in Christ. The sacred Scriptures are such a mirror as we need, containing, as they do, the testimony of the apostles concerning Christ. There may we strengthen our faith; there may we correct the opinions which we have received from the church through its traditions, or to which we have been led by the experiences of our own lives. But the Catholic church does not make this use of the holy Scripture; it does not make it a standard superior to tradition, and by which tradition is to be corrected. On the contrary, it considers tradition as a source of revelation wholly independent of Scripture, and not to be corrected by it. Worse than this, it does not permit the free interpretation of Scripture, but confines to the clergy the right of inter-

pretation, and allows them to give their own fancies as the Word of God. The Council of Trent has expressed most decidedly its contempt for the Scripture, by declaring the Latin version to be the authentic text, and thus banishing from the church the genuine interpretation of the Bible. How could it have done this, if it really had at heart the restoration of original Christianity? A translation, be it ever so accurate, can never stand as high as the original."

"The use of the original has never been forbidden, and the Catholic scholars have always continued to use it."

"Yet the Latin version is made the authentic standard in all controversies, preaching, interpretation, and on public occasions. No one is allowed openly to criticise or condemn it. Is not this denying to the true historical interpretation admittance into the church? After so many instances, in which doctrines and usages have been arbitrarily adopted, is it necessary to prove that the Catholic church has little anxiety to restore the original revelation, and to keep it pure? Is not the very fact that the councils and pope are recognized as infallible in all matters of faith, a proof that your church has actually turned away from him whom God set above all power and dominion, and who is clothed with the glory which he had with the Father before the world was? Is it not a proof that it has established an earthly supremacy, before which it bows in idolatrous worship? Christ is forgotten for the sake of popes and councils, whose arbitrary decisions cause his voice to be neglected. On the contrary, we Prot-

estants, without wishing to separate ourselves from communion with the universal church, are laboring unceasingly to apprehend the original idea of revelation in its greatest purity, and for this purpose search the Scriptures freely."

"But do not human fancy and caprice mingle also with your interpretations? In your church, one novelty in doctrine drives out another; and, indeed, a large portion of your theologians consider the reason to be the only fountain of truth."

"I do not deny it. But the difference is this — In our church, individual opinion is not supported by any authority, and so its mistakes are soon exploded, and truth finally triumphs. We are animated by the spirit of liberty; and 'where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.'" [1]

The priest shook his head, and was silent. Otto confessed that he never had regarded the position of the two churches in this light, and that this discussion had led him to regard Protestantism in a more favorable light.

"The immovableness of the Catholic church," continued Theodore, "is the work of the hierarchy. Its interests are opposed to free inquiry, which would admit all to equal privileges. The hierarchy wishes to govern in the kingdom of the soul, where there ought

[1] See, in connection with this conversation, the treatise "On Catholicism and Protestantism in Reference to the Christian Revelation," in the *Theological Treatises for Christian Instruction and Edification*, Part I., 1819.

not to be any servant; and thus it beats down with its iron sceptre all mental freedom."

"That is a heavy accusation," answered the priest.

"The whole matter will be seen in its true light," answered Theodore, "if we distinguish modern Catholicism from that of the middle ages. The people, at that time, in their rude condition, needed a guardianship, which was undertaken by the clergy. They were then the only educated class, and it was their right and their duty to think for the people. But they should not now wish to keep to themselves the reins of spiritual authority, since the people have come of age. At least, they should not desire to force convictions upon the multitude which no longer correspond to its mental condition. But their love of sway prevents them from relinquishing their authority. The Council of Trent has authoritatively expressed and justified this perverse love of rule; and the Catholicism which appears to me the dangerous foe of truth is to be dated from the time of that council. The Catholicism which Luther opposed sinned ignorantly, and wandered unconsciously in a false path. But, when the light of truth shone before it, it ought to have reformed, and not obstinately persevered in sin. Though a large part of the world still adheres to it with easy and good-natured credulity, and under the powerful sway of old custom, its day is past, its true life is gone, and it may be regarded as a gradually decomposing body."

"It is very true," replied the candid priest, "that we may have gone into one extreme — that of too obsti-

nate adherence to what is old. But you must confess that your own church is in the other extreme — that of excessive liberty."

Theodore begged permission to explain his view of the historical importance of the reformation, which they readily granted him.

CHAPTER IV.

THE REFORMATION. PROGRESS OF HUMANITY. CAUSES OF THE REFORMATION. HOW IT BECAME A REVOLUTION. FAULTS OF PROTESTANTISM. OBJECTIONS OF THE PRIEST. INFLUENCE OF THE TWO CHURCHES ON NATIONAL MORALITY. CELIBACY OF THE CLERGY. ITS DISADVANTAGES AND USES.

THEODORE commenced: — "The history of human culture presents the spectacle of a slowly-advancing and often retrograding spiritual development. Man is a being of sense, as well as of spirit; and he must struggle to enable his spirit to maintain its supremacy, and, after it has toilsomely elevated itself, to prevent it from being drawn down anew. More dangerous even than sense is custom to the soul — custom, which degrades the spiritual again to the sensible, and fixes, in binding and immovable forms, as in fetters, that which is eternally fluctuating and movable. Thus, before the time of Christ, in different religions, we see the spirit attain one step of freedom after another, and, after each new step, rest awhile in indolent repose. In the person of Christ appears the full freedom of the children of God; for he was the Son of God. The power of his spirit broke the fetters of those who received the first impression from him; but all Christendom can only by degrees attain to a like freedom.

"After Christ had left the earth, and his immediate

apostles had also followed him, the old spirit of custom and slavery reassumed its dominion. A form of religious life arose, drawn in part from Jewish, in part from heathen, sources. Although it certainly was, on the whole, more free and more spiritual than any which had before existed, it did not correspond to the original image in Christ, and retained much of the old spirit of bondage. It continued and increased till the reformation. Meantime, the human race had become more spiritual and free, and grown tired of the ancient yoke. Now, the form of church life, which had become ill adapted to the age, ought to have been softly reformed and remodeled. But such gradual reformation seems almost an impossibility for man. For always, when a need arises of reformation, there are a multitude in whom the spirit of custom is still powerful, and who consequently oppose the work which is so necessary. A contest arises between those who are free and those who are in bondage; and then come separations and schisms. This was the case in the reformation of Luther, which, in fact, should not be called a reformation, but an actual revolution. From such conflicts and divisions there comes this advantage — that the human race attains to a clearer consciousness of freedom, and sees it, as it were, in its naked form. But, impelled by their opposition to Catholicism, the Protestants endeavored to make the separation as wide as possible, and have unquestionably carried the work of destruction too far. They have thought little of reproducing, of recreating; the work of our age, even till this hour, has been to demolish and pull down.

"That affairs should take this turn, was indeed the

work of a high necessity. The blame of it must be borne, not by the Protestants, but rather by the Catholic hierarchy, who opposed all gradual reformation. In perfect justice, indeed, both parties should bear the blame. We shall not begin to rebuild until the contest and struggle between the two parties is reconciled, and a new impulse comes to develop a third form of the Christian church, which shall be neither Roman Catholic nor Protestant. How it is to come I cannot tell; but I earnestly long for it, as do all who know what it is which we really need.

"There are two principal faults or defects in the Protestant church. The first is its excessive tendency to the side of the intellect, the preponderance of thinking over feeling, the want of poesy in the religious life. The Catholic church provides certainly better than we for the senses and the imagination, and allows more influence to art and poetry. But, on the other hand, it opens a wider door to superstition and gross sensuality. Let the pure spirituality of Protestantism be clothed in a shining veil, — let it have a means of addressing the eye and the fancy, — and we shall then possess something much higher than the Catholic church can now offer us.

"The second defect of Protestantism is the absence of church communion. It may be said with propriety that we have not a single Protestant church, but many churches, and those separated from each other not merely by variety of doctrines and of usages, but also by political distinctions. Literature is almost the only tie which binds them together; and even this is rather a medium of strife than of brotherly spiritual union.

The original cause of this separation lies mainly in the spirit of freedom and the intellectual tendency, which induce an undue stress on peculiarities of opinion; and there neither is nor can be any superior power to compose the differences. In the Catholic church there is more of communion, but it is maintained by means of the rigorous spiritual despotism of the bishops and of the pope. If freedom shall hereafter be joined to union, — if Protestants shall freely unite in a peaceful communion, and return from the outskirts of the understanding to the central point of feeling, — then will be found among them that higher development which we desire."

The two Catholics were not wholly dissatisfied with this view of the relation of the churches to each other. But the priest objected, that, though it was certainly laudable to strive for greater improvement, yet we must have regard to human weakness, and not place the mark too high. Protestantism appears to have made this mistake, and to have aimed at too great spirituality. Catholicism is better adapted for the multitude, who are accordingly more strongly attracted, and more firmly retained, by it.

"You are right," said Theodore. "Also, men of the world, statesmen, and those who regard religion merely as an outward institution, — as a bridle for the people, — are, in general, inclined to Catholicism. Yet I believe that Protestantism has not wholly missed its aim; for, if the morality of the people be a test of the influence of religion, I think that Protestantism will be found to have exerted the most influence."

"Such a comparison," said the priest, "must be very uncertain."

"But," replied Theodore, "wherever Catholics and Protestants dwell together, the prejudice is always in favor of the greater morality of the Protestants. And how can it be otherwise? Every thing in our church — the instruction of the young, the preaching, the public worship — tends more than in yours to the enlightening of the understanding and the improvement of the heart. And, if I may be permitted frankly to speak out, I will add, that the moral example of our clergy adds to this influence. They are, indeed, often commonplace and insignificant, but they are never immoral, never stained with criminality. But, in your church, this cannot be asserted of the monks and priests; and, formerly, they ranked among the leaders in vice and sin."

"I wish I could contradict you," replied the priest. "The source of all this evil is the celibacy of our clergy. Violated Nature revenges herself. It would be a miracle if my brethren were — what they ought to be — models of chastity and continence."

"But can the evil be computed," continued Theodore, "which is produced by this immorality of the clergy? It makes religion a mockery; it degrades it to a mere show. It poisons the conscience; while those, whose office it is to absolve from sin, are themselves the boldest of sinners."

The priest expressed the hope that he should live to see the vow of celibacy done away with.

"Vain hope!" answered Theodore. "The hierarchy understand their interests too well to be willing to do away with an institution with which priesthood, as a caste, would certainly fall."

Otto did not understand how this followed.

"The popes," said Theodore, "have insisted on the celibacy of the clergy, not so much in order to give them the appearance of holiness, as to draw them away from civil life, and fasten them to the church. A clergyman who is the father of a family, will, perhaps, I grant, mingle more in worldly pursuits than is desirable, and be oppressed with worldly cares. But he will also feel more interest in life, in his fellow-citizens, in his country, and be less willing to submit blindly to the orders of his superiors. And do you not believe," continued Theodore, turning to the priest, "that a clergyman, who is father of a family, is likely to be more sympathizing, more humane and tender, and better fitted to be the spiritual friend of his church?"

"O, surely," replied he; "yet no one could object, if the clergy, who ought to lead a contemplative life, should voluntarily renounce the joys of life, and devote themselves wholly to study and spiritual employments, and thus exhibit to their people the model of a purely spiritual manner of life."

Theodore agreed to this, and expressed the wish that in Protestantism there might also be seen examples of this edifying self-denial. "But," added he, "it is a peculiar fault of your church to compel that which should be given freely, and, amid a general imperfection, to maintain the outward show of a high degree of perfection. It does not care whether its clergy are really chaste, if they can only seem so. Similar is its course in regard to marriage. Christ has made the permanence of the marriage bond the highest model of a perfectly moral life. Your church does not care

whether married people live happily or virtuously together; but it will not grant them a divorce. It allows them to separate, but does not permit them to marry again; unconcerned whether they live chastely or not. It insists on a belief in the permanent residence of the Holy Spirit in the church, that is, in the clergy; unconcerned whether or not they do in fact possess the gifts of the Spirit. The consecration of a priest is in its view a sacramental and mystical action; and yet it shuts its eyes to the abuses by which the highest spiritual offices are obtained, to which, in general, birth and princely favor prepare the way. It boasts of possessing the power of forgiving sins; and it was only the reformation which put an end to the shameful practice of making money by the sale of indulgences. And so, in every thing, it lays claim to miraculous and supernatural privileges, and yet, in practice, goes on in the most commonplace and natural way. In every thing, it brings down heaven to the earth, and lends to what is most vile the garb of holiness."

The priest admitted that his church was subject to great abuses; and he did this more willingly, because he regarded Theodore as impartial, and as willing to condemn the faults of both churches. He parted from Theodore with sincere expressions of friendship and esteem.

CHAPTER V.

CATHOLICISM OPPOSED TO A SPIRIT OF PATRIOTISM, AND TO NATIONAL CULTURE. GERMAN CULTURE AND MENTAL ACTIVITY. PROTESTANTISM FAVORABLE TO THE CULTURE OF THE LOWER CLASSES.

On the following day, Theodore and Otto continued their conversation as they proceeded on their journey. Among other assertions of Theodore's was this — that Catholicism was not favorable to the love of country, nor to individual national development, nor to patriotic feeling in general. Here he touched Otto on his most sensitive side, since his love for his country amounted to a species of enthusiasm. Otto therefore demanded that Theodore should explain and make good these charges, which he attempted as follows: —

"What we call Catholicism, we should always designate by the epithet Roman, or, better still, by the phrase Papistry. Understanding, by the name of Catholicism, a form of Christianity conforming to some positive constitution and traditions, we should say that there are two kinds of Catholicism — that of the Romish, and that of the Greek church. The first of these is the form which the church took as it developed itself in the Western Romish empire, and especially in Africa and Italy. This church uses the Latin language in its public services, and is, in all respects,

formed according to Roman peculiarities. We may, indeed, point out in it some usages adopted from the heathen worship at Rome. But Christianity is limited by no age nor nation; rather it favors and fosters every national peculiarity in the mode of its reception. The demand is surely a natural one, that every man should pray to God in his mother tongue, and express himself upon the most sacred and profound subjects in the same language in which his thoughts arise. The Italians, loving dominion, have forced their form of faith upon other nations. It, indeed, in part, happened naturally, that other nations should adopt the Christianity of Rome, because they were themselves at first Romish, and their national languages and peculiarities were a subsequent development. And, in part, too, the popes have the credit of having spread Christianity by their missions. But, after all, it was their love of sway which induced them to retain the Latin language, and the Romish form of worship. After worldly dominion over the nations had been snatched from the Romans, they seized the spiritual sceptre, and wielded it in the old spirit of temporal power. Why should we Germans wear the yoke of Rome? why receive laws from Rome? This city has, in fact, never been the residence of piety nor of sacred learning. This servitude to Rome in spiritual things must necessarily be injurious to the love of country, and has, in fact, been so. The artful policy of Rome has interfered with the harmony and the stability of the empire. And, if the German bishops had felt the true love of country, Germany would not have been divided into two parts at the reformation."

Otto was curious to learn how far Catholicism interfered with a free national culture. He alleged the examples of the French, Italians, and Spaniards, who had unquestionably enjoyed an individual culture, although under the influence of Catholicism.

Theodore replied — "These nations are of Latin origin, and their languages are daughters of the Latin, and therefore to them the Latin form of Christianity was rather favorable than injurious. It is otherwise with us Germans. It is a striking fact, and certainly not an accidental one, that literature and poetry should flourish only in Protestant Germany."

"And can all this," asked Otto, "have resulted merely from the use of the Latin or the German language in public worship?"

"From that and the things connected with it," replied Theodore; "from the want of a national form of religious life on the one hand, and from the free and original development of Christianity on the other. The German has more of deep feeling than the nations of Latin origin, and needs a religion of the heart; if denied this, he falls into lower degradation than those who can do better without it. Possessing an original language, and therefore needing an original form of thought and sentiment, his nature impelled him to adopt Christianity in a shape adapted to his peculiarities. Therefore we might expect that the Germans who do not throw off the foreign yoke in religion, will be also deficient in the rest of their culture."

Otto remarked, in defence of Catholicism, that the old poesy of Germany had blossomed in the bosom of the Catholic church.

Theodore replied — "In the middle ages, Catholicism was unquestionably better suited to the condition of the Germans than now, and therefore offered fewer obstacles to their culture. Neither do I think that the old poetry is so national as the poems of Goethe, Klopstock, and Schiller. At least, they do not express as fully the German heart and mind.

"To return to your first objection," continued Theodore. "The German nation, at the present time, is unquestionably the most highly cultivated of all European nations, and of all descended from the European stock. All the others remain more or less stationary in science and art; the Germans are steadily progressive. The others have all worldly aims of one sort or another. Some worship the idols of commerce and of riches; others are exclusively occupied with politics; Germany alone has chosen for itself spiritual culture as its principal object. Our heart burns with the love of truth, with the desire to educate the people, with devotion to poetic and artistic beauty. Nowhere but in Germany has an intellectual excitement pervaded even the humblest classes; and, whatever one may think of our rich literature, the great quantity of writing and reading among us is, at least, a sign that we are in a condition of life and action.

"Let me," continued he, "mention one advantage peculiar to Protestantism, — which is, that it favors the education of the lower classes of the people. Germany alone has a peasantry independent and comfortable in their outward circumstances. This we owe to our civil constitution. It has also a well-instructed and educated community, which we owe to Protestantism.

If we go on as we have begun with popular education, and avoid our previous mistakes, the future results are incalculable. But as in our world all things are joined with their opposites, so in Germany, where the people have the highest culture, the nobility and gentry have the least; and this I venture to say in the presence of a nobleman. Our German nobility (with many distinguished exceptions) finds its satisfaction in playing the courtier and the warrior, or in a vain and dissipated life, instead of applying its means, as it ought, to the advancement of the arts and sciences. Among other nations, on the contrary, we find among the higher classes numerous friends of art, and encouragers of science."

Otto agreed that this was formerly the case, but denied that it was so much so now, and named many instances to the contrary; and Theodore confessed that the nobility recognized more now than formerly its duty to show itself the model in all virtues and perfections.

CHAPTER VI.

ADVENTURE IN THE ARDENNES WOOD. FRIENDSHIP. DEFECTS IN MODERN EDUCATION. PRIDE OF RANK. THE PARTING OF THEODORE AND OTTO.

In the wood of Ardennes our travellers met with a singular adventure. The country people were very indignant against the foreigners who were entering their land as conquerors, and they had waylaid and assassinated many who were singly following the army. As our friends were passing through a narrow and wild valley, their carriage was shot through with many bullets; and Theodore's servant, who sat on the box, reeled, being severely wounded. The murderers were determined not to let their prey escape; and, believing that they had wounded the officers, they leaped upon the carriage, sabre in hand, to finish them. But the two friends instantly sprang out, and courageously attacked the robbers, who were three against two. Theodore immediately disabled one with a pistol bullet; with the two others they closed, sword in hand. Their opponents fought well, and seemed to have been soldiers. Theodore had enough to do with one; but he perceived that Otto had exposed himself, and, leaping quickly aside, he ran his friend's opponent through the body, just as he was making a dangerous lunge at

him. The other robber ran after him, and would have thrust him through the back, had not Otto parried the lunge. The fight was over, and the two friends embraced each other with emotion on the field of battle.

"You have saved my life," said Otto, when they had again taken their seats in the carriage to continue their journey.

"And you mine," replied Theodore.

"But you exposed yourself first to danger on my account."

"If you had been killed, I should have been lost also; for I should have had two against one."

"Still you forgot yourself in order to rescue me, and — "

"Believe me, my dear Otto, we cannot forget ourselves, while we remember our friends. I will say nothing of the special aid of Providence, which, however, seems seldom to fail those who display a disinterested courage. But even if the result be unfortunate, the reward is not lost. There is no sweeter death than to die for those whom we love; its bitterness is conquered by a higher sense of spiritual life. Such a death we might compare to the union of two rivers, one of which loses its name, but continues its existence in the other. But had the river consciousness, it would feel, as its mass of waters was swollen, and its stream rolled on with a mightier power, that, instead of dying, it had gained a higher life. The dying man lives on in the life of the friend for whom he sacrificed his own; for the survivor, elevated by the conscious-

ness of the great sacrifice which love has made for him, lives afterward a higher existence, and seems to hold in his bosom two hearts."

"O, happy day!" cried Otto, with enthusiasm, "in which I obtained such a friend! Hitherto I have stood alone, only possessing the love of those whom nature has united to me by ties of blood. My sister, whom I love as myself, has been nearest to me; but now I also enjoy the bliss of possessing a friend!"

"I," said Theodore, "have long enjoyed the happiness of a friendship which began in youth; but of the riches of friendship we never can have enough. The more we love, the more capable we become of loving, and the more can we expend of love upon our friends. I take you at your word — let us be friends! In our day the joy of friendship is not common. It does not thrive with us so well as in ancient times, when all virtues had a more generous ardor."

"What can be the reason of this?"

"I believe it consists in the narrowness and deadness of our lives. Our mode of education is of too private a character, and we never become acquainted with any young persons, except those who go to the same school with us, and who are in the same department of the school. At the university we have a better opportunity of making acquaintances, though there, again, the students' societies [1] erect new walls of division; and social

[1] [*Students' societies;* in the original, *Burschenverbindungen.* We have heard so much of the *Burschen* in German universities, that it is only necessary to mention the word, without stopping to describe these associations again. — TRANSL.]

life hitherto has had a frivolous character. But though friendships may sometimes be formed there, they seldom continue through life, and yet more seldom exercise a decided influence upon it. After the years spent at the university, we enter into the relations of civil life, and especially those connected with the service of the state. Friends are placed in different ranks, and the one is too proud to claim any longer the privileges of friendship, while the other is, perhaps, too weak not to sacrifice his friendship to his vanity, or to his selfishness."

"But how should, and could, this be hindered?"

"By some common and public point of union for the education of all classes, such as the ancients possessed in their gymnasia, and in the general publicity of their social life. The present time, with its political enthusiasm pervading all classes, is much more favorable to friendship than any previous epoch in Germany. And, as a more real and living public sentiment will, from this time, show itself, so also will the bands of friendship, which are now knit together, be as cords to bind happily together the different orders of society. The exclusive spirit of caste and rank is the most pernicious disease of our national life."

"I suppose that I must allow you to bring this charge more particularly against the class to which I myself belong."

"I shall be compelled to do so. It has always been a wonder to me how those whose birth and position give them the first rank in the community, can think it beneath them to endeavor to win the love and confi-

dence of the lower classes. By doing so they would increase their power, and make their position twice as important."

"Yes, it would be so, if all desired what was essential, — if so many did not aim at an empty show. Many, too, are deterred, by their secret consciousness of inward emptiness and insignificance, from intercourse with those of inferior classes, who are often far more enlightened than themselves, and are glad to retreat behind the splendor of their outward position. The important place which they occupy they cannot believe to have been given them for the benefit of the common people, but for the especial glorification of their own distinguished selves."

"But this unfortunate spirit of exclusiveness and caste goes down very far into society. The officials, in particular, are generally the most stiff, selfish, and disagreeable people. Those of higher rank look contemptuously upon the lower, and all are cold and reserved toward the common citizen."

"The worst pride of this sort, however, is the pride of purse in the mercantile classes, which is usually united with the most extraordinary intellectual barrenness. I am acquainted with a commercial city, in which the distinctions among merchants themselves go so far, that an entrance into certain circles depends on the amount of one's wealth."

"Terrible! And yet this is more or less the case every where. Seldom can you find in Germany a mixed company enjoying itself freely and gayly in social intercourse. I trace the cause of this, also, to the

want of public spirit, and of public objects of liberal and general interest."

Our two friends were soon to be separated, as they belonged to different divisions of the army, and must take different routes. In taking leave of each other, they swore everlasting friendship.

"Never," said Otto, "can I forget what you, my dearest friend, have done for me."

"No!" replied Theodore; "let us rather be united by our love for our country; let our friendship have its root in this higher affection."

"Let it be so. Promise me, then, that no misunderstanding which can happen between us, — no difference of opinion, — not the greatest difference in our social relations, — shall ever separate us from one another."

"I promise it. I have found in you a true son of our fatherland; and as such I will always address you, even though I should see you surrounded by the most glittering circumstances of worldly connections. If this bosom should be covered one day with stars and crosses, I will yet press it to my own like a brother."

"You found me full of prejudices; some of them you have already removed; from others I hope, with the help of God, to free myself. But if I should, nevertheless, mistake the path, — should you see me the slave of false ideas, or the instrument of an ignoble party spirit, — then warn me, and be not prevented by any thing from continuing your warnings. Do it, I beg of you, by the memory of this sacred moment."

Theodore promised this, and made a like request. Otto also invited Theodore to come and visit him, after the war was over, at his father's house, and to travel with him through the beautiful region on the Rhine. He added that, if he lived to return home, he would let his friend hear from him. Theodore willingly promised, in that case, to visit him; and the friends separated, with the joyful hope of being reunited.

CHAPTER VII.

MEETING WITH JOHN. THEODORE REJOINS HIS COMPANY. HEARS OF THERESA'S MARRIAGE. RESIGNS HIS OFFICE. MEETS HARTLING IN THE ENEMY'S CAPITAL. THEODORE'S MENTAL CONDITION. INDECISION ABOUT HIS FUTURE OCCUPATION. DETERMINES TO TRAVEL.

After a few days, Theodore reached the head-quarters of the army, and soon had the delight of embracing his friend John. How much had the two friends to say and relate to one another! John had been present in several engagements, and had accompanied the victorious march of the allied army from the centre of Germany into the heart of the enemy's country. Theodore was filled with the fairest hopes concerning the result of the war and its fruits. John, too, had no doubt concerning the victory, "for," said he, "we have, at last, learned how to fight. But I confess that I am not an altogether satisfied observer of the doings of our army. It is not our whole concern to gain the victory; something depends on the *way* in which we gain it. This war has been called a holy one; and it is so, for we fight for justice and honor. A holy feeling also — an enthusiasm for our country — has impelled many of us to take up arms. But such a feeling requires a magnanimous behavior toward the enemy, — a conduct superior to the spirit of revenge, — and is, at least, incon-

sistent with licentiousness and debauchery. We have suffered from the excesses of the enemy in our own country; we ought not to imitate them by our behavior in theirs."

Theodore was surprised, and asked for further explanations.

"I will not repeat what I have only learned by hearsay," said John; "I will only speak of what I know from my own observation. I have been obliged to endure the trial of knowing that the officers of our army, when we entered the cities, were not ashamed to be enticed into houses of ill fame. How can noble spirits, in the very act of performing a sacred duty, and who ought to be filled with the most earnest feelings, suffer themselves to be so degraded? We should not only conquer our enemy with the sword, but also shame them, by a noble behavior, — by conduct which shall show them how little we deserve the ill treatment we have received at their hands."

"In a great flock," said Theodore, "there are always some diseased sheep. The unfortunate profession of a soldier, which in times of peace brings with it idleness and emptiness of mind, destroys many a youth. Also, alas! are dissipation and voluptuousness prevailing vices in the higher classes. But the good spirit will penetrate all this, and will conquer what is evil. Hitherto God has given us the victory over our foreign enemies; he will also help us to conquer domestic ones."

When Theodore came where his company was posted, it received him with loud shouts of welcome; but

he missed more than a third part of the old soldiers of his troop. Battles and disease had thinned their numbers. He inquired after all the missing ones by name, and could not restrain his tears. "Ah!" said he to himself, "what a devouring monster is war! So many of these brave youths, whom I have led with me from their homes, will never return to them again! How conscientious should those in power be in making war, and what a sacred duty should it be to them, when they have once commenced it, to conduct it so as to really benefit the people, and contribute to their honor! Alas! if all these sacrifices should have been made in vain! if the fruits of the war should not correspond to the just expectations of the friends of the country! It is well with those who have fallen in battle; they die in the proud consciousness of duty performed, and of victory won. But to us, who remain, it will be a grief to think of them, if their blood has been shed in vain — their blood, which should cause our breasts to swell with joy, while we reap the harvest which it has bought for us."

Theodore longed earnestly to be in another battle, and to experience again the lofty feeling which it had before given him. He wished to steel his heart more strongly, by a more prolonged exposure to mortal danger, and to increase his coolness of soul. His past experience of this sort he would not have relinquished at any price. He wished that all who are laboring to gain moral culture might pass through this school. He believed, however, that a prolonged familiarity with war as a trade, would destroy these good impressions,

because the contempt of death would then cease to be an act of lofty courage, and would become the mere result of habit.

His wish was granted him. He was in two more engagements, and contributed to securing peace. The army went into barracks till the treaty of peace should be signed; and our friend now enjoyed a long period of leisure, which would have been intolerable to him, deprived as he was of the means of occupation, had not his intercourse with John contributed to cheer him. He also received an agreeable letter from Frederica, who informed him that the faithful Neuhof had renewed his suit for her hand, and that she felt that she could love him, now that the blinding effects of her other unhappy attachment had been removed. Theodore immediately answered her, and advised her to reward such a constant love, reminding her of his prophecy that she would yet be happy. The hope of seeing his sister married to a worthy husband gave him great pleasure; but he sighed, as he thought of her, in the loneliness of his own heart, thirsting for a like love. Shortly after this, he received a letter from Walter, from the city of * * *, which informed him that Theresa was married to Narcissus, who had been wounded in the first battle, and so had become disabled from further service. A sharp pain darted through his heart as he read this piece of intelligence; but it was the last painful feeling from this source, and it was soon followed by a joyful sense of recovered freedom, and a sweet boding of future bliss. He lost himself in a delightful reverie of longing, and the image of the pious Hildegard remained finally before his soul, as she

looked when she gazed down with eyes wet with tears, but full of a heavenly expression, upon himself as he lay wounded before her. As then, so now, her eyes poured balsam into his wounds. He now determined not to return to * * *, and immediately wrote to resign his office there. And thus all the ties were finally severed which bound him to this place — a place which had been to him such a source of unhappiness.

Before the treaty of peace was signed, Theodore undertook a journey to the metropolis of the enemy; and he there met, to his no small delight, with his old friend Hartling. But how very much was he altered in his inward condition! His hopes had perhaps been raised too high; and so he had been disappointed already in the way in which the war had been conducted, and was now yet more so in the peace, the conditions of which began to be already known.

"We have driven the enemy from our country," said he, "but we have not got rid of the old evils of dissension, of the defects of our political constitutions, and our civil life. The friends of the old order of things — of feudalism, of arbitrary government — are already triumphing in the hope that they will be able to replace every thing upon its former footing."

In fact, experience showed that Hartling saw more clearly in these fears than in his earlier hopes. When the treaty of peace was signed, and its contents had been made public, a general dissatisfaction pervaded the army and the whole German nation. Perhaps those were somewhat influenced by a spirit of revenge who complained that the conditions were too lenient for the enemy. But even many of the more moderate friends

of their fatherland thought that the compensation which they required of the enemy was no more than just. And at any rate they wished that Germany might have been made more secure against its old foe. Most of the genuine patriots participated in this dissatisfaction with the arrangements effected by this peace, and resulting from it in regard to Germany. Many were so unjust as to accuse the German governments of evil intentions. Theodore, on the other hand, saw in these actions only the consequences of the unhappy political situation of Germany, which he thought could be altered only by great efforts put forth under very favorable circumstances.

The time drew near for the army to commence its march homeward; and John, whose office of field-preacher had ceased, prepared already for his return. He requested Theodore to accompany him; and he did so, but left him at the Rhine. He was not yet able to take the resolution of returning home. The approaching marriage of Frederica with Neuhof was, indeed, an attraction. But he hoped hereafter to enjoy the sight of her happiness as much as he could now; and at present he wished for that kind of recreation which could only be found in travelling.

Within a short period, our friend had endured and accomplished much that was adapted to excite and to agitate him. First came the involuntary separation from Theresa; then the unaccustomed pursuits of war, and dangers of battle; his wound and sickness, and the new excitement of the subsequent campaign. With all this, what violent mental emotions had he gone through, — emotions agitating the whole man! — the conflict of his

love for Theresa with his love of country; the resolutions and hopes which grew out of this last feeling; the impressions made on him by the strange and fateful crises of war; conflicts with the impatience of enthusiasm; the pain of so many disappointed hopes; joy in the triumph of the just cause; and at last the greatest of all disappointments, in a peace so little corresponding to his expectations.

But what chiefly contributed to induce a morbid state of mind in Theodore was his indecision respecting his future profession. He had relinquished his official situation in * * *; and before he relinquished it, he had lost all pleasure in it and love for it. We may recollect that he soon saw that the official man was only a part of a machine, the power of which he could by no means direct in accordance with his own ideas. At least it seemed to him that all immediate action of mind was excluded from this course of life. He had been taught by his experience in a war where the noblest powers of the soul had been exercied without producing the desired result, that in the whole circle of political action, more than any where else, the soul is under the control of circumstances and of custom. In his inmost heart, it is true, the determination was gradually ripening to devote himself to the work of spiritual instruction. The doubts which had drawn him away from this work were mostly removed, and his whole frame of mind had become attuned again to devotion and piety. John had often spoken to him of returning to the office which his mother had desired him to undertake, and Theodore manifested a willingness to do so; but he had not yet resolved on taking the decisive step. His state

of mind was passive, rather than active, — adapted to receive impressions, rather than to form purposes. He must collect his energies, and, by an effort, reduce his mind to form and order, before he could again enter into active life. He rejoiced that he was able to follow this inward impulse, and remain for a while free; and, in fact, he was to be envied on this account. Those who are not independently situated, and who are obliged to follow the guidance of circumstances, without being able to listen to the inward voice, and to make their inward condition clear to themselves, can seldom attain to satisfactory views of life, nor can their life receive a direction which bears the stamp of true culture.

The state of Theodore's heart, filled with desire and unappeased longings, contributed also, unquestionably, to prevent his determining on a fixed plan of occupation. He did not confess, even to himself, his hope that the fair and pious Hildegard would one day become the companion of his life. Nevertheless, his imagination always returned to dwell on her image, which rose before him in a wonderful light, holy, and yet radiant in joyous coloring. Some connection, inexplicable to himself, usually associated this vision with the memory of his friend Otto; and he looked forward with pleasure to the prospect of meeting him again, and to the proposed tour which they were to make together. This plan could not easily be carried into effect in the year immediately succeeding the campaign; he therefore determined to travel for a time alone.

He felt desirous, on many accounts, of making a rapid tour through England and Holland. He wished,

especially, to make himself acquainted with the condition of the churches in these countries, of which he had heard so much that was interesting. John encouraged this design, and took leave of him with warmth. Theodore said to him, "I feel that I am inseparably united with you. Destiny has joined us again in a way which we could not foresee, and we shall certainly hereafter be nearer to each other than ever." He gave to John a letter for Frederica, full of the warmest prayers that she might be blessed and happy. And so the friends parted.

CHAPTER VIII.

THEODORE'S JOURNEY THROUGH ENGLAND AND HOLLAND. ENGLISH CHURCH AND DISSENTERS. CALVINISTIC SEVERITY OF THE DUTCH CHURCH. NARROWNESS OF DUTCH THEOLOGY. OPPOSITE DEFECTS IN GERMANY. RESULT OF THESE REFLECTIONS. THE LAW AND GOSPEL. POWER OF CONFIDENCE.

We will not undertake to accompany Theodore on his journey, especially as no uncommon adventure befell him. He collected, indeed, many observations, and formed opinions upon many points, chiefly connected with religion. But it would lead us too far to attempt to go into detail; we must be satisfied with giving the general impression which the contemplation of ecclesiastical matters in these countries left upon his mind.

He found both in England and in Holland an inflexibility and rigor in the administration of the church which was any thing but attractive to him, used as he was to a liberty in religious matters, which, indeed, perhaps he had carried too far. He was displeased with the hierarchal, formal aspect of the Episcopal church, and no less with the opposite extremes of enthusiasm and excessive emotion in the dissenting sects, which had been repelled by her coldness and selfish indifference to the religious wants of the people. He was confirmed in his dislike to all hierarchy, and in his conviction of the evil of the clergy's being endowed

with temporal wealth and political influence, by perceiving that the higher orders of ministers in England, and even the country clergymen, did little for the church, and left their work to be done by hired curates.

On the other hand, the Dutch church struck him as much more spiritual and religious. The Calvinistic rigor which yet holds every thing fastened there, at least has this advantage, that it keeps alive a reverential awe in the minds of the people; and the stiffness of the clergy, which, indeed, often results in spiritual pride and dogmatism, appeared to find an excuse in the useful influence it exercised upon the popular morality. He found that a reverence for the clergy, even when not based on a free recognition of their superiority of character, may be viewed as a beneficial restraint on the wildness of the multitude. This kind of hierarchy, which wears at least the show of sanctity, though not beaming with a purely spiritual ray, he at first considered endurable. But, compared with the picture of the freedom of the children of God in the beginning of Christianity, as he found this described in the sacred Scriptures, this condition of the church appeared far from satisfactory. He could not but consider it a kind of spiritual servitude, a subjection to the law, milder and more spiritual than that of Moses, but yet quite unworthy of the gospel. Especially, he was offended with the absence of a free scientific spirit in the theology of this church.

"Is, then," he thought, "the system of Calvin, however highly we may prize it as a monument of his faith and intellectual acuteness, — is it the sum of all

Christian knowledge? Has the Holy Scripture been exhausted by him, so that it is now unnecessary to look into it and search it with a free mind? Has not his theology the stamp of the age in which it originated? and shall this stamp be impressed upon ours, which, in many particulars, has become so different? Is there no narrowness about his views? and have they not a severity which offends many pious minds? Has not this been shown by the controversies they have occasioned, and the divisions they have produced? and shall not at last that unfortunate wall of division be removed, which separates the Lutheran and Reformed churches? This can only be effected by a free examination, which ventures beyond the boundaries erected by creeds and symbols."

Especially was our friend displeased with the character of Dutch theology, which employed only the memory and lower intellectual faculties, and was wholly destitute of all large views and ideas. "Is this," thought he, "the object of study — to busy yourself with the grammar of the sacred languages; to collect and deliver observations on historical usages, opinions, and circumstances; and to forget, in these minute details, the spirit and meaning of the whole?"

But, on the other hand, when he contemplated the ecclesiastical condition of Germany, he was forced to confess that there the influence of the church had been diminished by this very freedom of thought and action. The little influence exercised by the pastors upon the churches, which was yet further diminished by the unworthy behavior of many among them; the discussion and controversy about religious doctrines in the pres-

ence of the people; the spread of doubts concerning many ancient and venerable truths, and the increased indifference and levity of the scoffer occasioned by it; the onesidedness of modern theology, and the consequent defects in the education of young theologians; — all these things, united, had placed the German church in a position in comparison with which that of foreign countries seemed tranquil and happy. But, on the other hand, our friend was encouraged by the great activity and variety of original thought in Germany. If there was much error, yet it was to be excused, on account of the love of truth from which it arose. If many devious paths were opened, yet they all led back again at last to the straight way, and the traveller then had the satisfaction of having freely sought and found it. Much social and moral degeneracy was, it is true, to be found in Germany. But there were other causes for it, beside the relaxation of church authority. And, notwithstanding this, our friend thought he could perceive a susceptible, open, and receptive spirit in this people, which was not to be found elsewhere. And, moreover, he could trace, even in the lower classes, more of the true Protestant tendency toward the inward, spiritual value of life, than among the higher classes in other countries.

"Ah!" cried he; "cannot that noblest of blessings, freedom, be bought, except by paying the price in error and sin? Must whole races and generations be given over to confusion and destruction, in order that there may be at last a complete and perfect manifestation of human character? Thus, then, is fulfilled the great apostolic saying — 'Where sin abounded, grace did

much more abound. But what! shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound? God forbid!' Yet we will not relinquish this noble gift of freedom, which Christ bought for us with his blood, because it is capable of being abused. We will guard against the abuse, and freedom shall be to us a power by which we will strive toward perfection, toward the imitation of Christ, and not an excuse or cloak of licentiousness and evil."

The thought which Theodore has here expressed, respecting freedom and its abuses, deserves to be more carefully considered. There are two sources of human education, — the law and the gospel, constraint and freedom. There are also two views of life; the one of which is based upon the law and constraint, the other upon the gospel and freedom. The state and the church are likewise opposed to each other in their mode of action. The first operates through the law, the other by freedom. Yet freedom is not wholly excluded from the action of the state, nor the use of the law wholly given up by the church. The necessity of the law resembles the blind operations of nature; the gospel and freedom are like the conscious life of the soul. In the one is tranquillity and uniformity; in the other, motion and variety. Those views which are opposed to freedom, and which are professed by the stern, cold, and ambitious, among statesmen and churchmen, would, if carried out logically, end in the principle that death is better than life. Even in nature, wherever life exists, there are also opposing and counteracting powers — there are also decay and destruction. Before the mountains, those firm pillars of the earth, were

fixed, through whose valleys the blooming life of earth now expands itself, wild commotions and destructive deluges spread havoc around. These powers now sleep quietly, and rest is upon the earth. But, if all the powers of life were in a like rest, then the earth would be only a great grave. The abuse of freedom is, in the same way, destructive at first; but its inestimable value and high results must console us for this partial evil. Had not freedom been liable to abuse, which first took place at the fall of man, then there would have been no human history. Man would have lived on in Paradise, quietly and happily, it is true, but without the arts and sciences, without the various blossoms and fruits of human culture. Yes; we may assert, that, if Adam had not sinned, Christ, the pride of humanity, had not appeared.[1] The sin by which man lost his innocence is always lamentable and criminal. We will not justify it; we repeat the apostolic saying — "God forbid that we continue in sin, that grace may abound." But, if we will not run the risk of sin by allowing freedom to man, there can be no true *education* — there can be, at best, only *direction*. When children have liberty allowed them, they may, indeed, commit faults. But faults, understood and repented of, protect us from greater errors; and thus is formed within us an intelligent and voluntary goodness. If, in a government, no place is allowed for freedom, then the police, the watching and controlling power, must have a hundred eyes and hands, in order to pre-

[1] See Note B.

vent all crime. And, in that case, no one could take a step freely, and all would be degraded to the condition of children. That administration of justice rests on a much more moral basis, which punishes only crimes actually committed, and then in order to reform the offender and to prevent others; placing some confidence, for the rest, in the good intentions of the community. But, when the church is afraid of allowing freedom, it ceases to be the church. It must then renounce all knowledge; because the mind which seeks for truth is always exposed to error. It must renounce all new and salutary discoveries and appliances in the realm of spirit; for, before we can discover what is evil, we must have freedom to test it. Students and thinkers are the friends of freedom both in church and state, as were the prophets in the Old Testament; because they live in the free exercise of their mental powers, and, without freedom, they would lose their inward strength. But, for the same reason, rulers and priests have in all times been opposed to them, and accused them of perverting and seducing the people.

The power which is sufficient to prevent us from an abuse of freedom is love — pure love for goodness. And that which keeps alive our hope and patience, in the view of abuses, is confidence — confidence in human nature and the human mind, and faith that it will be at last brought back, after all its errors and confusions, to that which is true and good. O, ye who have the education of man confided to you, preserve this heavenly gift of confidence, in which the fulness of all virtue lies, as the flower in the bud! Con-

fidence in one another binds men together, and impels them to all works of love. Where the bond of confidence is broken, there life crumbles away like a weather-beaten stone, and human society is dissolved into a body of foes, who lower suspiciously on each other.

CHAPTER IX.

THEODORE RETURNS TO GERMANY. ITS UNHAPPY POLITICAL CONDITION. DISTRUST OF FREEDOM IN CHURCH AND STATE. JOURNEY TO SWITZERLAND. MEETS WITH WALTER. HIS CONVERSION FROM RATIONALISM TO OLD-FASHIONED ORTHODOXY.

THEODORE now returned to Germany. He found letters from his friends, containing only good news, which gave him much pleasure. But it disturbed him not to find among them a letter from Otto, from whom he was now expecting an invitation to the journey which they had agreed to take together. He was doubtful whether to visit him at his father's residence, but decided not to do so, as he might not find him at home. His recollections of Hildegard grew bright again as soon as he breathed his country's air, and the thought occurred to him either to visit or write to the nobleman at whose castle he had seen her. But a certain feeling of timidity restrained him from this step, which would betray his feelings. "And," thought he, "even though I knew who she was, could I or ought I to visit her without any pretext — not even that of a personal acquaintance?"

The state of popular feeling in Germany was by no means calculated to gratify him. The hopes which the

nation had indulged with respect to its relations to foreign countries, and of single German states to each other, had not been fulfilled by the peace. Neither were those expectations satisfied, which it had formed in regard to the improvement of its inward civil condition. Perhaps these anticipations had been in some respects extravagant. The hesitation of government to make new political arrangements was excused by many, and perhaps justly. But still it was very discouraging to see what a want of confidence there was between the governments and the people, and what confusion, division, and error this occasioned. No less discouraging was the view of many, — which was also understood to be the view of the party surrounding one of the princes, — that the people were far from being prepared for that improvement in its social condition which it desired with such impatience. Theodore was surprised to see the changes which so short a time had produced in the state of the public mind in his native land. But a little time since, effort, enthusiasm, hope, courage, were to be found every where; now, nothing prevailed but distrust both of themselves and of each other, discouragement, and the absence of hope. He saw evidences of a similar state of things in the theological world. People complained of liberty of thought and of speech as the sources of all the evil which oppressed the country, and wished that the present unbridled freedom might be restrained. In like manner, they wished for more of outward consideration to be paid the clergy, and more of show and impressiveness in the worship. In short, the freedom and spirit-

ual simplicity of the Protestant church were distrusted, and the prejudice which showed itself in many minds for Catholicism seemed the natural result.

As Theodore was not happily situated in his own circumstances and connections, and was without definite prospects and purposes, these observations made a more gloomy impression on his mind, and prevented him from coming at once to that determination, toward which he had been long tending, of devoting himself to the clerical office. Besides this, he wished, before he again entered on a settled plan of life, to see the fairest regions of his country. He therefore travelled up a part of the Rhine, and then passed through Swabia into Switzerland.

At Zurich he met, quite unexpectedly, with the preacher Walter, of * * *. It was a pleasant surprise to meet him again in a foreign country, after so long a separation, although he never had reckoned him among his choicest friends. Very naturally, the first question he asked him was, "How he came to be here? whether he had given up his situation as preacher at * * *, or whether he was only on a journey of pleasure?"

Walter at first gave no very clear account of the matter. He merely said that, with the permission and aid of his ecclesiastical superiors, he was making a theological journey, in order to become acquainted with the condition of the Protestant church in Germany and the neighboring countries. But, by subsequent inquiries, Theodore learned that the matter stood thus. — Walter was a man of no real depth or strength of mind, but one who always went with the stream; and, accord-

ingly, at the university, he adopted the tenets of the Rationalists, as they were called. But, at * * *, where the old system of theology began to be getting again into favor, he at first concealed his sentiments, or expressed them with reserve, and by degrees came over to those of the other party. Now, however, he was a complete convert, and this conversion had procured him the favor of one of his superiors, who sent him to travel, in order that he might be confirmed in his new opinions. The object of his journey was chiefly to visit a certain city, where the friends of the ancient creed had formed a society of its most zealous votaries. Walter was here to receive his complete initiation; and, truly, he had played so well the part of a docile and zealous disciple, that Theodore was amazed at the excited state of his mind, and the confusion of his ideas. This new convert ceased not proclaiming his faith as the only true one, and declared his intention of converting his friend, and so saving him from destruction.

Continued rains detained them at Zurich, where they had almost no acquaintances, for a long time; and they were, for the most part, confined to their room. Walter took advantage of this season of leisure to exercise his passion for proselyting. And, indeed, the gloomy weather seemed to lend to the gloomy views of the zealous youth a power over the spirit of our friend which they would otherwise not have had. How he longed to look upon the fair lake and its shores, with the glaciers in the background, by the clear light of the sun! But in vain. So dark and colorless did life lie before him; for the star on which he had fastened his eye had disappeared, after a short season of silver

light, in the depths of drooping clouds. No wonder, therefore, that the cloudy mind, which now sought to operate on his, was able to make a momentary impression. Nevertheless, he summoned his powers to meet him with energy and judgment. We will communicate some part of their conversations.

CHAPTER X.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN THEODORE AND WALTER. TOTAL DEPRAVITY. PROPER USE OF REASON. DEMONIACS, AND REAL EXISTENCE OF SATAN. AUTHORITY OF THE LETTER OF SCRIPTURE. RADICAL DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THEODORE AND WALTER. WALTER'S ENTHUSIASM. HIS PERSONAL COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

WALTER began his attack with the principle of man's depravity and spiritual inability; and on this he based the necessity of a divine revelation. "Pride," said he, "is the fountain of all sin, as humility is the source of all holiness. Admit that your reason is blind and dark, and your will sinful and wicked; feel this in agony and tears, and turn with longing prayer to Heaven, whence alone help can come; and in this way shall you be saved!"

"I know and feel," replied Theodore, "that my reason is exposed to error, and that my resolutions for goodness are weak. But my reason is not *wholly* dark, nor my will *totally* depraved. A divine ray glimmers in my soul, which, by the help of God, may lighten up into a clear flame; and my will has a power to do good, which is, indeed, fettered and weak, but, by the help of the Holy Spirit, may be freed and strengthened."

"O, renounce these remains of our natural pride, and stand not upon this half-way ground! Bow your

knee in the dust before the Being who is alone just and wise, and pray him to give you his Spirit."

"But how can his Spirit be bestowed upon me, if my nature is unsuited to receive it? If my mind has no capacity for light, how can it be lightened? Can the sun illumine the earth, if the earth is not made capable of receiving light? Can I turn to God in prayer with the expectation of receiving an influence wholly foreign from my nature, and communicated without my own coöperation? No. Humility and prayer fit the heart for receiving the divine influence; they remove the earthly mists of appetite and error; they purify the reason given by God, and the will, originally good, and allow them their proper control over the mind."

"Alas! how far are you still from true self-knowledge! Do not look for light in your own soul, but look to revelation. Submit your reason to the infallible word of life."

"I do. But how can this word be understood, except by the light of reason?"

"If you reason about it, you are lost, and the holy Scripture becomes the prey of human speculation. Remember how many errors you fell into while following the false light of philosophy. There is no safety except in an unreserved submission to the authority of Scripture."

Theodore attempted in vain to show that the power which was competent to judge of the evidence of revelation, was competent also to interpret and explain it; and that Scripture could never be understood, except by distinguishing the apparent from the real meaning,

the kernel from the shell, the essential from the accidental. Walter kept to his idea that you must not attempt to explain the Bible; that what was plainly stated must be implicitly received in its literal acceptation; that it must be believed, if ever so contradictory to reason.

Theodore was amazed. "Suppose the Scriptures taught that the sun went round the earth, and that the earth stood still. Would you believe it?" Walter said that he would.

"But this is a point of natural science, and lies out of the domain of religious faith."

"Whatever is in the Bible must be of importance for the welfare of the soul. It would do good, if in no other way, by confounding the pride of human wisdom."

Theodore had no more arguments to urge, or, rather, he despaired of being able to bring his friend back from this extreme.

Walter continued — "If you once make a distinction between what may be believed and what may not, no distinct boundary can be again established."

"It seems to me it can be easily determined what belongs to moral and religious truth, and what to physics, mathematics, and natural history."

"I don't know," said Walter. "You consider physiology a part of physical science, and yet it has something to do with moral and religious doctrines. It is now asserted that the Scripture doctrine of evil spirits, by which the souls of men were possessed, was an opinion belonging to the age, not a religious doctrine, and consequently no object of our faith."

"That is also my opinion; for the moral conflict with evil does not depend on the notion that the soul is possessed by an evil spirit. This belief would rather diminish the courage with which we should oppose temptation. The idea that diseases were produced by the evil spirits is evidently only a pathological hypothesis, like the fancy that certain diseases were caused by the changes of the moon, or the belief in witchcraft. Will you, then, make an article of Christian faith out of this?"

"If you suffer yourself to doubt with respect to this point, you will soon come to doubt with respect to things of greater importance. Even the important doctrine of the devil and his influence must appear to you, if you are consistent, to be unsound and false."

"The idea of a devil has a moral significance, at any rate," said Theodore; "and, properly understood and applied, may have a beneficial influence on the mind. But the idea of an absolutely bad being cannot be justified on scientific or metaphysical grounds."

"It is enough for me that Christ and his apostles spoke of a devil clearly and plainly. Your scientific doubts do not disturb my faith in that which God has plainly revealed."

Theodore perceived that in this way he could make no progress. He saw plainly that the great pivot of the dispute was a slavish bondage to the *letter* of Scripture, and that if he could rescue his friend from this state, all would be gained. But how make that man free who has not spirit enough to desire freedom? He directed the conversation to this point, and told

Walter he thought that he set the written word above the living spirit which Christ had given to his church. "The apostles and first disciples of the Lord," said he, "received the revelation, not as a written document, but as a living feeling; and the freedom of their spirit is evident from the different opinions which they form on certain subjects."

"You find these differences," said Walter, "because you look sedulously after them; he who has the right faith does not notice them, or has no difficulty in reconciling them."

Theodore saw that he could gain nothing by this kind of argument, owing to the obstinacy of his friend, and therefore suffered it to drop. "But," continued he, "if the Scripture is the literal rule of faith, how came it that the first churches kept more to oral tradition than to Scripture, which they did not possess collected in one canon?"

"As long as the apostles lived, the need of Scripture was not so urgent; after their death, there naturally intervened a short time before the Scriptures could be collected and generally distributed."

"But do you consider those as no good Christians who did not hold so closely to Scripture as you, — for instance, the first church fathers, Justin, Clement, Origen?"

"They erred in many points, and suffered a great deal of false philosophy to enter the church."

"Do you not believe that a spirit of truth and goodness has gone out from Christ and his apostles, and spread itself over the church, by which it becomes pos-

sible for us to understand Scripture? What, after all, is the foundation of the authority of Scripture, except that we find its contents correspond to this spirit?"

"You reason like a Catholic."

"The Catholic teachers have given too much authority to the church in determining the contents of Scripture, and I shall not be false to my Protestant principles. But I ask you, where would the holy Scripture have been, if a false spirit had prevailed in the church, and caused it to retain the apocryphal writings instead of the genuine books of the evangelists and apostles?"

"Divine Providence would not allow of this. What befalls the church when it is left to itself, and forsakes the rule of holy Scripture, the history of Papacy may teach you. There is no safety for us but in an unconditional submission to its infallible authority."

On this side, likewise, Theodore could gain no ground in the argument. This produced in him the conviction that in thinking and in action every thing was to be referred back to a fundamental source, — some first principle, out of which all else comes. This first principle cannot be proved, and is no matter for argument; it cannot even be distinctly stated in any set proposition. It is a feeling, or impulse, — a direction and tendency. It is a well-known proverb that there is no disputing about tastes; this may, however, be extended to every thing else. We can only dispute to advantage when we are agreed as to first principles — where we share the same fundamental feeling, — the same fundamental views. And when this is the case, we can dispute also about matters of taste. Theodore

saw plainly that the difference between himself and Walter in opinions was based on a difference of mental moods. *He* lived in a spirit of confidence and courage, Walter in a spirit of fear and distrust. "And whence," asked he, "does this feeling come to me, the other to him? Have we given them to ourselves?" He could not suppose this; he was obliged to consider it as a gift received from an external source. A feeling of pious humility took possession of him, and bowed his knee in prayer. He asked the Father of all good gifts to confirm in him this joyful feeling of confidence, if it was the true feeling, and to strengthen it. He rejoiced in the glad conviction that he might confide in the inmost voice of his soul, and that the Divine Spirit spoke to him by means of it, as well as through nature and revelation. He vowed, however, at the same time, as in the solemn presence of God, to keep watch over this feeling of confidence, lest it should degenerate into self-reliance, and destroy humility and dependence.

What most troubled our friend was, the discovery that Walter's inmost spirit seemed clouded and broken, and destitute of all the joy and pleasure of life. He took no longer any interest in literature, poetry, and art; all gayety seemed to him sinful, and every thing not immediately connected with religion to be unholy, worldly, and impious. He despised study, for he cared not to enrich his mind with any kind of knowledge. His Lutheran Bible — for he seldom looked at the original text — was for him the epitome of all wisdom. Lastly, Theodore made the discovery that the enthusiasm of his friend went so far as to make him believe he stood in spiritual union, as he called it, with the Re-

deemer. He did not have any visions, but his whole inward life consisted in a spiritual intercourse with the person of Christ, from which he received all his religious influences. In this he was a passive recipient, — a vessel into which the beams of a higher light were poured out. He carried all his doubts to his invisible counsellor, and sought from him advice and instruction. In every threatening trial he fled to him, and besought aid and strength; he gave him account of each day, and received from him praise or censure.

Theodore was far from being willing to touch with any but a gentle hand this confidentially-communicated secret of his friend's heart. Walter spoke of it with high rapture, and could not describe the bliss which flowed from it. He boasted of possessing perfect peace of mind, and an impregnable satisfaction of spirit. Theodore only ventured, very carefully, to express some objections and doubts.

First he objected that he was inconsistent with himself. By this inward communion with the Redeemer, he had evidently renounced his servitude to the letter of Scripture, and had recognized a higher source of truth than the dead word. "What the person of the Redeemer is to you," said he, "an inward conviction, purified and strengthened by contemplation and devotion, is to me."

"No! mine is more. It was only by renouncing my reason and myself entirely that the Redeemer gained entrance into my soul. By means of that servitude of which you speak, I have obtained my freedom."

"But are you sure of the *reality* of these convictions, and do you not fear that your excited fancy may have

represented her visions as the person of the Redeemer?"

"O," said Walter, smiling, "on that point I have the most complete certainty. I perceive my sinful self sunk far down beneath, with its lusts and errors, and above, surrounded by a heavenly glory, stands Christ high over me, from whom my soul receives all its light."

"I, too, when I examine my state of mind, and am in inward struggle with myself, turn toward Christ, the emblem of all truth and perfection, and ask myself what he would judge concerning me, — whether I could bear his look and sentence. But my highest spiritual influences I receive from God, the invisible Father. Your kind of devotion seems to me to have a taint of sensuous fancy about it."

"It seems so to you, because you have only an imaginative view of Christ, and see in him merely the sensible image of God. But to me he is the only-begotten Son of God, God himself, the Eternal Word, which was in the beginning with him. I look on him with a purely spiritual eye."

"Yet you must also regard him as a man; and the Father, in his concealed essence, must stand higher. And by this onesided, narrow direction of your mind toward the God man, do you not close your soul against the motions of the Spirit which breathes all around us, which, from nature, from history, from the human voice, speaks ever to us? What other meaning has the doctrine of the Trinity than this, — that we ought not to think of God in one way alone, not in this or the other place merely, but adore him as the All-present, every where revealing himself?"

"Yet God has revealed himself most clearly in Christ; to him who came down to us in order to save us from ruin, I keep near — to him I give my whole soul."

Theodore could not but consider his friend's state of mind as a diseased one. In his renunciation of the power of personal thought and independent inquiry, there appeared the most decided distrust of the power of the human mind; and, on the other hand, in the fancied communion with the Redeemer, there lay the most extraordinary self-conceit and presumption. Theodore always believed in the presence of Christ in his church. But he found it not solely in himself, but also in every good spiritual influence which he received from his fellow-Christians. In every teacher of truth, he saw an ambassador from Christ to his church. "What pride," said he, "to believe oneself distinguished from all others by an intercourse with Christ! to shut ourselves up with ourselves, and despise all the good instructions and excitements which come to us from our fellow-Christians, only to listen to our own voice! This pretended intercourse with Christ, is it any thing else than a dialogue with ourselves, in which it is a happy accident if the better part of our nature assumes the part of the Savior?"

CHAPTER XI.

ALPINE SCENERY. BEAUTIES OF NATURE. INFLUENCE OF THE FALL OF MAN ON THE NATURAL WORLD. INFLUENCE OF NATURE ON THE SOUL. THE HEAVENS DECLARE GOD'S GLORY. INFLUENCE OF REDEMPTION BY CHRIST ON THE NATURAL WORLD. DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE CHRISTIAN AND PAGAN VIEW OF THE NATURAL WORLD.

It was high time that our friend should be released from the gloomy atmosphere, oppressive as the air of a prison, to which this monotonous intercourse with Walter confined him. Signs of a change in the weather appeared one morning. The east wind was blowing strongly toward the mountains, and lifting the curtain of clouds which hung around them. The two friends went upon the new promenade, from which they had an extensive view of the lake. Just as they reached it, the heavens became completely clear. The noble lake lay smooth as a mirror, with its lovely dark-green color; the hills of Albis displayed the rich verdure of their forests; and in the background the snow-covered mountains rose, glittering against the blue heavens.

"Come, my friend," said Theodore, joyfully, to Walter, "let us immediately commence our journey. We can visit Zurich again, on our return. This lovely weather invites us now to enter the mountains. How I long to bathe my bosom in the fresh air of the hills!"

Walter was as yet half uncertain whether or not to accompany Theodore in this journey; but Theodore overcame his reluctance, and persuaded him to go.

That very afternoon found them in a boat, crossing the lake to Bocken, where they were to pass the night, intending to go on foot the next day to Zug. Theodore was in better spirits than he had been for a long time.[1]

[1] [To make these chapters somewhat clearer to the American reader, we will here give a brief sketch of Theodore's Swiss journey.

He travels up the Rhine, and passes through Swabia to Zurich. Zurich is the most important manufacturing town in Switzerland, and the capital of the most prosperous of the twenty-four cantons. It contains about fourteen thousand five hundred inhabitants. It lies on the north end of the Lake of Zurich, and on the banks of the Limmat. Zurich is the seat of the Swiss diet, alternately with Berne and Lucerne. It contains the cathedral where Zwingle preached, and the house where he lived, and the church where Lavater ministered for twenty-three years. This good man was shot in 1799, by a brutal French soldier, to whom he had just given wine and money, and while in the act of relieving another wounded soldier. Massena offered a high reward for the discovery of the murderer; but Lavater refrained from informing against him, though he knew his name. After lingering some months in great pain, he died in 1801.

The views from the promenades (one of which is alluded to in the text) are very fine.

From Zurich Theodore and Walter proceed to Zug, crossing the lake to Horgen, then ascending the ridge of Mount Albis to the villa of Bocken, and descending the next morning, across the Sihl, to Zug.

The Lake of Zurich is a long and narrow strip of water, about twenty-six miles in length, and not more than three in width. Its beauty is of life and rich cultivation. Its shores teem with population, and are smiling and cheerful. Factories and mills

"See," said he to Walter, "how God's world smiles around us! how all the joy of existence salutes us! Is it not the voice of God which speaks to us also here, and in such accents of bliss? Where, amid these cheerful colors, these bold and lovely forms, does the sad shape of evil meet us? God looked on all that he had made, and, behold, it was all very good. In looking at this beautiful nature, does not the cheerful faith

stand on every stream. The hills arise around it to the height of three thousand feet, and slope to the water's edge, wooded on their tops, clad with vineyards, orchards, and gardens on their slopes, and carpeted with pastures, or fields of grain, at their feet. Behind them rise the snowy peaks of Sentis, Dödi, and Glärnisch.

Zug is the capital of Canton Zug, and contains three thousand two hundred inhabitants. The lake is about eight miles long, and three quarters of a mile in width. On the south side, the Rigi rises abruptly from the water's edge. Mount Rossberg is on the south-west corner of the lake. Theodore and Walter cross the lake to Arth, (about two hours' sail,) at the foot of Rigi, from whence they commence their ascent.

From the summit of Rigi, the travellers descend to Weggis, on Lake Lucerne, and sail to Küssnacht, at the foot of the bay of the same name. Hence they go by land a short distance, to the Hollow Way, where Tell, after escaping from Gessler's boat, on the Lake of Lucerne, lay in wait for the tyrant, and shot him. Here is Tell's Chapel, which the travellers also visit. Hence they sail to Lucerne. From Lucerne they cross to Rütli, or Grütli — the spot assigned by tradition as the rendezvous of the three founders of Swiss freedom. Before returning to Lucerne, they sail around the lake, and are in danger of shipwreck. Of the Lake of Lucerne we will say something further in a subsequent note.

These descriptions are mostly taken from the "Hand-Book for Travellers in Switzerland, Savoy, and Piedmont;" London, John Murray. — TRANSL.]

return again into your heart, that God's world is good and fair? that evil exists only for the evil, and that only to the weak and cowardly does it seem unconquerable?"

"These," said Walter, "are the remains of that beauty and grandeur which beamed from the new-created earth, before it had been ruined by the fall of man. Do we not every where also meet with the traces of destruction and desolation? The hills entomb millions of bodies which were destroyed by the deluge. Even these mountains which rise before us are now in part decayed, and threatening to fall, and have already buried many cottages and villages beneath their ruins. Every year avalanches roll from the tops of the mountains, and desolate the valleys. In other places, subterraneous fire rages in the heart of the hills, and from time to time bursts forth to destroy. The poisonous snake lies hidden beneath the loveliest flowers; beasts of prey ravage the deserts, and flocks of locusts lay waste the blooming fields ——"

"Cease your sad catalogue. Who does not know that we are always surrounded with imperfection and evil? but why look at them with such gloomy eyes? If these blind and terrible forces assail us, let us not lose the joyful confidence that God rules over them for good, and that in the midst of earthly desolation we are not forgotten by eternal love. Life and joy every where exceed death and pain. Upon the weather-beaten lava blooms a more luxuriant herbage than before; and in perfect confidence men build their houses again at the foot of the mountain threatening to fall. The harmless inhabitants of the valleys which lie below these snow-piled hills, are not driven from their loved

homes by the yearly devastations. They see the danger hanging over their heads, and yet remain full of love and confidence, and dwell where their fathers did. Love and confidence make a paradise of this world; they give us the victory over the evil which threatens our life with desolation. Danger always seems to fly from the cheerful glance of the man who carries in his breast these heavenly gifts. And what is the fable you tell, of the fall of man having an influence upon external nature? Where do you find in Scripture any such account?"

"The serpent went, formerly, erect, and afterward was obliged to creep in the dust. The curse of unfruitfulness fell upon the earth. These hints indicate the whole. And was not the deluge brought about by the sins of mankind?"

"It was caused by the will of the Lord of nature, who used it as a punishment for human sin. It is true that the sense of our weakness ought to accompany us always. But it should make us humble, not pusillanimous. It should not darken our view of nature and of human life. The skies are veiled in clouds, and vexed with storms as often as is necessary. At such times, we can scarcely avoid a certain sadness. Then let a man turn his gaze into his own bosom, and place himself before the bar of conscience. But, when he has been purified by this self-examination, let him return again to life with confidence. And when all creation smiles upon us, let us open our heart to the pure joy of life, to confidence, and the courage of hope. The cheerful repose which is seen in a fair landscape; the security with which every tree, every hill, takes its place in the pic-

ture; the harmony which binds the manifold forms into a whole; the soft, airy colors spread over all, — all this should be to us an emblem of repose after struggle, of certain victory over all obstacles, of the bliss to which we are called. Your whole view of life, my dear friend, seems to me like the rainy weather which detained us in Zurich. While there, my soul was darkened by the clouds around me, and I had not inward peace. But now the sun smiles again, and the glad spirit of life and self-confidence have returned to me. But you bring your gloom with you into the general jubilee of nature, and see dark spots in the midst of the fairest light."

The travellers now landed at Horgen, through which village they passed, and took their way to Bocken, which lay higher up. Walter recommenced the conversation, and said, "You do me wrong if you think that I cannot enjoy the beauties of nature. But I think that we value this enjoyment too highly, and make a kind of idolatry of it. In the views of life peculiar to Christian piety, the feelings aroused by the contemplation of nature have no place. The only one which Christ refers to is that of confidence in the providence of the Creator as precluding anxiety."

"But this shows that the Redeemer regarded nature as the mirror of the spiritual world. That feeling of confidence in the rich treasures of life, spread through nature, flows from an inner fountain in the soul; it is not the result of observation or experience. An anxious mind can find food for its disquietude in its observations on the natural world. The drought of summer

and the cold of winter destroy many plants and animals; and how many beasts live at the expense of others! Nature might therefore be regarded as a sparing housekeeper, who takes away on one side to give on another. Yet the other view is the true one, because it springs from that faith which is the life of the soul. The spirit which rules nature interprets its hieroglyphics in its own sense. It always seeks for a harmony between itself and the life of nature, and regards the natural and the human world as composing one family. The light of the stars, the colors of the flowers, the bold masses of the mountains, seem to the mind emblems of its inward powers and states — revelations of that unseen spirit of life which works every where with creative energy. Such contemplations of nature are not foreign from the spirit of Christianity. The Redeemer must, to be sure, dwell mostly upon the inward and spiritual world — must reveal to us the everlasting laws of truth, and thus awaken in us a spiritual consciousness, by which we can interpret for ourselves the natural world. But he was a cheerful friend of nature. Therefore he loved to walk by the lovely shores of the Lake of Galilee, and ascend the hills and mountains from which he might survey the surrounding country. And what grand views of nature do we find in the Old Testament, which is a part of the circle of revelation! How magnificent is that song of praise to God, as the Author of nature, —

> 'The heavens declare the glory of God;
> And the firmament showeth his handiwork'!

How grand and joyful the image of the sun! —

> 'Like a bridegroom, he steps from his chamber;
> Like a hero, he rejoices to run his race.
> From the end of the heavens he marches forth;
> To the end of the heavens he goes in his great circuit;
> And nothing can hide itself from his searching ray!' "

At this moment, their path turned from among the trees and garden hedges, and brought them out upon the hill where stands the villa of Bocken. Before their eyes spread the beautiful lake, in which the sun, now verging to his setting, and hanging just above the friendly town of Zurich, was beautifully mirrored. A glorious and impressive scene! Opposite were the smiling, cultivated shores, adorned with villages and country houses, and crowned above with green woods, spreading on as far as the distant Rapperschwyl. On the right were the icebergs of Glarus and Uri, rising up behind the wooded hills in the foreground. Below lay the glassy lake, covered with the sails of pleasure-boats.

"Can the cheerful and elevating feeling, which the sight of the sun, hanging over this landscape, inspires, be more strikingly expressed than by the image of the royal bard? He is a hero, who has finished his career, and, full of proud satisfaction, looks back upon his finished work. He has given us a splendid day; he has dispelled, like a conqueror, the clouds, and has permitted us to see this charming view in the purest light."

After they had gazed sufficiently at this magnificent spectacle, Theodore went on to explain his idea of the

place which the study of nature holds in the Christian view of the world.

"Christianity," said he, "supposes a close connection between the human and natural creation. The redemption of human nature is stated to react upon creation, according to the well-known passage which speaks of the 'earnest expectation of the creature.'"

"Then," joyfully answered Walter, "do you really understand this to mean inanimate and irrational nature? If so, you agree with me in the opinion that it shared in the evil consequences of the fall of man."

"By no means. The apostle speaks of the mutability and decay to which nature is subjected by the will of the Creator, not by the power of the devil, and from which it longs to be delivered. Nature is subjected to the same fate as ourselves. As we hope one day to be freed from death, and arise to everlasting life, so does Nature long and sigh for the immortality, the germ of which lies as well in her as in ourselves. When the heavenly Jerusalem shall descend upon the earth, — when there shall be no more death nor pain, and all tears shall be wiped away, — then will nature, in the bloom of eternal beauty, become a beautiful environment for the kingdom of heaven, and will enjoy the same peace and repose which shall then prevail in the human world. The prophecy shall be fulfilled — the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; the shining of the moon shall be as the shining of the sun, and the shining of the sun shall be seven times clearer than now. God will create a new heaven and a new earth. Granting that these are figures — nevertheless, they indicate the inti-

mate connection of the world of matter and of mind, and that we should have a sympathy with Nature, and yield ourselves to her influences."

"But I remember once hearing you make the remark that the character of pagan religions lay chiefly in the contemplation of nature, while Judaism and Christianity find God revealing himself in the spiritual world. How, then, do you distinguish the Christian observation of nature from the pagan?"

"By two marks. First, the heathen yields his mind passively to the control of nature, and does not place himself above it. Secondly, he sets the creature in the place of the Creator, or confounds the powers which prevail in nature with the original power from which they all proceed. The last error, which particularly constitutes idolatry, can scarcely be met with among us; but the first can. The most common fault of this kind is to give oneself up to a voluptuous enjoyment of nature, and to make it merely a luxury, not a source of spiritual excitement and elevation. How many admirers of nature are cold and unsympathizing toward human beings, and indifferent to the greatest interests of humanity, because their susceptibility for the beauty of nature is not pure and spiritual! More nearly allied than this to the pagan view of Nature is the frame of those who pry and search into her wonders, with a devotion which forgets the higher spiritual powers in their own breasts and in the heart of man; and, not regarding nature as the shadow of the soul, lose its moral meaning. Their joy in nature is not so low as that of the before-mentioned

class; for they do perceive in it something higher, but they overrate it, and do not subordinate it to the soul."

"Yes. As I before said, I have known many who seemed to worship nature idolatrously. But your mode of contemplating it appears to be nearly allegorical. You spin a poetic web, with which you surround nature."

"That belongs merely to the way of interpreting the original impression. Mere descriptions of nature remain without any effect, both for him who has the object before his eyes, and for him who wishes to represent it to his imagination. But, as soon as we add to the literal description a feeling, all is changed. To describe is as little the peculiar work of the poet as it is of the musical composer."

CHAPTER XII.

REALITY OF MORAL EVIL. MORAL EVIL IS A DEFECT. THE LAKE OF ZUG. MOUNT RIGI. RUINS OF GOLDAU. JUDGMENTS. ALPINE SCENERY. TRUE AND FALSE PANTHEISM.

When our travellers arose the next morning, the heavens were clouded over, and threatened them with rain, which soon came. Both were somewhat vexed by this, and went on for a while without saying much to each other. There was little variety in the road, which passed mostly through woods and bushes. They crossed the Siehl, a wild, mountain stream, which bursts its way, foaming, along a rocky channel. Dark, misty clouds hung over the narrow valley. As they went forward, they reached a spot where there was a view in the direction of Lucerne, which, however, was covered with clouds. The guide promised that the weather would clear up, and Theodore hoped so. But Walter said, somewhat maliciously, "This gloomy day is a good contrast to your exultation, yesterday, in which you nearly went so far as to say that there was no such thing as moral evil."

"Did I *nearly* say it, yesterday?" answered Theodore. "Then I will to-day quite say it, and assert that evil exists for man and in the view of man, but not in itself and absolutely."

"I am astonished, if you are in earnest; and can you jest with such serious subjects?"

"I am not in jest. My proof depends on your answer to the following question: Do you think that the destructive acts of unconscious nature, of the elements, of savage beasts, are morally bad? I cannot so consider them, because the *intention* of committing injury is wanting, and also the freedom to act or refrain. If there were evil in this, we must ascribe it to the Creator, to whom, however, we ought to ascribe only good."

"The Creator uses evil for the punishment of evil. Yet I will grant you that there is no evil in that which does harm unconsciously, in order to see how you will make out your proof."

"I ask you, moreover — do you call an action evil, which is injurious to yourself or others, apart from the purpose of doing harm? as, for instance, an accidental homicide, the execution of a criminal, the killing a man in battle."

"The last examples are not wholly suitable, because moral evil takes part in them, though indirectly; for, had not the criminal sinned, he had not been punished; and if men were not unjust, there would be no war."

"Yet you will grant me that the injurious results of an action, and its effects generally, are not decisive evidences of its sinfulness; and this is all I want. I now go further, and ask, In what way *do* you recognize moral evil, if not by its outward results?"

"By the laws which it violates."

"But if the law be not known to him who breaks it?"

"Then he is to blame for his ignorance, except when this is unavoidable; which is never the case in any violation of the moral law."

"But what if he who violates the law is indeed acquainted with it, but does not recognize its justice, or believes his own case an exception? This, in fact, happens in all sins which are not the result of reckless passion."

"You certainly would not excuse such a bold rebellion against a known law, which always happens at the instance of evil lusts or proud selfishness?"

"I would by no means excuse it. But is it not true that sin, when committed from a deliberate rejection or corruption of the law, as well as that which proceeds from ignorance of it, supposes that the impulses are not yet in harmony with the command? The whole realm of sin lies in the opposition between these two, which began when Eve's desires transgressed the divine commandment."

"Very true. But how does that help your assertion that there is no moral evil, in itself considered? That is what you just now asserted."

"Only follow me, and you will soon see how I establish my position. Impulse belongs to our nature; recognition of the law, to our culture. The first is the domain of necessity; the second, of freedom. Consequently, the conflict of impulse with the commandment, which is sin, is only a preponderance of the power of necessity, or of nature, over the freedom of the human will. Consequently, sin is precisely the same phenomenon which occurs at the eruptions of the forces of nature which desolate and destroy."

"But man is guilty, because he allows his freedom to be overcome by necessity."

"Very true; and, according to the human view of the matter, moral evil *is* evil. But, when we rise above the opposition between freedom and necessity, it vanishes away."

"But this seems to me both a comfortless and a dangerous view."

"It is not dangerous; for it does not deny the discord which sin produces in man, nor its misery. It is not a comfortless view, but rather full of comfort; because, in contemplating the world, we thus recover the peace which the sight of sin had destroyed. For it is always God himself who has permitted this preponderance of necessity over freedom — God, the almighty and the good."

"I cannot admit that this view is not dangerous to morality. Will not men consider their guilt excusable, if told that they sin from a necessity?"

"Therein consists their guilt, that they have not asserted their freedom — that they are to be regarded as irrational beings, from whose blind passions we must secure ourselves. Yet, at the same time, this view teaches us tolerance toward our sinful brethren, to whom that saying of Christ will always be more or less applicable — 'Father, forgive them; they know not what they do.'"

Walter had no particular objection to offer; but he shook his head, and accused his friend of introducing dangerous novelties.

Theodore replied — "The most orthodox fathers of the church have asserted that moral evil has no exist-

ence in itself. They declare it to be a defect. They usually commence by asserting that man never really desires evil, but always good. If he prefers sensual pleasure to spiritual enjoyment, it is because he thinks it preferable. He is not yet spiritual enough in his desires and insight to prefer the spiritual to the sensual. He stands under the dominion of Nature, and obeys her impulses. All which lives struggles after the object of its existence; but one succeeds better than another in obtaining it. One flower is more beautiful than its neighbor; but yet the whole meadow is richly ornamented with their blossoms. In the same way is God's world beautiful, though much — yes, *all* — in it, contemplated separately, is imperfect. That, however, which chiefly tends to console us for the evil and imperfection in ourselves and in the world, is the faith that what has hitherto failed of its aim will hereafter attain it; faith, that what is imperfect in this place is beaming with perfection in another; faith, that the good which is around us and within us will conquer through His grace who has created all for good, and who will guide all things happily to their issues."

The travellers now left the pastures, shaded with trees, which make the plain between Baar and Zug, and approached the latter city. Some rays of the sun, penetrating the clouds, announced a pleasant day. After taking breakfast, they set sail upon the lake, where they beheld a view of unsurpassed beauty. The lake lay in its peculiar deep blue; the mountains of Zug, on the left, were already wholly free from clouds. Mount Rigi, which extended itself strongly into the lake, had a light veil of mists wreathed about

its middle. The distant Mount Pilate, beyond Lucerne, had mists twined around its head as if for an ornament. They had not been on the lake a quarter of an hour, before the clouds had wholly disappeared from the mountains and the sky.

"Now," cried Theodore, "we have conquered! Our journey will be fortunate; the battle is over, and the victory is ours."

With rapture he gazed at Mount Rigi. "How grand, but how mild and lovely!" cried he. "Green from its base to its summit, with no threatening masses of rock hanging to it, hospitable to the pasturing flocks, yet so boldly aspiring, so proudly regal! It is an emblem of that true human greatness, which is so seldom attained. For is not our greatness usually accompanied with hardness and coldness? Do not men commonly rise at the expense of their brethren, whom they oppress? Our great heroes are volcanoes, pouring out fire, and spreading around destruction; or else cold icebergs and snowy mountains, which allow no life in their neighborhood, which refuse all access. They are not like this soft, mild Rigi, which may be compared to a citizen of an old republic, raised by his virtues and nobility above his fellow-citizens, but living among them without ostentation."

Our travellers landed at Arth, and ascended Mount Rigi, passing by the ruins of Goldau.[1] They saw, at first, only single portions of the region which had been destroyed by the mountain avalanche; but they gradually ascended to a point whence they were able to

[1] See Note C.

overlook the whole scene. It was a mournful sight! Verdure begins to clothe anew the scattered rocks, and masses of fallen earth. But the process is slow, and it will be long ere the traces of the work of desolation shall be effaced.

"What else," said Walter, "shall we say of such an event as this, but that it was an act of divine vengeance? How else could the goodness of God permit so many living beings to be at once intombed?"

"Concerning this," said Theodore, "I must answer you in the words of the Savior: 'Those eighteen, on whom the Tower of Siloam fell, and slew them, think you they were greater sinners than all that dwell in Jerusalem? I tell you, nay; but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.' The careless man should be led, by such events, to remember his dependence on a higher power, and humiliate himself. But no one should venture to declare those who suffered in such a misfortune to be peculiarly sinful."

"But how can such an event be reconciled with the justice of God?"

"We should reverently acknowledge it as a mystery. We know not how the bodily and spiritual life are united. They *are* united, and the one is the basis of the other. The position of the earth to the sun must be arranged, the elements must be reduced to order on its surface, before it can support either vegetable or animal life. Usually, the connection of animate and inanimate nature has been an harmonious and peaceful one; but, from time to time, convulsions intervene, the causes of which are to be sought in the unalterable laws of the material world. The strata of the Nagel-

flue [1] of Rossberg, from which the avalanche fell, had been weakened by long-continued rains; and at last its own weight precipitated it with its fragments upon the valleys below, where it destroyed six hundred of the inhabitants. We may say that this unhappy event was foreordained, when these summits subsided from the primal waters in a position which would one day determine this catastrophe. The lives of so many human beings were, therefore, bound, as by a slender thread, to the moment in which the weight of these masses should exceed their cohesive force."

"This is a comfortless and a material view of the subject! Why not be satisfied with saying that the will of the Lord caused the event?"

"So it did. It was the original cause. But there are evidently secondary and intermediate causes also. The fact that the soul — the fairest blossom of life — is rooted like a common plant in an earthly soil, and subject to its changes, should be recognized by us, in order to keep us humble. But then we should be encouraged again by the consciousness that the soul is raised above this dependence by its freedom, and that the material world cannot be its final home, and by thinking of the Father of creation, from whom all life proceeds. He has scattered in his world the seeds of souls, and he suffers no germ to be lost, but nourishes them with paternal care. Is not death itself, to which human life must yield, like this mountain avalanche? Like it, it follows physical laws; and before its tram-

[1] [*Nagel-flue;* breccia, or pudding-stone; literally, *nail-head*, from the knobs on its surface. — TRANSL.]

pling footstep vanish the lovely manifestations of spirit from the earth. Is there any essential distinction between the cutting down of a single flower and the mowing of a whole meadow of flowers? between the tears which stand in a single eye, and those which fall from a thousand? The only consolation for the pain of death is the lifting of the spirit above itself, into that unseen world where the distinction between body and spirit disappears, and where the fountain streams from which the changing forms of earthly life go forth."

Thus conversing, the two friends had ascended the mountain to a higher point. The ruins of Goldau now seemed only a gray spot at the foot of the green Rossberg, near the lovely Lake of Lowertz, and the whole appearance of the fair landscape, upon which the strange forms of the two cliffs behind Schwytz looked down,[1] destroyed the impression which the appearances of destruction had made in the minds of the wanderers.

"Thus," said Theodore, "does the spirit conquer every pain, by elevating itself from its low position in earthly life to a broader view of the universe as a whole. There is no such thing as pain or death, save in the confined and narrow view of man. He attaches his affections to what surrounds and lives with him; and when it is taken from him, he is terrified, and trembles, as if his whole life were about to be rent away. Let him only take a higher view of things, and

[1] [*Schweizerhaggen;* two singular peaks, rising above the Lake of Lowertz, and behind the town of Schwytz, called, from their shape, the Mitres, (*Mythen.*) — TRANSL.]

he will find life every where, to console him in the view of death."

"But this view is not that of true love. True love cannot console itself for the loss of one object of affection by flying into the arms of another. Nor is this the view which our faith presents of the self-dependence and immortality of the human soul. I may console myself for the death of a flower by the budding of another, for this may fully supply its place. But the loss of a human heart cannot be made good in this way. Each soul has a personal value, individual, and not to be replaced. Every human being, in his particular existence, is a world, created but once, and when destroyed, never returning again."

"You are right. And this constitutes the heavy conflict to which man is subjected, and from which he can never wholly extricate himself. He stands between his love for the individual, his faith in the self-dependence of individual being, and his love for the All, his faith in a Whole, which shall swallow up all single existences. To embrace with the whole power of love each particular essence, and then joyfully to relinquish it again to the Whole, which redemands it, — this is the problem! We are to hold firmly to our personal consciousness, to our individual self-dependence, to believe that we are God's creatures, and individual existences in his world. Yet we must also humbly recognize the fact that we only exist in God's own spirit; that we live, move, and have our being in him; that we are drops, floating in the stream which flows through all time! The difficulty is to unite these views."

"But you seem to me to incline very much toward pantheism; and your view of evil, as well as your view of death, betrays this tendency."

"I only wish to unite both these views as they ought to be united, and as they actually are united, in Christianity."

"Christianity pantheistic! That is a strange assertion!"

"Not the less true, however, if it be strange. In its doctrine of a Trinity, Christianity unites all the elements of religion into perfect unity. It seems to me that the idea of the third person of the Trinity — of the Holy Spirit — is a pantheistic idea. For true pantheism lies in this — in all which lives, to see a divine original power, which supports and gives impulse to all finite energy. The false pantheism, on the other hand, consists in losing the finite in the infinite, in giving up all particular existence, and considering all particular phenomena as emanations from the original being. The last view is opposed to faith in the immortality of the soul — a faith which Christianity distinctly demands."

CHAPTER XIII.

SUMMIT OF MOUNT RIGI. SUNSET VIEW. A JOYFUL MEETING. CONVERSATION WITH OTTO AND HILDEGARD. SUNRISE ON RIGI. DOCTRINE OF THE CREATION. ITS VALUE. THE DESCENT TO WEGGIS. WILLIAM TELL'S CHAPEL. WORSHIP OF SAINTS. THE HOLLOW WAY. TELL'S ACTION JUSTIFIED. HILDEGARD'S FATHER.

Our travellers had, after many stoppages, reached the *Culm*, or summit of Rigi, just before sunset. They secured lodgings in the inn at the summit, and immediately went out again, so as to lose nothing of the spectacle which they were anticipating. They had already seen a part of the landscape which is visible from this incomparable mountain, and in particular the view of Lucerne. But now they stood on the extreme point of the summit, and saw at their feet Lake Zug, with its shores. From this point, the mountain seems to shoot down so precipitously that one becomes almost dizzy. But so much nearer to the spectator is the fair landscape thus brought, which spreads out at the foot of the mountain. Already shadows lay in the hollows, the sinking sun poured its last rays on the mountains, and now they swam in the sea of fire, which spread over the evening sky. Theodore was wholly absorbed by this majestic sight.[1]

[1] [Mount Rigi (or Righi) is a mountain, or group of mountains, rising between the Lakes of Zug and Lucerne, in the

"See," said he to Walter, "an image of self-sacrificing love! It has finished its course; it has poured the light of day over the world; it has spread around warmth and life; and is it not enough? Now it dis-

northern part of Switzerland. Its height is about five thousand seven hundred feet above the sea, but, being separated from other mountains, it commands one of the finest panoramas in the world. It is also very accessible, no less than three mule-paths leading to the very summit, so that it is daily visited in summer by hundreds of travellers, of every age, sex, and nation. The upper part of the mountain, like Rossberg, is composed of the brecciated rock, called Nagelflue, or pudding-stone. Externally, the entire summit is clothed with verdant pastures, which support more than two thousand head of cattle in summer.

The most striking feature in the wonderful panorama seen from this summit, which is said to extend over a circumference of three hundred miles, is undoubtedly the Lakes Lucerne and Zug. They both lie close to the foot of the mountain, the many arms of the first branching in various directions; and the peculiar greenish-blue tint which water seen from a great height assumes, is said to be also very beautiful. On the north appear the lake of Zug, the towns of Arth and Zug, the chain of Albis, and a little of the town and lake of Zurich. On the west lie Tell's Chapel, the village and bay of Kussnacht, the canton, lake, and town of Lucerne, the dark summit of Mount Pilate, and the ridge of Jura. On the south lies the magnificent chain of the high Alps, which continue round to the east, where is the town of Schwytz, and join again at the north on Mount Rossberg, where are yet visible traces of the *débris* of its avalanche of stone and earth.

The *Culm*, or culminating point of Rigi, is an irregular space of ground, of some extent, destitute of trees, but covered with turf. A little below, built under the shoulder of the Culm, to protect it from wind, stands the *Culm-Haus* — an inn something like a barrack, containing more than forty beds. In the summer, this inn is crowded nearly every night, and numbers turned away.

solves wholly away in love, pours the whole fulness of its light over the heavens, and melts into the surrounding clouds, which it gilds with its radiance, so that the world may enjoy its splendor, even after it is gone. Oh, who would not so go down, so pour out his life for the good of the world!"

A solemn stillness spread out over the immeasurable landscape. Light clouds floated over the valleys, and appeared to veil them as for slumber. All nature seemed to celebrate, in earnest, though not sad solemnity, the departure of the king of day.

Long before sunrise, the whole household is roused to witness it, by the sound of a long wooden horn. And often in vain; for the view is very apt to be marred by clouds and rain, and the fate of many travellers is told in the following pithy lines: —

"Seven weary up-hill leagues we sped,
The setting sun to see;
Sullen and grim he went to bed,
Sullen and grim went we.
Nine sleepless hours of night we passed,
The rising sun to see;
Sullen and grim he rose again,
Sullen and grim rose we."

But those who are able to see the sunrise from the Culm are amply rewarded. See *Hand-Book for Travellers in Switzerland.*

There is a striking resemblance between the view from Rigi, as above described, and that from Red Mountain, in New Hampshire. The latter is, indeed, on a smaller scale; but Lake Winnipisiogee, with its hundred bays and islands, corresponds in shape, size, and situation, to the branching Lake of Lucerne; Lake Squam, like an oak leaf in form, takes the place of Lake Zug; and the clustering peaks of the White Mountains circle round the rest of the horizon like the high Alps in the other panorama. — TRANSL.]

"In such a frame of mind," said Theodore, "let us accompany greatness and beauty to its grave! Though they may have staid with us but a short time, their stay was animating and beneficial, like that of the sun. They have fulfilled their mission among us, and their night will not last forever; there will come a morning, which shall show them to us again in new youth."

At this moment he turned, and saw — how great was his surprise! — Hildegard and Otto, both standing before him.

"Hildegard!" cried he, scarce able to contain himself; but was immediately clasped to the breast of Otto.

"Have I found thee again, my dear, my loved friend?" said this ardent youth. He took him by the arm, and led him to Hildegard, whom he introduced to him as his sister.

"This is my Theodore," said Otto to his sister, "of whom I have so often spoken to you, and who rescued my life in the wood of Ardennes."

"So, then," said Hildegard to Theodore, "you united yourself in the same way both to the brother and the sister. Your blood was shed for me and my friends, and gave us time to escape."

"I never knew a happier moment than that," said Theodore, "in which, as I lay wounded, I met your look of sympathy — except the present, in which I meet you again, with your dear brother, in this lofty temple of nature."

"Look at the glow on the high Alps!" said Walter. All turned and gazed in silent admiration at the wonderful sight, omitting for the present all which they had to say to each other. From the north-east to the

south-west, extending around in a circle, and visible from Rigi, is a wall of the high Alps, of various forms, and mostly covered with snow, which were now red in the last rays of the setting sun. The beholders stood long, lost in the feelings which this spectacle awakened within them.

Theodore at last broke the silence, and said, "What a touching and noble commemoration of the departure of the sun! The valleys and plains have long since fallen asleep, and have forgotten the orb which gave them light; but these lofty heights still gaze after him, with unappeased longings. Thus is greatness best appreciated and loved by greatness!"

"But this radiance," said Hildegard, "will also be soon dissipated; for it is earthly and transitory; while, from above, light unextinguishable pours in everlasting and pure beams." She pointed to the first stars, which were coming forth from the ever-deepening blue of the sky.

"The stars, too," said Theodore, "have their rising and setting for the earth, and this has its change from day to night. But it is only the revolution of the earth around itself, not the departure of the sun, which produces this change. We rescue ourselves by faith from these earthly alternations, from the limited position in which this rising and setting shows itself, and turn to the place where the eternal light beams ever without mutability."

"Yet it is the extinguishing of our earthly light," said Hildegard, "which reminds us of the heavenly. It is the holy night, with its troops of stars, which composes the soul to devotion."

Theodore, who stood near her, took her hand in this moment of elevated feeling, and her slight pressure in return told him that she sympathized with him.

Otto suggested that they had better return to the house, as they must soon retire, in order to get up early the next morning, to witness the sunrise. The friends spent another hour together before going to rest, and made those mutual communications and explanations which each was so anxious to hear.

The sympathy which our friend had felt for Otto from the first moment he saw him, might have discovered to him that he was Hildegard's brother. Only accident prevented Otto from mentioning her to him by name, which would have effected the discovery sooner. Otto's father returned from Russia after the war, and set out on another long journey, through France and Spain, attended by his daughter, from whom he never was willing to be separated. The plan was for Otto to remain in Germany to finish his studies, and he had accompanied his father and sister only as far as Switzerland. The father remained in Lucerne, where he had business to transact, and the brother and sister had, meantime, made this excursion to Rigi. Theodore was sorry to hear that he must soon be separated from Hildegard again; Otto, however, gave him the hope that they might still make some excursions together in the neighboring country. He himself would return in Theodore's society to Germany, in order to go to a university, and Theodore quickly determined to do the same, and devote himself, in the society of his friend, to his studies for some time longer.

The next morning they all met together again upon

the Culm, waiting for the rising of the sun. The Alps were already burning in the red of the morning.

"Yet how different," said Theodore, "is the feeling which this same phenomenon excites from that of yesterday evening! It is no longer the sorrowful longing for a departed friend; it is now the joyful hope of approaching happiness."

"And yet," returned Hildegard, "longing and hope are certainly feelings very nearly allied to each other. Shall we call it longing, or hope, which draws our souls toward heaven?"

"It is both," said Theodore. "It is longing; for there is our home, for which we sigh. It is hope; for the glory which shall there be revealed to us, can only be imagined by us now. Longing properly has its object in the past, and hope in the future; but these two are in themselves one and the same, and meet in the present, which alone is actual. In eternity, all is present, — there is neither past nor future."

"Now," said Otto, "let us live wholly for the present, since it is so majestic and glorious."

"Yes, truly," replied Theodore; "it is blissful as eternity."

Otto referred to the sun, which was just rising; but Theodore thought of Hildegard, who was standing near him. He did not venture, however, to raise his eyes and look at her while he said this.

Who shall describe the sunrise upon Mount Rigi? Who, but he who has been baptized with the inspiration of poetry, can express even the feelings which such a sight awakens in a susceptible heart? Only a soul mighty and aspiring, like the snow-crowned Alps,

which rise from their thrones to greet the queen of day; pure and clear, like the lake which reflects her image; powerful, like the morning breeze which rushes on before her, as a hasty herald; large and comprehensive, as the vast picture which unfolds itself under her increasing light; — only a soul, which, in its lofty psalm, can ascend to God the Creator — only such a soul can succeed in expressing these feelings.

After they were tired with gazing, Theodore said, "I have been speaking, lately, with my friend Walter, of the Christian view of nature. It appears to me that the decisive proof that Christianity teaches us the most correct mode of contemplating nature is to be found in its doctrine that God created all things from nothing by a word. The Greeks did not possess this great thought, and nature cannot have appeared so beautiful to them as to ourselves."

"I have, on the contrary," answered Otto, "always supposed that this doctrine was too abstract, and not capable of being united with a living view of nature."

"Look at these monstrous mountains," said Theodore. "They stand in such vastness before us, — the whole landscape which we behold stretches so immeasurably around us, — that the feeling of the sublime which fills our breast would oppress us, did not our soul by this means become conscious of its power, and elevate itself above this emotion. Mighty as is nature, yet more mighty is the Spirit, by whose breath its enormous forms came into being. This doctrine of a creation expresses the thought of freedom. God said, Let light be — and light was! How simple and how majestic! Only the omnipotence, which works from

itself, and in a moment, could call forth these great forms."

"But," objected Otto, "we must already have passed from a state of feeling to one of reflection, in order to appreciate this thought."

"Certainly," returned Theodore. "But, sooner or later, reflection must follow upon feeling; because man is always endeavoring to restore the inward unity. And that thought is the most just which best corresponds to the feeling."

"How do you distinguish," said Otto, "the Greek doctrine of creation from that of the Bible?"

"The Greeks," replied Theodore, "have, in fact, no idea of a creation, but only of generation. From chaos arises the earth, and the earth produces the hills, and so forth. That these mountains were lifted, by a subterranean force, from the depths of the earth, is, perhaps, the view most in accordance with the nature of things. But grandeur is wanting to it, and it interposes second causes, while the Bible doctrine carries us immediately back to the first cause."

"Then," interposed Walter, "you are explaining away again the Bible doctrine, by making it a mere expression of feeling, a sort of hieroglyphic, instead of its being the plain and simple truth."

"The true thought in this doctrine, to my mind," said Theodore, "is that of an omnipotent spiritual energy, which is the most closely allied to our own soul, and with which we can unite ourselves by faith — of the power, invisible and simple, which forms and upholds all things, great as well as small. And how elevating and inspiring is this doctrine! Of this power

a germ also resides in my own soul, which, through faith and love, may be unfolded to an infinite degree. The free and strong will of man can produce the greatest deeds — can form around itself a world — can remove mountains. The Greeks represented a rebellious race of giants as piling hills upon hills, in order to storm the skies; but the offended deity buried them under the ruins. But, compared with this, how full of consolation, how elevating, is the word of the Savior — 'If you have faith, and do not doubt, you shall say to this mountain, Be removed, and be cast into the sea, and it shall be done unto you!' The soul of man, united to God by faith and prayer, is almighty as himself, and ruler of the universe."

"Thus," said Hildegard, with deep emotion, "are mingled humility and confidence. He who has bent the knee in prayer rises again full of joyful strength; he who humbles himself is exalted."

"Yes," added Theodore. "There is but one being great and omnipotent. He who opposes him falls, ground to powder, in the dust. But he who lifts his heart to him in joyful confidence, and recognizes himself as his servant, arms himself with God's own power. God's strength is mighty in the frail and weak."

The company, shortly after, descended the steep pathway to Weggis. In the most difficult places, Hildegard leaned on Theodore's arm; and how happy did this confidence make him! In all respects, her manner toward him was confiding and frank, as if they had been long acquainted. Their thoughts so often coincided and completed each other, and they entered

into each other's mode of thinking and feeling so easily, that they did not feel like strangers. It seemed to our friend that the heart of his beloved lay as open and clear before him as the lake which spread out at the foot of the hill; or as the blue sky, which rose like a vault over the majestic landscape. His own heart, too, had become equally calm and clear since he came into her presence. All longing, all desire, had passed away; he scarcely confessed even to himself that he loved her. Thus does the great and the beautiful satisfy us merely by its presence; the pure impression which it makes upon the heart is the feeling of worship and submission. Children stretch out their hands to seize the moon, whose radiance delights them. Is it not the same childish, limited, and selfish desire, which induces us to wish to possess whatever is grand and lovely? Do we not already possess it, when we can behold it, and sun ourselves in its light?

Alas! it is the sense of that earthly mutability to which we are subject — it is the fear of loss — which awakens desire. We wish to bind fast to us that which may otherwise escape us. But what we lay hold of so earnestly is only this very transitory and earthly part, the mere outward appearance. Too easily do we suffer our gaze to be detained by the earthly allurements of the form which we have brought close to us, and drawn away from the heavenly halo which surrounds it.

The company took a boat at Weggis, and sailed for Küssnacht, in order to pay a visit to Tell's Chapel in the Hollow Way. Otto was filled with delight when he reached this spot.

"What a power, after all, is there," said he, "in immediate observation! Now that I am standing here, in the very place where Tell stood, I enter for the first time fully into his situation. I feel penetrated by his indignant and wounded sense of honor, and his suffering patriotism. I, too, could here vow vengeance against tyrants."

"And what a piety was there," said Hildegard, "in consecrating this place to religious patriotic memories!"

They came to the chapel, before which stood a peasant-woman in prayer. Hildegard folded her hands, and stood in devout silence. The others, with the exception of Walter, followed her example.

"Thus," observed Theodore, after a little while, "ought patriotism and religion to be always united, and so the first receive sanctity from the last, and the last be bound to life by the first. Thus it was among the pious ancients."

"In this, then," said Otto, "you admit that our church has the advantage?"

"O, yes," answered he. "But I find no use made of it, except in Switzerland, which has a national heroic history. Wherever there is a political spirit of union, and a public life, religion will join itself naturally to them."

"But since you Protestants do not admit of the worship of saints, you cannot have such local sanctuaries as this chapel."

"We have been repelled from the use of them by their abuse. Our forms of worship are in all things too spiritual. We have not enough of devotional forms

and incitements. Yet these are chiefly for the benefit of the uncultivated mind, incapable of self-originated thought. When the spirit of religion shall be poured forth again into the mass of the people, better forms and usages will start forth among them."

"You are certainly not a bigoted Protestant," said Hildegard to Theodore.

He replied, "I honor piety wherever I behold it, and especially when I find it united with beauty and gracefulness. That sort of seeking for truth which rigorously and anxiously shuns all that is outward and sensible, and that practice of virtue which torments itself with sacrifices and renunciations, are both unnatural. They suppose an antagonism between truth and error, between virtue and sin, of which the pure heart is wholly ignorant. In beauty appears the true reconciliation of faith with sight, of freedom with nature. The pure maiden, unconscious of sin, and in her innocent humility radiating divine beauty, is greater than the penitent Magdalen."

"But holiness is superior to beauty," said Walter, "and Christianity guides us to this."

"Yes, the holy is the highest of all," answered Theodore; "but it can be apprehended only by the highest condition of thought and feeling. We should devote those loftiest moments of our lives to prayer to that All-Holy-One, who sits throned in light inaccessible and full of glory. But if our whole lives should be filled with this single thought, and the true and good should nowhere meet us outwardly, clothed in lovely and attractive forms, then our life would soon become meagre and cold. So it was with the Jews, those aus-

tere servants of the one God, who, for that very reason, were bound fast to the cold and rigorous letter of the law. But the Greeks, on the other hand, who saw all divine things in a visible shape, and did not firmly retain that highest thought of the one unseen God, sank by degrees into voluptuousness and levity. The Christian alone has united both views in his faith in one God, who has appeared to men, manifesting himself in human perfection and beauty in the man Christ Jesus."

"Is it not true," said Hildegard, "that our church has most truly preserved this sense of the beautiful?"

"Most *truly*, indeed," answered Theodore; "but not most *purely*. How else would the Protestants ever have felt themselves offended by it, and been excited to opposition? We contend for the truth, which has suffered in the Catholic church. The multitude of saints, who throng around the throne of God, intercept the worship from him, to whom alone it belongs. Even Christ, the most glorious of beings, the only Mediator between God and man, is neglected for the sake of the many saints who are preferred to him. Even this would not be so bad, were these all genuine models of piety and holiness. But numbers have been raised to this rank for arbitrary reasons, and through the influence of party spirit. The utmost praise which many of them deserve is that of austere virtue. On this account, their pictures, especially those of the men, usually wear the traces either of dark severity or of passive weakness, and are far beneath the high beauty of victorious and inspired virtue. The most beautiful thing which Catholic art has produced is the picture of the Virgin

Mary; and in general the pictures of the female saints are the most beautiful."

"That is very true," replied Hildegard; "but what is the reason?"

"The Catholic church, though inclining so much to the external and the actual, as is indicated in her worship, has still kept herself too much apart from life. The genial love of action has been less favored by her than a rigorous abstraction from the world, and a passive endurance of evil. Consequently her saints have won their crown by the latter virtues, rather than the former. But these passive virtues, by their very nature, are female, and adorn woman, rather than man, to whom belongs an active and warmer virtue. Therefore woman does not carry these rigors of virtue to such excess as does man, who finds room for his energy by pushing them to an extreme."

"But why is Hamling's picture of Christ, which you have, no doubt, seen and admired, in such a different style? There is in it a fulness of power and inspiration, joined with the most perfect repose; and yet Christ is certainly a model also of patience and submission."

"He certainly fulfilled his mission upon earth chiefly by a submissive obedience. Yet his patience was the result of the most inspired love, and consequently was not merely passive; and he communicated to the world a freedom and energy of soul which it was, indeed, not permitted him to develop in outward actions, but which lay, in infinite fulness, in his own spirit. The monks and other saints, on the contrary, because poor and

heavy in soul, make sacrifices and penances almost the only virtues and main objects of life. The pure impulse of love is deficient in all of them, and therefore their holiness has such a tame and sad character."

The company left the Hollow Way, after Hildegard, Theodore, and Otto had provided themselves with twigs of ivy, which they gathered in remembrance of this remarkable spot.

"And you, Mr. Walter," said Hildegard, "do you despise taking something away as a memorial of this place."

"To be perfectly honest," said he, "I do not consider Tell's action to be a Christian one; and therefore I cannot reconcile it with my Christian sentiments to hold it in reverential remembrance."

"I understand you," said she; "Christianity commands us to forgive our enemies; and yet my heart beats warm at the remembrance of Tell. I cannot undertake to justify my feeling."

Theodore took up the conversation, and said, "Self-revenge is always more or less destructive of the moral order of things; and we will not undertake to praise Tell's action as one of lofty heroism, and still less account it one of Christian virtue. Indignation against the arrogance of a tyrant, the anguish of a wounded father's heart, and love for freedom and country, united to form a passion in his soul, which impelled him to break through the limits of the moral world. But we cannot refuse our sympathy to a noble heart, thus driven to extremities. He acted as a mere instrument in ex-

ecuting the judgment which the nation had pronounced upon the tyrant Gessler. He executed the judgment of God, the protector of oppressed innocence. And thus the deed, regarded not as an action of Tell, but as an event of history, obtains a sacred character. Whoever here prays to God, or thanks him for the just punishment inflicted here, should also pray that he would mercifully prevent noble hearts from being driven to such desperate deeds of violence."

"You have expressed the very feeling of my heart," said Hildegard, in a soft voice, to Theodore.

"If the standards of Austria still waved over these valleys," replied Walter, "Tell would be called only a rebel and criminal."

"To be sure," said Theodore; "for then the deed would have remained his personal act, and not have become an historical event. The result is a divine decision upon the quality of the action."

"The consequences, however, can never alter the moral character of an action."

"Surely not! Tell's action, therefore, must always remain as it is, in truth, a work of *passion*, — noble, indeed, but still *passion*, and consequently not morally pure. But the result which followed this action, and others of a like character, namely, the freedom of Switzerland, has procured for it the sanction of the nation, and justified his presumption in assuming the office of executing justice on the offender."

"He should have my sympathy and reverence," said Otto, with ardor, "even in the other case. If his action did not come from a purely moral purpose, it came

from a just instinct, which taught him to bend the bow, and launch the arrow against a tyrant's heart. The trodden worm will turn again — why should not man avenge himself when justice does not perform her duty?"

"Softly, dear Otto," said Theodore, smiling; "the moral order is more valuable than the good of an individual, or of numbers. Do not venture to break through that sacred bond which unites man to man! It is easier to tear it asunder than to reunite it."

The company now set sail for Lucerne, where Theodore was received in the most friendly manner by the father of Hildegard and Otto. He found in him a benevolent and mild old man, who loved his children warmly, and was tenderly attached to his daughter, who supplied to him the place of his wife. He had grown gray in the service of the state, but seemed to have remained free from the coldness which such an occupation usually induces. Neither did he look upon modern ideas with the prejudice usual with old statesmen. He smiled in listening to the free ideas of young men, and gently exhorted them to be more moderate. He did not seem to have comprehended the riddle of modern politics, but showed that he suspected that a new order of things was coming up in our times, and that the old could not be always applicable. He was a good Catholic, but mild and tolerant toward those who differed from him in religion, and acknowledged that he had found pious and honorable men among all sects. He appeared very much inclined to the view that it was unimportant to what church we belonged, so that we were but pious and upright; that the choice of a

church depended no more upon individuals than that of the constitution and customs of the state; and that we should only endeavor to gain from it whatever is good, in order to derive the greatest possible advantage.

CHAPTER XIV.

EXCURSIONS ON THE LAKE OF LUCERNE. THE SPIRIT OF PATRIOTISM. UNION OF NATIONS. VISIT TO RÜTLI. SCENE OF THE SWISS CONFEDERACY. TELL'S ROCK. CONVERSATION BETWEEN THEODORE AND HILDEGARD. ITS EFFECTS ON HIS MIND.

As the elder Schönfels was obliged to prolong his stay in Lucerne, he willingly allowed his children to visit the pleasantest regions in the vicinity. Accompanied by Theodore and Walter, they set off, a few days after the one last described, to visit Rütli and Tell's Rock. It was early in the morning when they set out. The vast form of Mount Rigi still lay before them in the shadow of its morning slumber; but on the right, the lofty Mount Pilate was shining in the full morning light. As they emerged from the Bay of Lucerne, the broad lake, stretching on the right hand into the Bay of Alpnacht, and on the left into that of Küssnacht, spread around in its lovely tints of light green. In this portion of its expanse, it has a cheerful character; but, further on, the shores run together more closely, often shooting up into perpendicular walls of rock, and the landscape becomes more bold and wild.

The conversation naturally turned on the history of

the Swiss confederacy, whose first great actions took place on these shores.

Otto exclaimed, with enthusiasm, — "These waters often bore the bands of confederates to the battles of freedom, and carried them back, laden with spoil! Their spirit still speaks to us from these wild and bold shores. Alas! that there is nothing for us but the mere sight of these rocks and hills, and the indolent recollection of these heroic exploits!"

"A fair destiny," said Hildegard, "was also yours; you, too, have fought for your country's liberty."

"Yet nothing now equals," said he, "the simple valor and the sublime daring, with which these plain countrymen resisted numerous and disciplined forces. Here every individual was a hero. With us, numbers and the skill of the general decide every thing. Our people has too little character; it only knows how to obey." [1]

"Such a spirit as was then displayed by the Swiss," said Theodore, "is rare, especially in modern times. In antiquity, and in the republics of the middle ages, it was more common."

"Does, then," said Otto, mournfully, "the soul of humanity gradually die out?"

"We might say," returned Theodore, "that the spirit of one nation passes over into another. What the Swiss did formerly, the Netherlanders did more recently; and, in our times, the republican spirit has

[1] [In the German is added — "and its name of *folk* is justly derived from *follow*;" — *und hat mit Recht seinen Namen* FOLK *vom* FOLGEN. — TRANSL.]

sprung to life again in America. Many nations have never known it, and perhaps never will."

"But is not that to be lamented?" replied Otto. "Is it not the problem of human culture to educate the people in a common spirit, and in public virtue?"

"Certainly," replied Theodore; "in the education both of individuals and of whole nations, we ought to set up before our eyes a standard of perfection. But, when we cannot succeed in realizing it, we ought not to despond; for the law of imperfection rules in this world, although the moral will always demands the perfect. As individuals share among themselves different gifts and faculties, so also do nations. However onesided and imperfect the particular phenomena of humanity may be, yet all bear the human stamp, and this feeling of humanity always gives some pleasure to the observer. Neither is there ever any imperfection or onesidedness unaccompanied with something good. Uncultured manhood is redeemed by its energy, and strength of moral character; while, on the contrary, the development of the arts and sciences brings in its train luxury and servitude. The great despotic states have the advantage of greater unity in their constitution and government. We are also indebted to them for the larger style in which wars are conducted — a style interfering, to be sure, with personal and individual displays of valor, but by which the human mind takes a wider reach. As Nature, in her different kingdoms of minerals, vegetables, and animals, unfolds an infinite variety, and so displays the riches of her creative power, — in like manner does she work in the world of man. She has formed different races of men,

from the noblest down to the most degraded and brutish; and, even in the same races, there appears to have been an original diversity of tribes, which have been mostly confounded by national emigrations, but a few of which — the Jews, for instance — can still be distinguished. Those who have come out from their natural condition, especially the versatile European, endeavor to become more like each other by means of culture, and have imparted many of their respective qualities to each other. But there are certain boundaries and limits which they cannot surmount, and in which the law of nature maintains their differences."

"But will not such a view as this," objected Otto, "inspire indifference toward human efforts?"

"Not when rightly apprehended. Courageous striving, and calm resignation, ought to be always balanced in the human mind. Man should hasten confidently toward the goal, and yet understand that it never can be reached."

"I comprehend your meaning," said Hildegard. "Parents, in educating their children, should have before their eyes an idea of culture — a model of perfection. But, when the peculiarities of the children interfere with their plan, and make its attainment impossible, — when one child remains less perfect than another, — they will yet love them all as their children, and rejoice in possessing them."

"Exactly so. He is no true lover of flowers who has only a few select favorites. He ought to prize all, and find something beautiful in all. So, also, the friend of man. He should know how to recognize and love all forms of human development. Let us

not, therefore, lament too keenly over the passing away of the old heroic time of Switzerland. We have still the fair picture of it in our memories, and we are happy in being able to behold, with our own eyes, this grand theatre of its exploits!"

"May not these times return?" asked Otto.

"Hardly," replied Theodore; "at least, not in the same form."

They now rounded the foot of the mountain, which runs into the lake opposite to Fitznau, and obtained a view of Buochs, and of the whole richly-cultivated declivity which slopes down from the Bergen Mountain, in the canton of Underwald.

"The brave Underwaldens," continued Theodore, "fought bravely during the French revolution, in the neighborhood of Stanz, the village which lies above Buochs.[1] But Swiss bravery was overpowered by the martial discipline and the numbers of the French army. The power of the great states is too great, in modern times, to permit these few mountaineers to resist it. In fact, in our day, all things tend so much toward merging separate communities together, that it is hardly possible for the independent energy of the smaller states to reappear. Christianity itself seems to favor the union of nations into great empires."

[1] [In 1798, this small canton alone resisted the whole French power. From the third to the ninth of September, the French army, under General Foy, repeated its attacks on this small village of Stanz, and did not succeed in taking it till the last of these days. Men, women, and children were then massacred. See SIMONDS's *Switzerland*.—TRANSL.]

All were surprised at this assertion; and Theodore explained himself as follows: —

"Small states maintain themselves most securely, when their population is distinguished by peculiar customs and laws. But Christianity, by diffusing the same spirit every where, tends to do away with these peculiarities in some degree, and brings the different states nearer together. It was an assistance to Christianity, in diffusing itself among the nations of Europe, that the Romans had bound them together into one people. And so the Christian culture of modern Europe has tended toward uniformity of customs and manners. And especially has it assisted the tendency toward unity by its influence on the culture of the understanding; for the more clear and comprehensive the understanding, so much the more does it aim at unity. For some time past, an ardent desire has prevailed in Germany for a closer union of the different states.[1] I consider that the chief reason of this is the striving among us for intellectual unity."

"You sadden me," said Otto. "Must all Christian nations, then, finally flow together into one great mass?"

[1] [This feeling of *young* Germany is often and strongly expressed by the warrior-bard, Theodore Körner; thus, —

"Though brothers brethren may oppress,
Severed by hate, and streaming blood;
And German princes not confess
Their thrones to be one sisterhood;
And that, *if we were one*, we might
In Germany the world's laws write," &c.

TRANSL.]

"Be not afraid of such a result. Every thing has its limits; and this striving for unity has also its bounds. Christianity cultivates the heart, and cherishes love, as well as intellect; and love binds together all of like affinities and relations. If we only love our nation truly and heartily, it will retain its individuality, no matter how close we are brought by our culture to other nations."

"Thus, also, is it," added Hildegard, "in our private life. We wish to sympathize with the great community in our manners and our mode of thought, and yet we cling closely to those alone who belong more nearly to us."

The voyage on the lake was prosperous; a fresh wind filled the sails. At noon, the company stopped at Brunnen; and, in the afternoon, they entered the Bay of Urner, in order to visit Rütli and the Rock of Tell.[1]

[1] [Gersau may be reached in three and a half hours from Lucerne. As soon as it is passed, the bare peaks of the Mitres start up into view, and, at their foot, the town of Schwytz, and, in front, the village of Brunnen, the port of Canton Schwytz. Opposite Brunnen, the Lake of Lucerne — also called the Lake of the Four Cantons — changes at once its direction and character. Along the Bay of Uri, or Urner, it stretches nearly north and south. Its borders are perpendicular, and almost uninterrupted precipices. On turning the corner of the promontory of Treib, a singular rock, called Wytenstein, rising like an obelisk from the water, is passed, and the Bay of Uri, in all its stupendous grandeur, bursts into view.

After passing the Wytenstein about a mile, the precipices recede a little, leaving a small ledge, formed by earth fallen from above, and sloping down to the water's edge. A few trees have here taken root, and the small space of level ground is occupied

With what feelings did they stand on the meadow, where Walter Fürst, Werner Stauffacher, and Arnold an der Halden, took together the vow for the freedom of their country! Three fountains mark the spot where the three founders of Swiss freedom stood; and the popular tradition declares that they then first sprang from the ground. All of our friends thought this tradition full of meaning.

"The thought of freedom," said Theodore, "springs freshly from the nature of the mind, as these fountains sprang from the bosom of the earth."

by a meadow, conspicuous among the surrounding woods by the brightness of its verdure. This is Grütli, or Rütli, the spot pointed out by tradition as the rendezvous of the three founders of Swiss freedom — Werner Stauffacher, Arnold Melchthal, and Walter Fürst. These men met here at night, at the end of the year 1307, to form a plan for freeing their country from the Austrian governors. They swore "to be faithful to each other, but not to wrong the Count of Hapsburg, nor to maltreat his governors." According to popular tradition, three springs gushed from the spot where they stood, which are shown to the stranger.

A little shelf of rock, on the east shore, is shown as the place where Tell leaped ashore from the boat in which Gessler was carrying him a prisoner to the dungeons of Küssnacht. The chapel which stands here was erected by Canton Uri, in 1388, only thirty-one years after Tell's death, and in the presence of one hundred and fourteen persons who had personally known him. Sir James Mackintosh remarks of this place — "The combination of what is grandest in nature with whatever is pure and sublime in human conduct, affected me more powerfully than any scene I had ever visited. This is, perhaps, the only place in our globe, where deeds of pure virtue, ancient enough to be venerable, are consecrated by the religion of the people, and continue to command interest and reverence." — TRANSL.]

"And, as these fountains derive their support from the clouds of heaven," continued Hildegard, "so does the thought of freedom, like every other good gift, come down from above."

Walter, who did not seem to feel at home in this society, had wandered away by himself. Hildegard, Otto, and Theodore, remained standing near the three fountains.

"Come," said Otto to his sister and to Theodore, "let us swear a true friendship to one another on this holy place!"

"Thou enthusiast!" said Hildegard, smiling.

"I am serious," said Otto. "I have already entered into an alliance of mutual friendship with Theodore. We promised it to each other after that fight in Ardennes. But you, dear sister, must now join us."

Half in jest, and half seriously, Hildegard and Theodore took each other's hand, and Otto completed the circle.

"We will be evermore faithful to truth and right," cried Otto. "Our enthusiasm for all greatness and goodness shall never grow cold!"

As he thus spoke, Theodore met the glance of Hildegard. It had a thoughtful and profound expression.

As they walked down toward the shore, Theodore took Hildegard's hand, and said to her, in a low tone, "O that I might take your brother's jest seriously, and call you always my friend!"

"You may," answered she, in a yet lower tone.

Theodore was mute with delight, and would have kissed her hand, but the presence of Walter restrained him.

They now sailed across to the Rock of Tell. Otto was also active here in recalling the remarkable event, which the pictures in the chapel assisted him to do.

"What a great moment was that," said he, "in which Tell leaped on the rock from the boat, pushing it off as he sprang! How much depended on it! — the whole fate of Switzerland!"

"Such moments there are in every history," said Theodore. "Such moments, too, there are in every human life. A moment shall often determine a man's whole happiness. The light which shows him the object of his life, flashes before him like a bolt of lightning."

He looked at Hildegard as he spoke, and she blushed, for she saw that he alluded to their meeting in the castle.

"I will wager," said Otto, "that you can explain to me philosophically why so much depends on a moment."

"Yes, you banterer!" answered he. "It is because our whole life is but a moment."

"And now I understand it just as well as I did before."

"To be plainer, then," said Theodore; "we always *live* in the present moment. The past is behind us, the future before us. Consequently, it is always a moment which determines our fate, if we can seize it with decision."

"Decision!" cried Otto; "yet, indeed, what good comes from enthusiasm and a good purpose without decision? This place is called the Temple of De-

cision; and well does it deserve a temple — this powerful goddess of our lives."

The party passed the night at Altorf. Theodore found an opportunity here of conversing with Hildegard for an hour alone. She made him tell her the events of his life, and the history of his culture hitherto. He was perfectly honest, and did not conceal the story of his connection with Theresa. She mourned, with profound sympathy, that his heart should have been so deceived.

"It is hard enough, at any rate," said she, "for us to be understood; but when we are misunderstood by those to whom our hearts are especially devoted, it is doubly sad."

He longed to ask her whether he could be happier now. He saw that Hildegard understood him; but whether she loved him — that was still doubtful. Her manner toward him was always quiet and self-possessed; and the evident pain with which she lamented his separation from Theresa, seemed to take away every hope.

He continued his story, and ended by saying that he was still undetermined whether to return to the profession which his mother had chosen for him. His indecision had increased since he had seen Hildegard. Even though her birth and her faith should not be obstacles to their union, he feared that her father would consider the situation of a country clergyman too insignificant for that of his daughter's husband. He could not tell her these reasons for his hesitation, for he had not the courage to reveal to her his love. He was, therefore, embarrassed when she asked him why he

did not fulfil the wish of his pious mother, since he was fitted, both by his education and his sentiments, to be a clergyman. And when she urged him to decide on this course, a feeling of despair took possession of him. But as she looked on him with her blue eyes so calmly and kindly, this feeling did not overcome him; he was again self-possessed and cheerful.

Hildegard repaid his confidence by a similar narration. "The history of my life," said she, "is very simple. I lost my good mother very early; and I do not remember so much about her, or of my pain in losing her, as I do of the sorrow of my father, who was at first inconsolable, and who mourns for her to this day. This sympathy with his sorrows, and the endeavor, as far as possible, to replace for this best of parents my mother's loss, have thus far been the aim of my life, and will continue to be. I owe to him my education; for he confided me to the care of an aunt (who has also long since departed to the homes of the blessed,) only till I was twelve years old. I have accompanied my father upon all his journeys, and he is so accustomed to me that it is a sacrifice for him to be deprived of my society for a single day. I hope to remain with him as long as God shall spare him to me."

Theodore looked into her eyes, as she said this, and found in them an expression of the most cheerful contentment, and no traces of any struggle with herself. "Alas!" thought he, "this pure soul is ignorant of passion, of desire, of all want. She suns herself in her own light, and she needs others only to communicate to them of it, not because she wants any thing in return." His heart was filled with a sentiment of pure

respect, and all longing gave way before it. He had the power, without pain, and sincerely, to encourage her in this purpose.

But when he was alone, and no longer under the influence of her presence, the anguish of his heart broke forth, and drove him impatiently out into the open air. It was night. The mountains stood in dark masses, shutting in the narrow valley; but, above, the vault of heaven swelled brightly, cheered by its thousand stars. Theodore gazed long toward the mountains, which stood before him like his destiny, in strong, but dark outline. At last he collected himself, and looked up at the stars.

"Away, my soul!" he cried; "away from this dark earth up to those everlasting lights! All that is great and noble must struggle up through battle and sorrow. Heaven lays on me also the burden of renunciation, that it may purify me, and consecrate me to the service of Christ. He says, 'Take up thy cross, and follow me;' and, alas! she, too, with her angel look, encourages me to tread the same path with herself. She loves me, — yes, but as angels love, without any mixture of desire. What a joy is there in this thought! And shall I disturb it with any impure wish to possess her? O God, give me strength to remain on the height where she is standing! If I sink from it, I shall have lost her; only above does she hold out to me her hand."

CHAPTER XV.

BENEFITS OF AFFLICTION. PUNISHMENT OF THE JEWS. ELECTION AND REPROBATION. ETERNAL DAMNATION. STORM ON THE LAKE. THEODORE'S COURAGE. A SHIPWRECK. BENEVOLENCE.

As they began their homeward sail, the weather became dark and cloudy, which gave a gloomy aspect to the sea and shore.

"Let us not," cried Otto, "suffer our spirits to be saddened by this bad weather. We saw the lake in its most beautiful aspect, and now we are to see it in its more solemn garb. Shrouded by such clouds as these has the sky often frowned upon the brave Switzers; severe and threatening as these mountains was their glance, when they marched to fight for freedom."

"We should be earnest," said Theodore, "but not sad. As the sun is always beaming in untroubled radiance behind the clouds which withdraw him from our sight, so does the inner light of the soul continue to shine, though the countenance is troubled by pain, and even breaks forth in cheerful glances through tears."

"Pain and sorrow," said Hildegard, "are a bitter, but useful medicine for the soul, which in enjoyment might easily forget both itself and its higher nature."

"How true," replied Theodore, "is that great say-

ing — 'Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth!' Pain is the sense of a discord existing between us and the external world. If it is caused by a bodily injury, this is something external which has come in contact with us to harm us, even though it be something in our own body. If it is an injury to the mind which pains us, the source of this, also, is commonly external, in the hatred and misrepresentation which we experience from others."

"But pain from sin," objected Walter, "lies within ourselves."

"It arises," replied Theodore, "from the want of harmony between the freedom of the will and the necessity of nature, from our spiritual imperfection and weakness. Consequently it is, in one point of view, external. But the benefit of affliction consists in this very thing, — that it drives back the soul upon itself and its own independent powers."

"And upon the thought of God, the Comforter of the wretched," added Hildegard.

"In that thought lies the true power of the soul. The lower the degree of spiritual life, the less can any creature endure the conflict with nature. The plants need nourishment and sunshine in order to be strong and beautiful. The animal, in like manner, is overpowered by the pressure of want and of an unnatural situation. Only the man grows strong by conflict, and is purified and ennobled by trial; because he thus learns to give his inward life supremacy over his outward. Even the pain which our sins occasion us, elevates the soul, if it has power to believe in a reconciling God."

"How consoling!" said Hildegard.

"The truth of this view is seen, not only when we contemplate the life of individuals, but that of whole nations. The Hebrews have been always the most tormented people upon earth. In their infancy as a nation, they groaned in Egypt under the heavy pressure of slavery, and afterwards enjoyed only brief and occasional periods of good fortune; and yet, notwithstanding this, and because of this, the salvation of the race has proceeded from them."

"You take every thing," objected Walter, "in a natural and human manner. It was the grace of God, which chooses the weak things of this world to confound the mighty, which selected this impure vessel for a vessel of honor."

"Is not that exactly what I say? What difference is there between saying that God chooses weak things to confound the mighty, and saying that the strength of the soul is best unfolded, by God's help indeed, through suffering? God has implanted in all a spiritual germ, and he endowed the Jewish nation, especially, with a degree of spiritual power, without which this development could not have taken place."

"According to this," said Otto, "we might still expect great things from the Jews; for they are still the most persecuted people on the earth."

"All things have their bounds and limits. When man is too heavily burdened, his spirit gives way, for its power is limited. Happy is he who receives, in their due proportions, the frowns and smiles of fortune! In this the providence of God is seen presiding over human affairs. As to the Jews, they have finished their

period of development; the loftiest form of humanity has appeared among them; now they are retrograding, and will never rise again."

"They suffer," said Walter, "the punishment of their obstinacy. They are now chosen to be a vessel of dishonor, having formerly been elected a vessel of honor."

"That is a stern view of the matter," answered Hildegard. "O, tell me, dear Theodore, your opinion about this also. You are so mild and just in every thing, that you will soften this severe judgment. Can we believe that God elects one person to good, and another to evil? Does he not desire the salvation of all?"

"The last is certain; we firmly believe that God desires that all shall be saved. But experience teaches us that the first proposition is also true. Are there not good men and bad? believers and unbelievers in the world? Whatever is, exists by the omnipotent will of God. Is there not both light and shadow in the earth? Yet above God dwells in unclouded radiance."

"But as there is no perfect shadow," said she, "so I believe that no human being is wholly evil. God has created him, and what God created, must be good."

"Very right, my friend. What we call good and bad, we call so only comparatively, not indicating an absolute distinction. However imperfect and evil a man's state may be, it is yet only a state of transition, which must lead to good. God will guide all to good, if not in this world, in the other." [1]

"But," replied Walter, "he who disbelieves shall

[1] See Note D.

be damned everlastingly. Do you deny everlasting punishment? Schiller might sing, 'The dead shall rise to life, and hell shall cease forever;' but he sang of the gods of Greece."

"Yet the sentiment was a truly Christian one. The punishment of the unbelieving is everlasting; that is, unlimited. Unbelief plunges us into a gulf, which is of immeasurable depth to the human eye, but not to that of God, who will allow nothing in his world to be lost. To the obstinate and careless, this gulf is shown, in order that he may shrink back from it. But far be it from us to judge presumptuously those thus blinded, and to declare them to be shut out forever from God."

Hildegard was satisfied with this view, and thanked her friend with a glance full of affection.

The boatmen now took in the sail, and appeared anxious, as they saw signs of a gale close at hand. "We must try to get to land immediately," said one of them; "help us row!" Theodore and Otto seized the remaining oars, and used them with their utmost strength. The shore around them was steep and precipitous, and only one spot offered a tolerable landing-place. Toward this they steered. The Föhn [1] came with fury down the lake; the waves ran high, and the boat was tossed to and fro. They had kept it in the direction of the landing-place, and had made some way toward it, so as to be not far off; but the storm contin-

[1] [The Föhn, or south wind, often rushes down the Bay of Uri so furiously as to prevent the progress of any row-boat. The boats on the Lake of Lucerne are flat-bottomed and clumsy, and in windy weather roll about immoderately. — Transl.]

ually blew the boat away from shore again. Seeing this, Theodore threw off his outside garments, took the end of a rope which was made fast to the mast, and, calling to the boatmen to endeavor to keep her up against the wind, leaped into the water, swam through the surf to the shore, and then hauled the boat after him by the line.

"God be thanked! we are safe," said Otto, as they stepped ashore. "But you, Theodore, have acted like a man. I must admire you for it."

"Noble friend!" said Hildegard to him, "into what danger you flung yourself, in order to rescue us!"

"I did it also for my own sake," answered he.

Hildegard was evidently deeply moved. She made them bring Theodore's outside garments, as he was wet through, and shook with cold, and put his cloak around him with her own hands. She expressed her fear lest the cold should injure his health; she often looked in his face, and grieved that he was so pale. Enough; Theodore could see, without vanity, that this event had made a deep impression on her heart, and caused her inclination toward him to betray itself.

The gale grew more and more violent, and a rainstorm came down from the hills, pouring out heavy torrents of water. The situation of the party was very unpleasant; but the sweet consciousness that they had been saved from imminent danger, enabled them to endure it patiently. Presently they perceived a boat, which the storm drove behind a point of the shore, and pitched about in the most terrible manner. The people in the boat screamed with fear; but who could help them? In a few minutes the gale had driven them on

the opposite shore; the boat was overturned, and the waters devoured its crew.

Hildegard uttered a cry of horror at the sight. "Will no one rescue them?" she said. Nothing more was seen of them. She covered her face, and appeared to pray. All were silent, either from terror or devotion.

After an hour the storm had passed by, and the lake was smooth again, so that the travellers had no scruple in continuing their journey. After having gone a little distance down the lake, they discovered the wreck of the other boat. Hildegard shuddered at the sight.

"God," said Theodore, "has elected us to life, — them to death. His goodness be praised!"

"Inexplicable doom!" answered Hildegard; "to them so severe, to us so mild and gracious!"

"And yet in its severity also an act of eternal love," returned Theodore. "It brought these unfortunate men a little sooner to that death to which also we must submit. Those whom they have left behind will find consolation in their faith, and in the love of their fellow-men. Their misfortunes may teach them to know the Lord."

"Oh!" said Hildegard, "we must do something for their families, who are left behind."

"That we will!" cried all.

The party arrived safely at Brunnen, and resolved to pass the night there, in order to procure the necessary repose after their exposure. Here, too, Hildegard showed our friend a tender interest and attention; and her expression, hitherto so self-possessed, now sometimes betrayed a secret emotion. Theodore observed it

with rapture. But whenever he wished to use the favorable moment to make a confession of his love, Hildegard's eyes, again serene and calm, seemed to forbid him.

Toward evening they obtained intelligence of the unfortunate party which had been shipwrecked. It consisted of men and women from Altorf, who were going to Lucerne to procure employment. Inquiry was made about their families, and, as nearly as could be learned, many women and children had been deprived, by their death, of their protectors. The company collected a sum of money, and gave notes for more; an honest and respectable man in Brunnen undertook the charge of laying out this money for the support of these destitute persons. Thus the evil results of this accident seemed to be somewhat alleviated.

"I am truly rejoiced," said Hildegard, "that we have been able to do this. But money is only one means of relieving misery. Can we thus make good to the bereaved the loss of fathers and mothers?"

"No," replied Theodore; "but they can be replaced from the midst of their own community. We, as strangers, of a different class in society, could not fulfil this office. Many, to be sure, like to buy with money a release from the sad duty of sympathy; but this is not our case."

"No virtue is so often desecrated as that of benevolence. I do not refer to the mean ostentation which is often displayed in giving. But many, who are honest and sincere about it, and act from a true feeling, miss, nevertheless, of the right idea of benevolence."

"I have not met with many cases of this sort in actual life. But I have often noticed how much use bad poets make of this trait of character to adorn their heroes and heroines, or to atone for their misconduct in other respects. I confess I feel prejudiced against a romance or a drama when I find in it a display made of this virtue. The false benevolence, both in theory and practice, seems to me to be founded on the error of making too much account of fortune and misfortune, enjoyment and privation, and looking merely at physical evil, so that the sympathy and its expression come to partake of the same material character. I feel less sympathy for the poor child who is only hungry, than for the one which is deprived of moral influences, and who becomes rude from want of culture. Such sorrows as these are not to be alleviated by money, nor in a single moment. In the other case, one can get through with his sympathy and beneficence very speedily."

"True beneficence is like true love; its aim is the inward, spiritual value of man. Both of them may often seem austere for a time, making small account of possession and enjoyment, and striving only for inward and spiritual objects. The common sort of beneficence ill suits the master, who must sometimes impose on his pupils renunciations and trials."

Theodore at first thought that Hildegard meant to indicate to him by these significant words, that she loved him, indeed, but could not make him happy. Her remarks took, it is true, another turn; but he, nevertheless, framed his reply in accordance with this supposition.

"But as perfect virtue clothes itself with the radiance of beauty, so in perfect love the outward and inward are blended together, and complete happiness is the result. If love imposes renunciation, it is either because its object needs such discipline, or because it has other objects, and cannot, in consequence, be possessed by one exclusively."

"Who would be so poor as to possess only one heart upon this earth? But when one of our affections comes in conflict with another, duty alone can decide between them."

She had understood Theodore's allusion, and referred in these words to her duty toward her father. He discovered her meaning, and sought in silence to compel his heart to submission. Hildegard continued to be friendly, open, and confiding in her manner towards him; but she resumed her former self-possessed and calm demeanor, which prevented familiarity, and imposed a respectful reserve.

[1] See Chapter I. Book II.

CHAPTER XVI.

PARTING BETWEEN THEODORE AND HILDEGARD. CONVERSATION BETWEEN THEM. HILDEGARD'S JOURNAL.

When they returned to Lucerne, and related their adventure to Otto's father, he was extremely pleased with Theodore's behavior, and treated him from that moment with the kindness of a parent. The heart of our friend conceived the hope that the affectionate old man would not oppose his union with Hildegard. But he had not the courage to speak to him on the subject, especially as their brief stay together allowed no suitable opportunity. The elder Schönfels had decided on beginning his journey with his daughter in the course of a few days. Hildegard felt how painful to Theodore's heart this separation must be, and delighted him, therefore, by proposing that he should come with Otto, the next year, to visit them at Rome, where her father would remain for a long time, detained by diplomatic engagements. It seemed as if she intended thus to inspire him again with hope.

"You set before me," said he, "too fair a prospect. Shall I see beautiful Italy, and see it made more beautiful by your presence? It is not well to have too lovely a hope before us; the anxiety lest we should not be worthy of such great happiness appals the heart, and trouble mixes with anticipation."

"Will my friend not be able to endure hope as manfully as he has borne pain?" asked she. "True, indeed, it is, that it is easier for us to be masters of our sorrow than of our joy. The temptation to presumption is greater than to despair."

"I also have to endure," said he, in a subdued tone, "my share of pain — the pain of being separated from you."

"Then," said she, smiling, "you have something by which to preserve the equilibrium of your feelings."

She then recommended her brother to his brotherly care and counsel. "He needs," said she, "a thoughtful and experienced friend. He is hasty, and looks at things from a single point of view; but withal he is so good and affectionate!" She said this with the deepest feeling, and the thought of their separation drew from her eye a beautiful tear.

"O, dear Hildegard," said Theodore, "the company of Otto can alone make the separation from yourself endurable; and the confidence which you show me in asking that I should be his friend, inspires me with the hope that you will give me also a portion, if a small one, of your remembrance. I need, as much as your brother, advice and guidance. I have not yet wholly decided on my occupation for life. Decide for me. Tell me in a word — shall I return to the profession of a clergyman?"

"Why should you still doubt?" returned she. "You have a very marked predilection for this profession. Every thing which you think and feel, takes involuntarily a religious direction in your mind."

Theodore could not tell her the real reason of his

hesitation, namely, the fear of excluding himself from the possibility of obtaining her, by the choice of this profession. He spoke of its influence on his own happiness, of the retired and still life which this work would demand, and became vague and unintelligible.

"It seems to me," replied she, "that, in choosing a profession, we should be chiefly influenced by the inclination we have for the particular work which it requires us to engage in. All other considerations are only secondary to this. The enjoyments or the sacrifices connected with it have nothing to do with the real value of life."

"But yet a man needs," said he, "relaxation and comfort, to enable him to perform his work well. He needs friendship" — willingly would he have added, "and love."

"For that, rely on Providence," said she. "The honest laborer is worthy of his hire, and will receive it. The path to which your inward instincts guide you, will not be destitute of the joys of life."

"I will follow your advice, then," said he. "Your voice is to me as the voice of God, and you can only advise me to my good."

"I am almost terrified," she answered. "You may, if you should not be fortunate, make me responsible for it."

"I will patiently bear whatever you impose," said he, pressing her hand with his burning lips; "you shall never hear a reproach from me."

Hildegard was moved; and, had our friend been a little bolder, he might, perhaps, have won from her a confession of her love. But as he could not oppose, at least

for the present, her determination of remaining with her father, his respect for her forbade him to press the matter further.

The day of separation arrived. The elder Schönfels set off for Paris by the way of Berne and Geneva. Theodore, Otto, and Walter, wished, before they left Switzerland, to make an excursion to the Bernese Oberland. Hildegard had already visited this region, with her father, before Otto arrived. Before her departure, she said to Theodore, "I have seen in your company a part of this beautiful and remarkable country, and enjoyed your instructive and agreeable conversation. How glad I should be to go with you also to the high Alps, and visit them again in your society! I have written down a few observations upon my travels: take them with you, though they are unimportant, as a mark and proof of my confidence. When I remember that you have my journal with you, it will be easier for me to transport myself in spirit to your side, and repeat my travels in that fair country."

Saying this, she gave him a decorated album, containing the remarks which she had made during this journey.

Theodore was much delighted with this present, and expressed the most lively gratitude. "You wish," said he, "to make this separation as light as possible to me. You have left with me your dear brother, and now you leave the image of your own fair soul in these pages!"

"Do not ascribe too much value to it," said she, "or I shall be sorry for having given it to you. It only contains some unconnected and fugitive remarks, as they came to me at the moment. When I see you

again, I shall wish you to give me yours in exchange; and I shall certainly be the gainer by the bargain."

The elder Schönfels also took an affectionate leave of Theodore, and in like manner recommended his son to his friendly care. Hildegard said little in bidding him farewell, and tried to be easy and unconstrained; but her voice trembled, and a tear stood in her eye. Perhaps it was from parting with her brother; but Theodore saw a tenderness in the glance which met his own.

When the coach had gone away, and Theodore was alone with Otto, he embraced him with warm emotion, and cried, "We, then, are left alone together!" "O that we might never be separated!" returned Otto. And, as Theodore looked in the face of his friend, he saw, for the first time, the great resemblance of his features to those of Hildegard.

Theodore used the first solitary moment to look through Hildegard's journal. He pressed it to his lips, and cried, "Yes, she would not leave me without consolation or hope, and therefore she gave me this fair pledge of her remembrance! She loves me! let this be enough. This feeling, in itself, adds a new value to my life. Whatever the future may have in store, it is enough for me to know that the noblest of her sex loves me!"

CHAPTER XVII.

EXCURSION TO THE HIGH ALPS. NICHOLAS DU FLUE. ADVANTAGES OF RETIREMENT. THE RECLUSE AND MONK. EXTRACTS FROM HILDEGARD'S JOURNAL. VALLEY OF MELCHBACH. PRE-EXISTENCE AND IMMORTALITY.

The travellers set out on the following day. They had agreed to follow precisely the direction taken by Hildegard and her father, and therefore the plan of their journey was calculated for a few days only. They sailed to Alpnacht, went from thence to Kern, and then turned to the left toward the valley of the Melchbach. Here they visited the hut of Nicholas von der Flue, a hermit celebrated for his self-denial and temperance, and also distinguished as playing an active part in the history of the confederacy. The common tradition asserts that he at last relinquished all nourishment, and subsisted only upon the consecrated wafer. About this matter our travellers had an earnest discussion, in the course of which Walter denied the possibility of such an occurrence. Theodore, on the contrary, was of opinion, that, since there were so many and strong historical testimonies to the fact, there was no room left for incredulity.

"So you admit a miracle here," said Walter, "although you are hardly willing to believe those in the Bible."

"If I doubt concerning some of these, I do it from historical reasons, chiefly, because the accounts are either not given with historical precision, or because they vary from one another. But in this case the most severe historical critic must be satisfied. Can you fix, with perfect certainty, the exact point beyond which man is unable to dispense with food? Experience alone can decide this. One man can fast two days, another four, another perhaps six. It is possible that a fourth might carry it yet further. Why might there not be an individual also, who could live for years, eating scarcely any thing? Every thing which is not a contradiction in itself, — all which depends merely on a degree of more or less, — should be regarded as possible. I never should doubt any miracles of this sort."

"It appears to me," said Otto, "that this miracle is scarcely worth contending about. Ought Brother Klaus to have left his family in order to show the world how long a man could live without eating? Was it a divine voice which called him from the circle of his friends, where he might have shown his faith by acts of love, into the wilderness? What you said not long since, respecting the inactive virtue of our saints, seems to me particularly applicable to the present case."

"And was not," said Walter, "the motive of this conduct a mere pious vanity?"

"It is strange," said Theodore, "that I should have to defend Brother Klaus against you, so strictly orthodox, and against you, also, a Catholic! It seems to me that the good hermit's mode of life is justified by that moment when he stepped into the assembly of the

contending confederates, and by the reverence which his appearance inspired, as well as by his earnest words, brought them to unanimity."

"Could he not have done this," replied Otto, "if he had remained with his family?"

"I believe not. What he accomplished was by means of his contemplative power — by the preponderance of mind over body. But man, while standing on a certain low degree of culture, can elevate his mind only at the expense of his body, and can devote himself to contemplation only by abstraction from the world. And, on the other hand, the common and rude cannot recognize the spiritual, except it come in a certain dread and spectral shape, veiled in a kind of cloudy holiness. An austere and peculiar mode of life, an emaciated body, fills him with a holy awe for the extraordinary spirit which it envelops."

"You would not recommend to us, now, this kind of self-denial and abstraction?"

"I hold it to be always somewhat sickly and unnatural. But since such a spirit of self-indulgence, of luxury, and worldliness, appears boldly and openly among us now, it were perhaps to be desired that the other extreme should also reappear among us, as a sign and wonder for the children of this world. Our time needs a Brother Klaus, a Bernard of Clairvaux, in order to teach our political world — now so destitute of sentiment and moral power — how to respect the spirit and its divine energy. Statesmen appear now to consider themselves the only possessors of wisdom, and they make of no account the voice of reason and the instructions of history. So soon as the wise men and the

teachers of the people relinquished their independence by a participation in worldly enjoyments and pleasures, and so entered into the pay of the rulers of the earth, immediately they lost half their influence. Those who prize nothing except worldly power and pleasure, and think to accomplish every thing by these means, can only listen to men who stand in a proud self-reliance before them, and concerning whom the suspicion that they desire wealth or honor is ridiculous."

"Catholic monkery had its good side, then."

"Hardly this — because here again came in the selfish spirit of the *order*, and hypocrisy, or a manifest want of true feeling. Therefore the monkish system was not so beneficial as the ancient life of the hermit, when chosen, in the early days of Christianity, from actual enthusiasm. It is the greatest failure which can be imagined, to subject to rules and constraint that which should be a matter of free choice."

"But does not your demand that the teacher should maintain an independent position, stand opposed to the married life of the Protestant clergy?"

"I doubt whether the institution of celibacy, which in other respects is attended with such great disadvantages, can give us a secure foundation for a true contempt of the world. And, on the other hand, the married state is far from being incompatible with independence of sentiment. Luther was married; yet he maintained as free and independent a demeanor toward princes as could ever be demanded of a man of God. What I wish to see is, not the outer form and habit of life, but the sentiment itself, in its free and powerful manifestations."

Theodore glanced in Hildegard's journal, and found there the following remark respecting Brother Klaus: "Here, in this quiet valley, lived the pious brother, separated from the world, and devoted to devout contemplations. Then, illuminated by a light from on high, purified by the thought of eternal truth, he stepped forth into the world to disentangle its confusion, and to bring it peace. Cannot, then, clear views and the spirit of peace be developed in the midst of life itself? Must the pious and wise seek for their republic in the desert?"

Theodore recognized his own thought again in these words, and cried, with delight, "O, Hildegard! you come to meet me every where! I find again in you all my own thoughts and feelings, only more clear and more beautiful. Oh, blessed harmony of souls! Oh, highest joy of love, which I now feel for the first time!"

Our friend was indescribably happy in the memory of his love, and the sense of her spiritual nearness. For lovers it is surely the highest joy to have their loved one with them. But as the past lends a magic glory to our delights, so also is that bliss which the thought of an absent friend procures us, more pure and spiritual than the rapture of his presence. The present joy includes always something which disturbs it; there is a shadow in its light. May not this be the feeling that we never can hold it — that it only floats on that narrow line which bounds the past and future? But the past joy is ours; we firmly possess it. Its earthly body has been laid in the grave, but its immortal part beams on us in spiritual light.

The travellers now ascended the path which leads into the valley along the declivity of the glen, through which the Melchbach plunges in foam and tumult. It was pleasant to look through the thick beech-wood, which they traversed, down upon the brook which was rushing along far below. On the opposite side was the steep and wood-covered mountain wall, which gloomily shut in the glen. Further down, the valley expanded itself, and was closed in by mountain spurs, which were ornamented with slender brooks, which foamed down their sides, looking like silver ribbons. Waters poured from every direction into the Melchbach, to increase it. The valley has a peculiarly still and domestic character, and seems exactly adapted to inspire a contempt of the world and its pursuits. Further down, it turns to the right, and far below lies a village, consisting of a few scattered houses. Here lived one of the founders of the confederacy, Arnold of Melchthal, sometimes called Erni von der Halden. Our travellers were almost wholly occupied by the contemplation of these objects, which were new to them, and said little. Theodore thought of Hildegard, and felt happy in visiting where she had been. She had written something also about this valley in her journal, which Theodore repeatedly read over.

"In this valley how much repose, yet how much motion! how much stillness, yet how much tumult! In quiet grandeur the rocky walls arise on either side, and in motion always the same the torrents flow and foam; they rush down to a common bed below, and ever, as they roll away beneath, they swell out freshly from their fountains above — an image of the true and

blessed life, in which repose is not death, action is not war; in which the pursuit and attainment are one; in which the beginning and the end meet together."

"Ah!" said Theodore, "so do all my feelings pour themselves freshly forth into the one feeling of love for thee, my Hildegard! The feeling is blissful, yet it is the bliss of longing. My feelings all seek thee, as these brooks the ocean — thee, to whom they all belong, from whom they receive their nourishment!"

The next morning, our travellers ascended the high wall of rock, from the foot of which the Melchbach springs up, then crossed the dark Melchsee, whose waters pour down into a deep chasm, which, it is said, gives origin to the Melchbach. So they came to the so called Alp of Firs — one of the highest Alpine pastures, visited only in summer by the herdsmen. A solemn silence reigned around. No cattle had as yet come to feed upon the pastures half covered with snow; no animal ran away terrified at their approach; no startled bird rose into the air.

Otto broke the silence, by saying, "It is still here as in the grave. One may think of death."

"Right," replied Theodore. "If we do so, we shall think cheerfully about it, as we ought. Let these cheerful and free summits, lifted above the dull, low earth, and nearer to the blue sky, where the breast breathes more freely, and the thought is more bold, — let them be to us an image of future existence."

"But tell me what you think of the assertion which I lately read in the writings of some philosopher, that, if we assume a continued existence hereafter, we ought also to believe in a preëxistent state before this life."

"It is perfectly correct. Every hereafter supposes a heretofore."

"But it seems to me to be very hostile to a faith in future existence; for since we remember nothing now of any former state, we shall not remember any thing of this hereafter. And without consciousness how can there be any immortality?"

"Your conclusion does not seem to me to be perfectly sound. For, if we suppose a gradual progress of all beings toward perfection, we may look upon our human consciousness as a higher degree of being, which we reached when we were born into this world, and beneath which we shall not again sink. But I maintain that we must believe in immortality, even if we doubt the continuation of our personal consciousness."

"Such a doubt," interposed Walter, "is sinful; since the holy Scripture has given us the clearest light upon this subject."

"Yet it is a matter of fact," replied Theodore, "that many entertain such a doubt. And however desirable it may be to remove it, it is absolutely necessary, at all events, to believe in immortality."

"That is a contradiction."

"By no means. Faith in immortality, in its most general form, consists in this — that we have the courage to bear the loss of the earthly and the personal in our love to the eternal. Self-denial is the inmost kernel of this faith. If a man feels the courage to sacrifice, not merely his body, but also his personal consciousness, — which is a kind of sensuous veil wrapped around the soul, — his faith is then so much the purer."

"But consciousness is the essence of our personality, and we cannot relinquish this without relinquishing every thing."

"Consciousness is only an internal manifestation of our personality, but not our personality itself. This consists in the unity of our being, and in its remaining always unalterably the same amid all changes of its phenomena. The substance of our consciousness is changeable; and at death this perhaps may pass away or alter. But the form which binds all together, the unity, remains, and with it our personality."

"Then that which remains of us after death is only a sort of spiritual extract, which contains nothing particular belonging to us, either of color or perfume, and is the same in all. Is this a continued existence of ourselves?"

"Whether that which remains of us after death is the same in all, without any difference, I cannot tell. But those who have purified themselves here upon earth from all that is earthly and selfish, are very different, in their inward condition, from those who are struck with fear at the thought of death. It is not the object of faith in immortality to comfort our self-love, but to purify us from it. Yet most persons regard this faith as a means of security, which we do not wish to use except we are exposed to loss; and to which, when there is danger, we can have recourse. How true are the words of Schleiermacher![1] 'Immortality is the characteristic of the religious life. It is not, as you desire it, an immortality out of time and beyond time,

[1] "Discourses upon Religion."

but as we have it immediately now, a problem we are always solving. In the midst of the finite to become one with the infinite — to become eternal every moment — this is the immortality of religion.'"

"That sounds to me like pantheism, which does not allow a particular existence to the soul."

"As I said to you not long ago, — pantheism, to a certain extent, is not only allowable, but even necessary. To conceive of the separate existence of the soul in too stiff and positive a manner favors self-seeking. Wholly to relinquish it, is dangerous for the peace of the soul and the strength of the character. The truth lies between. When it concerns temporal enjoyment or possession, to be ready, with cheerful humility, freely and unreservedly to renounce ourselves — when it regards the dignity of our character and duties, to cling fast to the feeling of a personality which no death can annihilate — this is the sentiment of a true Christian."

Theodore found in Hildegard's journal a remark referring also to this part of the journey, in which he once more recognized her fair soul.

"Quiet and earnest, but cheerful, like the soul of a truly wise man, the face of nature here appears to us. The flowers of spring, which have long since passed away from the regions below, here bloom forth freshly and gladly. Thus is wisdom united with an eternal youth, and in the autumn of life casts around the colored radiance of spring."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FALL OF REICHENBACHS. THE SOURCE OF BEAUTY. EXTRACTS FROM HILDEGARD'S JOURNAL.

This evening our travellers arrived in Meiringen, and the next morning they stood before the Fall of Reichenbachs, the beauty of which they much admired.

"Here it becomes very plain," said Theodore, "how beauty arises principally from form. What is there in a drop of water, in itself, to gratify the sense of beauty? But when drops of water unite in a stream, it attracts the eye by its calm and clear flow. And when it plunges, as here, from rocks, so as to represent to the eye an animated play, full of form, — a bravely leaping bow, a dance of foaming waves, — when the material, insignificant in itself, becomes, as it were, alive, and full of splendor from its manifold forms, — then we see the full manifestation of beauty. Beauty is life. But life is in form — in the free, harmonious connection of the material."

"But do not forget," replied Otto, "that the beauty of this fall is increased by the purity of its water. This splendid contrast between the blue water and the milk-white foam would disappear, if the water was turbid."

"You are right," answered Theodore. "Let the

material which the artist or poet selects be pure. Let him not employ his descriptive faculty upon a common or impure subject; let him not defile himself with voluptuous images. Let him be able to attract us by the very nobleness and interest of his subject. A clear stream or fountain, or a lake like a mirror, is in itself attractive to the eye, though even here the form comes in to give a certain connection to the substance. What would any substance be which did not carry with it something of form? Is not every character and every history already a picture, woven out of form and substance, and penetrated by its own peculiar spirit?"

The spectators were particularly delighted with the rainbow, which rose amid the mist of the waterfall.

"It is strange that this most beautiful phenomenon," said Otto, "should depend upon an optical illusion! If I move a single step from my place, this appearance vanishes. We laugh at the boy who runs to the hill, on which the rainbow seems to rest, in order to take hold of it, and does not find it there. Yet how natural to wish to realize and possess what pleases us!"

"Is it not so with every beautiful thing?" returned Theodore. "The flower which blossoms to-day, and is withered to-morrow, — is it at all more actual than the colors of the rainbow? Or, rather, are these less actual? Beauty is the most transitory thing upon earth, and yet immortal as the spirit from which it blooms."

"I can feel, but scarcely understand," said Otto, "the truth of what you just said, — that even the beauty of inanimate nature has in it something of a spiritual character. Is not this playful waterfall produced by

the blind power of gravitation? How, then, can we discover in it any thing of a spiritual life?"

"The most evident view of the matter is this — that this cascade is beautiful only for us, the observers — only while its phenomena strike a human eye, and move a human heart. Consequently its beauty consists in these external forms coming in contact with our soul; and therefore it is a beauty belonging to the spiritual world. But when we look at the subject in a higher light, we see that the distinction between body and spirit is only an apparent one. The power of gravitation, and the other material laws which are here in operation, are in fact nothing more than forms or products of the one universal power of nature, which operates in the spiritual, as well as in the material world, only in greater purity. Therefore we find in every form and motion of inanimate nature something akin to our own spirit."

Hildegard had written in her journal as follows: — "If this brook flowed tranquilly between its shores, an image of peace and of cheerful happiness, it would not manifest this marvellous beauty; it would not bear upon its mist-wreaths the painted iris. But while it plunges, raging and foaming, from rock to rock, — an image of struggling virtue, made illustrious through trial, — it awakens all our admiration. Though a small stream, it rivals the mighty Rhine, the falls of which have a greater mass of water, but yet are in other respects less striking than these."

These words excited reflections in Theodore's mind, and he applied to himself the great truth which they contain. "I cannot be sorry," said he, "that I have been led along the path of life through doubts, errors,

and illusions. How much I have won thereby! what experiences I have made! what a knowledge of human life I have acquired! I am amply repaid for all my unrest and pain, and I may say of myself in truth, 'He who sows in tears will reap in joy.'"

While continuing their journey, the conversation of the travellers was directed to the manners and morals of the inhabitants of the country. Theodore remarked upon this topic, in connection with his previous thought — "Culture brings along with it, indeed, much that is hurtful, and destroys the cheerful repose of the life of nature; and yet without them humanity would not be developed in its full beauty. The natural indolence of man disposes him to rest. He sees with tears his happiness destroyed by wars and revolutions. Yet these sacrifices are indispensable for the progress of our race. Therefore I cannot regard the indifference with which conquerors shed human blood, and spread desolation around them, with the horror which most persons express concerning it. As individuals, indeed, they should be condemned. But, in relation to the whole interests of humanity, they appear in a more favorable light, and their enterprises may be regarded as storms, which are necessary to purify and disturb the stagnant atmosphere."

Our travellers passed over the high Scheideck to Grindelwald, from thence, over the Wengern Alps, by the way of Lauterbrunn, Untersee, and Interlacken, to Brienz. From Brienz they returned to Lucerne and Zurich by the way of Brunig, Lungern, and Sarnen. Their conversation was made up, chiefly, as heretofore, of contemplations originating in fancy, philosophy, and

religion. We shall only communicate here those extracts from Hildegard's journal which particularly interested our friend.

"What especially pleases me, and refreshes me in these mountains, is the abundance of water, which is every where pouring itself out, running, foaming, leaping along. Is it because it gives us such a feeling of life, because upon these lovely elevations it is almost the only thing which moves? Or is it that it excites in us a feeling of the wealth and exuberance of nature? Every thing which lives and grows needs the refreshment of water, and thirstily longs after it; and so mother Earth opens her veins here, and her blood flows lovingly forth to feed her children. From these regions the waters flow forth into all lands, to refresh millions of creatures. Here is the earth so fruitful and rich, because upon these mountains rest the clouds of heaven, and here the air distils its dew-drops. Here our breasts inhale the most strengthening and refreshing air, not made impure by mists of earth. So let the soul of man rise on high, and then he shall not fail of receiving nourishment and strength; for from above come down all good gifts. But, if he descends into more earthly regions, and separates himself from the primal fountain, then he will become meagre and poor, and his passions will then torment and defile him."

"I greet you, ye high pillars of the earth, heavenward striving, snow-covered summits! Firmly planted upon earth, deeply rooted in her bosom, ye lift your heads boldly into the clouds, and despise all storms. Thus is loftiness ever paired with firmness and strength. When that which strives upward is weak

and slender, it is overturned by the tempest. Upon your pure and unstained snow the blue sky bends to leave its kisses, and the sun crowns you with the roses of its morning and evening twilight. Thus does the bliss of heaven unite itself with the purity of innocence, and to these is added the highest charm of beauty. Why is this snow-capped mountain called the Maiden? [1] I think the reason is, that its blinding white summit, piercing the skies, is an image of maidenly purity. So did the pure Mary rise glorified from the earth; and we paint her in a sky-blue dress, as the Queen of Heaven."

"This valley of Grindelwald is to me one of the most attractive parts of this mountain region. On one side we have the smiling prospect of the declivity adorned with meadows, gardens, and dwelling-houses, and passing above into the green Alpine pastures. On the other side are the solemn and majestic snow-mountains, between which the glaciers thrust their frozen masses into the green valley. Is not this, too, an image of life, into whose bloom and joy the chill of death and the solemnity of eternity are entering every moment? The cold breath, which streams from the glaciers over the flowery meadows, only refreshes them — does not destroy them. Thus to the Christian the thought of death is not one to discourage or enervate, but to refresh and inspire."

"What a solemn stillness, only sometimes interrupted by the thundering fall of bursting glaciers! The moon arises, and the gigantic mountains throw their

[1] [The *Jungfrau*, or *Maiden*, is one of the highest of the Bernese Alps. — TRANSL.]

mighty shadows across the valley. In a twilight glow reposes the green mountain wall of the Wengern Alps. Quietly floats up the sickle of the moon, and soon lights the whole valley, and drives away the mountain shadows. O, holy temple of nature! how dost thou dispose the heart to devotion! Here is the presence of the Almighty; his breath is around me; the awe of devotion seizes my longing spirit. How great are his works! and yet this is but a small part of his world, which itself is but a weak reflection of his majesty. In a human form his image appeared to us; he, who fills heaven and earth, concealed his majesty in the frail form of man. 'What is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that thou visitest him!'"

"The valley of Lauterbrunn is very beautiful, but the Staubbach has not satisfied my expectations. Its mass of water is too small, compared with the height and size of the rocky wall over which it is precipitated. The wind, blowing its waters around, is an agreeable, but not a beautiful or sublime sight. It wants character, if I may so express it. The Cascade of the Veil at Gastein, always preserves, amid its changes, the original form from which it took its name. It is blown into folds, but always remains like a milkwhite veil, hung over the rocky wall. There is one kind of changeableness which serves to develop the indwelling beauty, to show its peculiar nature in various lights. But that changeableness which causes all that is peculiar to disappear, excites neither interest nor pleasure."

"The Lake of Brienz ought to be seen at evening, after sunset, from the side where the River Aar flows

in, from which we can overlook the whole length of it. On the right, behind Brienz, the high mountain of Brienzergrat rises darkly above the lake, glowing in the last evening twilight. Behind this are the mountains near Interlacken and Untersee, seen through a purple mist, and enclosing the landscape with their sharp outlines. What a lovely repose rests upon the landscape! what blended grandeur and mildness! But do not look at that part which lies near you! The shore is in some places marshy, in others laid waste by the wild Giessbach, and covered with the traces of the destruction caused by this torrent. Alas! that in life, too, the beautiful should so often appear only in the distance, and be seen only as memory and hope. From the emptiness and coldness which surround us, we stretch out arms of longing to the bliss which shines to us from afar. I once saw a picture of this lake, in which the artist had put a sweet foreground, where, in fact, there is nothing to please or satisfy. He had inserted a house, covered with grape vines, near which a brook emptied into the lake, where a flock of goats was drinking. To the artist may be granted such poetic license. Happy is he who can employ it also upon his life, and so give animation and nobleness to its vulgar and insignificant details."

CHAPTER XIX.

CONVERSATION UPON PROVIDENCE.

While the three friends were spending a couple more days together in Zurich, Walter remarked that their accidental meeting in Switzerland, without previous arrangement, was very wonderful. This occasioned a conversation concerning Providence, which we will communicate here. Walter regarded divine Providence as the care taken by a wise instructor of our education, who uses every circumstance for the culture and improvement of his pupils, and also places them in situations which he thinks will be serviceable to them. He took too human a view of the subject, and seemed to mingle with it a degree of selfishness.

"I do not know," said Theodore, "that I can wholly agree with you. I confess I have a kind of prejudice against the word *Providence*, so much used now, and so often misused. The prejudice is wrong, for both the word and the notion expressed by it are indispensable for Christian faith. But I cannot excuse the abuse of the term."

"I think I can conjecture," returned Walter, "the foundation of your prejudice. In modern times we have avoided the concrete appellations of the Supreme Being, — such as *God*, the *Father*, the *Lord*, — from a

kind of atheistic tendency. Instead of these, we have adopted the abstract terms *Providence*, and the like. But I need not tell you that this error is none of mine."

"That is one error; but there is another which may belong to you, too; and I will explain what it is. The joyful and confiding faith in Providence is an advantage which we owe to Christianity. Instead of this, the heathen had a dark fear of fate, and of its unalterable necessity. To the notion of a Providence belongs, first, the conception of a conscious and determined guidance toward an object, in opposition to a blind and unconscious fate. God is a spirit; and the action of a spirit we cannot suppose to be without a purpose. A rock is dragged down by its gravity, and shatters the head of a man. The operation of the stone is unconscious, and without a purpose; — not so do we regard the operations of Providence. But while taking this view, we ought not to forget that all our views of God, even the most spiritual, have in them some human mixture. God is a spirit, but not finite, not limited by sense, as we are. Accordingly, we must guard against imputing to him our views and purposes; and this seems to me a mistake often made at present. This reflective age has renounced the view of God's personality, drawn from sensuous images. Instead of this, it has adopted the idea of a being of mere laws, purposes, and plans, which seems to me to be scarcely better than an idol, carved of wood."

"Now you are going into another extreme. The more spiritual our thought of God, the more near we come to the true conception."

"That is not unconditionally true. If men have

themselves attained a high degree of spiritual culture, it is natural for them to regard God also in a spiritual manner. But, notwithstanding this, the most essential part of faith in God may be wanting to them, namely, the longing after an unattainable, incomprehensible loftiness, before which we bow in humility and awe. When man has attained a high degree of consciousness, then he is not satisfied with regarding God as a being with a consciousness like his own. Just as we are obliged to look upon our condition after death as higher than our present spiritual life, just so must we regard God as a spirit who lives in a light of consciousness, before which ours pales as an earthly blaze in the sunlight. God knows nothing of the relations in which our consciousness acts, and with which our wisdom deals; as of cause and effect, past and future, whole and part, means and end. Consequently we ought, perhaps, rather to regard God as unconscious; that is, as residing in something like that state which in us is unconscious, and is peculiar to our highest frames of mind, to our most inspired and devout moods — a state of mind in which these earthly relations seem to disappear also from our view."

"Only do not give us, instead of God, that monstrous animal, the One in All."

"And respecting this, too, I believe that pantheism, even in its errors, has served us, in later times, as an antidote. Schelling's philosophy of nature, for example, has done us the good service of giving the living idea of a God active in nature, instead of a God copied after the model of the human intellect."

"It may be that, in interpreting the ways of Provi-

dence, men undertake to be too particular. But you seem to me to go too far the other way. Has not the Scripture clearly disclosed to us the divine plan of redemption, according to which, from the very beginning, the temporal purpose was determined, and a promise of it given? What happened then for a great end, may also have happened for smaller ones."

"But the most pious theologians have recognized the fact that very many merely human conceptions of God are to be found in the Scripture. Too often have these been interpreted in a strict and literal sense. And still another important mistake has been often committed — the separating the divine or supernatural agency too much from the human, or natural. But more of this hereafter. Now let me continue to unfold my idea of divine Providence.

"The first constituent of the notion of a Providence, is the conception of a guidance, consciously exercised, toward a definite end. The second, included, indeed, in the notion of guidance to an end, is faith in the love of God, who wishes only the salvation of his creatures. This is opposed to the cold, pagan view of a fate, destitute of sympathy or love. But to be a true faith, this idea of divine love must not be degraded by any mixture of human selfishness — must not have for its aim the gratification of our earthly wishes. The true spirit of this faith consists in a submission to God's will, in which we say, 'Not my will, but thine, be done.' Our confidence in the divine love should lend us courage in all those enterprises which our conscience justifies. But our submission to the divine will should also preserve us from being too much shaken in mind when

they fail of success; for our ways are not God's ways. We need this spirit of submission particularly in our temporal affairs. We may earnestly wish, and desire with confidence, the preservation of our own life, and that of our friends, the increase of our domestic happiness, success in our occupation, and whatever belongs to our temporal welfare. Yet Providence may just as probably have determined to disappoint these wishes as to fulfil them. Our eternal happiness does not depend on any temporal enjoyment; and even in our troubles and sorrows we have reason enough to bless the divine goodness. Ought the soldier, entering battle, to go in the presumptuous confidence that, while death is raging around him, he alone shall be protected from danger by God? Yet, while he submits with composure to the possible danger, he ought to retain the cheerful courage which will enable him to despise it. But it appears to me that we do not often join this submission to our faith in Providence, and we use the latter only to inspire us with hope. And this appears to me an abuse of the doctrine, similar to that which is common in regard to faith in immortality, which is often made a mere means of administering comfort to the wounds of a worldly selfishness."

Otto, who had hitherto listened in silence, now said, "I think that, when we look forward, we ought chiefly to ask what we have to do ourselves, — how we may use circumstances, — and always, in looking back, to bow, either in thankfulness or submission, to the work of fate."

"Very true," answered Theodore. "We ought to

consider, also, this connection of human agency with the higher necessity to which man must passively submit. Man is surrounded by what is casual, in order that he may choose freely. When he finds that he possesses this freedom of choice, let him ask of his conscience, let him measure his powers, and choose what seems to him to be the best. Let him confide in the power of the good-will with which he acts; for the good is mighty, and brings victory with it. But let him not hope for favorable circumstances which shall give success to his enterprises. In truth, a free choice is not always permitted him; for the storm of fate may drive him where he would not himself have willingly gone. Then let him humbly recognize his dependence; let him submit to what is unavoidable, and speedily arm himself for new activity, even though nothing else be left for him to do but to rise freely above the imposed necessity. The proverb, 'All things work for those whom God loves,' contains every thing which can be said. But then the pious man will regard temporal failure and ruin as working for him, for his object is an eternal salvation."

"I believe," said Otto, "that there is truth in the proverb that every man is 'the architect of his own fortune.'"

"Human life," replied Theodore, "results from two things — the power which is in man, and the influence of those circumstances in which he has been placed. The latter may be considered as the material upon which his mind has to work; and, as the architect does not create the material of his building, the comparison

is, in this respect, perfectly applicable. The life of a man will always wear the form and color of his mind, and his character will show itself in it."

"You forget," objected Walter, "that destiny itself contributes to the formation of every man's character. He is like clay in the hands of the potter."

"This does not contradict my assertion, for no one can be educated who has not some power in himself. Only a man of some character is roused, moved, purified, by the events which his destiny sends to him."

"Will you contemplate, also, in this way the events of divine revelation? Sunk in spiritual weakness, man had not the power to help himself; the divine grace took pity on him, and drew him from the abyss of woe."

"Do you understand so little the doctrine of the incarnation of Christ? As deity and humanity were inseparably united in him who completed the work of redemption, so also in the longing effort after salvation of those who lived before Christ, we see plain traces of divine assistance. The *Logos* of God was from the beginning, before it was made flesh; it was actively operating upon the human mind, and intimately united with it even then. The divine and human reason worked together, just as the sun and the earth coöperate in producing vegetable life."

"This is a bran-new doctrine — an incarnation of Christ before his incarnation!"

"That the spirit of Christ, or the *Logos*, was active in human history before it was made flesh, is an old doctrine, and a scriptural one. That the divine is intimately united with the human, — the supernat-

ural with the natural, — is also an admitted truth. Must you not regard God as existing *in* the world no less than *above* the world? Does not a divine spark dwell likewise in every human breast? Finally, I will freely grant you that God is all in all, and is the cause of all actions; for he creates the powers by which men act, and they themselves are only his work. But survey the history of nations, and see whether it be any thing but the development of the character of each particular people. That, for instance, which the Greeks did and suffered, — that was the manifestation of the Greeks themselves, — just as the plant, with its branches, leaves, and flowers, is nothing but the plant itself."

"Good! But without sunlight, and the nourishing soil, it would scarcely be unfolded."

"Yes; to God be the glory. Whatever is, exists through him. He alone operates, whether men act themselves, or whether they receive influences more directly from him. So we see things when we look at them from the highest point of view. But so long as we distinguish human freedom from an inevitable necessity, — so long as we regard the conflict between them, — we must give up neither the one nor the other. We must neither deny man's dependence, nor his self-determining power. We must preserve both our humility and our confidence."

CHAPTER XX.

STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

WALTER now separated from Theodore and Otto, and continued his journey deeper into the heart of Switzerland, while the two friends returned to Germany. They passed through Strasburg, and visited its famous Minster.[1] This great work of art made an extraordinary impression upon Theodore, and he wrote the following essay concerning it, which we will here insert: —[2]

"THE STRASBURG MINSTER.

"I have seen it! — this wonder of the Christian world — the masterpiece of art — the work both of a daring genius and a warm faith — the monument of a great age, now gone! My soul was grasped and held by a power never before felt. I was lost in the sense of sight, and intoxicated with rapture. I ascended the spire, and not without difficulty and anxiety. The view from the side galleries, which we have to pass, down

[1] See Note E.

[2] This essay has been published before, (in German,) in the "Recreations," for 1822.

upon the church and the city, already made me dizzy. And now I stand on the much higher platform, from which the whole city and the whole great valley of the Rhine are visible, from the Bogese to the Badian Mountains. This view attracted me very little, for the tower fixed my whole attention. I conquered my dizziness, and looked down upon the luxuriance of columns and pillars which were springing upwards, bearing between them various images and carvings. I went now upon one side, and now upon another, and studied first this part, and then that, of the rich pile. And now the spire, rising from the platform, attracted my gaze. It springs up light and bold, like a flame of fire, and carries the soul with it into the upper air. An irresistible longing compelled me to climb up it. The steps are narrow; the openings upon the sides make me tremble, but I continue to ascend, and now stand above, upon the four *Schnecken*, as they are called, which form a gallery higher than the platform, and winding about the tower. To look below is almost fearful; and, to avoid it, we prefer to busy ourselves in looking at the wonderful architecture of the tower. Even below the platform it seems almost composed of single pillars, like a group of crystals which have not come together accidentally, but are inwardly bound together. In many places it is penetrated by windows, and is transparent. From the corner pillars start out smaller pillars, which, looked at from a proper point, seem to be standing separate. All the surfaces are ornamented with columns, pillars, niches, and statues; and even the portals are in like manner made up of a great variety of parts. But above the platform the whole tower is

woven out of columns held together by iron cramps and braces. The four *Schnecken*, in which the stairs wind up, form four great columns, fastened together at top by a gallery, as by a wreath, and sustain the whole fabric. The slender form of the tower rises between them, broken by four windows, which occupy three quarters of its height, whose arches run together above into a beautiful garland, over which, again, four smaller windows arch themselves. The boldness and lightness of the building excite at once fear and confidence. We do not feel as if we were standing at this height, but as if we floated, being constantly sustained. But we feel safe in the hands of the bold power which holds us, because we see that it is also careful and prudent. The storm shakes the slender and light fabric, but cannot throw it down. The lightning, attracted by the iron, strikes the tower often every year; but it is able only to strike out a stone here and there. The carefulness of the architect seems to have passed into those to whom is confided the preservation of the tower. We see many new stones, fitted exactly to their places, and are told that several stone masons are constantly employed in preparing a quantity of freestone for repairing it. So the giant pile renews itself year after year; and, as its leaves and branches fall off, their places are continually supplied.

"There is an inscription upon the tower, which says that, a long time ago, an earthquake shook it so that the water in the reservoirs, which are open, was thrown several feet into the air, but that the tower itself remained uninjured. What an evidence of the admirable architecture and indestructibility of the fabric! With

what precision must every stone be shaped and fitted, that, in the whole monstrous web, nothing should be disproportioned, nothing awry! Every part contributes its due force to sustain every other, and the upper stones rest as safe and firm as the lowest. Here we see the vast energy which belongs to a human mind, when purified and enlightened by the power of faith. It can remove or build up mountains, and bid defiance in its creations to the all-destroying powers of nature. Rocks crumble away, and mountains crush in, for they yield passively, in their slothful and blind repose, to all external influences, and know not how to protect themselves. But the human mind, to which has been granted a clear and free insight into its own powers and those of nature, understands the forces to which its works will be exposed, and can sagaciously withdraw them from such injurious influences, or replace the loss which may have been sustained. The Alps are threatening to fall, and already have buried under their ruins many valleys. But this cathedral will stand as long as men dwell beneath it, and *desire* that it shall stand; as long as they continue to watch it with a careful love; as long as they are not unfaithful to the lofty mind from which it proceeded. The noble city of Strasburg may dwell safely under this giant pile so long as it does not permit its faithful care for its preservation to be diminished. But if its children, hereafter, become faithless to the mind of their ancestors, and despise what they erected for the honor of God in a spirit of holy zeal, then, in its rage, the tower will demolish them, and the work of faith and enthusiasm will become an instrument of divine vengeance. Thus are all the majestic

creations of man destroyed by man's own guilt, and that which has enraptured and blessed former generations, becomes the destruction of later, if they do not retain the old spirit of truth and honesty. Thrones founded by valor and wisdom, are gradually undermined by cowardice, meanness, and blindness, and in their fall cause the destruction of millions. Institutions and customs from which the animating soul has departed, confuse the mind, and poison the life of nations. And even the sanctuaries and monuments of pious faith become mischievous idols and objects of detestation, if the human soul does not constantly give them new youth and life.

"The warder of the tower informs me that the Jacobins, at the time of their supremacy, had seriously thought of destroying it, and did actually remove many pieces of carved work, which have not been all replaced. This tower, overtopping every thing, seemed to them to mock at the law of equality. As, in the state, no king or nobleman has a right to elevate himself above the citizen, so this spire, according to their idea, has no right to lift itself so boldly and proudly above the houses of the city. But what a miserable mistake! what a wretched poverty of soul did such a thought imply! That which rises in such grandeur as this cathedral, can never humiliate or degrade us; but, on the contrary, being the work of a free mind and great soul, it elevates all who look upon it along with itself, and communicates to them its own grandeur. I have never felt myself greater than while entering into the idea which produced this work — while following the flight of the artist's imagination. Thus does all true

greatness raise other minds to its own height, instead of depressing them. The ruler standing on an elevation to which the strife of low selfishness and narrow-hearted partiality cannot reach, maintaining the sacred calm of justice and peace, and guiding with a clear insight the fate of millions, does not operate like an oppressive burden upon the lower masses, but is like a calm, guiding star, toward which every gaze is directed, toward which all hearts swell in confidence and reverence. In feeling thus toward him, all become conscious of their own greatness. They feel that their heart, if not degraded by low passions, must beat for order, justice, peace, and the safety of their country. The great men and noblemen of a nation, in their true greatness, and their true nobility, are not oppressors of the people who obey and follow them, but they become to them models of the virtues of citizens, and examples of patriotism. They show in their character what the mind of the nation can accomplish in its most illustrious examples; they show how the national spirit shines in those upper regions where they are placed. Every citizen, no matter how low his position, feels himself ennobled in their nobility. He is animated by the same spirit of patriotism, of honor, of valor, which animates them. He differs from them only in the accident of his situation, and his degree of endowment. Thus did that loftiest glory, divine and human, which appeared in the Redeemer, draw humanity toward itself, and make *it* illustrious also. All who attach themselves to Christ in faith and confidence, may imitate his virtue. The first-born Son of God wishes to make us *all* sons of God; and we shall become so, if we raise

our hearts to the elevation where he is. He who acknowledges nothing higher than himself, is the meanest of all beings; but he who humbles himself shall be exalted.

"There is, to be sure, a false greatness, and a false elevation, which is the aim of the low-minded, the self-seekers, the conceited, the cold-hearted. They seek to elevate themselves in order to oppress and degrade all others around them, and be alone in their exaltation. Whatever exalts itself should do so for the honor of God, and out of love for its neighbor. Why does this spire rise so high above all the buildings of the city, and tower over every thing, far and near? Not to make known the greatness and glory of any human being; not to flatter any selfish vanity; not to minister to any low or private aim of human life, — but for the glory of God, and for his service. It rises rejoicing like a constant hymn, adorning the dome, in which resound the praises of the Almighty, or like the flame of a daily incense, which the church offers to God. It contains the bells which invite to divine service, and on its loftiest point it carries up to the stars the glorified cross of the Redeemer. The impiety and vulgarity which has used this sacred building for a telegraph station, has not been able to desecrate the tower by such an office, but must content itself with the cupola of the dome. The tower stands in its lofty grandeur far above. Proud and free, it scorns the base earthly uses of common life.

"Desiring, but scarcely daring, to ascend higher, I look up to the third story of the tower, which, quickly renewing itself, climbs again aloft, like a flight of stairs.

The door to the stairway by which this is ascended is closed, and can only be opened by permission of the mayor, which is often a very good excuse for our timidity. I descend to the platform, and walk, with increased pleasure, around the parapet; for my fear has now left me, since I have been so much higher. Finally, I descend, and go round the splendid building below. Sometimes I examine more minutely particular parts, as, for example, the central splendid gateway, with its beautiful rose of painted glass; [1] and sometimes, stepping back, I contemplate at one view the whole interior. The church betrays in its cross its origin in a very ancient time — the age of Charlemagne. Its architecture is different from that of the rest of the building and of the tower, and at its base are porches added in a later style. The whole aspect is grand and stately. The interior is worthy of the exterior. Vast columns sustain the lofty vault, and the magical glow of the beautifully-painted windows, especially of that over the entrance, spreads around a sacred light. But yet the church did not seem to me to bear the stamp of such extraordinary genius as the tower, and I thought it too short for its breadth. The cathedral in Meissen, which is far narrower than this, but longer in proportion to its width, makes a more harmonious and satisfactory impression upon my mind.[2] The subterranean church, which they also showed me, attracted my attention still

[1] [The window over the western entrance, or *Rose*, of painted glass, is forty-eight feet in diameter. — Transl.]

[2] The interior of the church in Freyburg also produces a more elevated and harmonious impression, to which the lofty and vaulted choir very much contributes.

less, although sufficiently remarkable on account of its age. I hastened out of the church, in order to have another view of the spire, and saw it, and could not look at it sufficiently. Wherever I could see it in any street of the city, I stood still to gaze. As the eye of a lover seeks that of her whom he loves, so did I turn toward this object of my highest joy and wonder. I wished to see nothing else in Strasburg worth noticing, in order to devote my attention wholly to the spire.

"I employed my next leisure hour in ascending the tower a second time. I found it much easier than before, and had reached the *Schnecken*, scarcely knowing how. The bold spirit of the architect seemed to animate me, and to inspire me with pleasure and strength in ascending. I felt entirely at home, and all timidity had vanished away. The warder of the tower, who had come to place confidence in me, opened for me, without my obtaining a permit, the door which leads up to the summit of the spire; and I began to ascend, leaving my companion below. I went half-way up, and then turned back, terrified by the steepness and difficulty of the narrow stairs. I felt sad at returning, and I am still sorry for it. Though this stairway seems so open and airy, it is not dangerous, and there was no reason for my fear. What a delight it must be to stand at the very summit, where the architect himself stood, enjoying the proud consciousness of having completed his great work, and to celebrate this triumph with him in spirit!

"I again descended, thoughtful and observing. What is it which exercises this great power over me? Wherein consists the magic which entrances me? I

am acquainted with most of the great works of poetry, in which the human mind has displayed its sublimity and its creative power, and I believe that I have comprehended their spirit. But none of them has impressed me like this, at first sight, and announced its nature and its value with such clear precision, with such a triumphant power. Poetry, coming in an intellectual form from the intellect, floats and wavers before the observer. We are easily diverted from our contemplation of it — easily disturbed. We are tempted to look more at particular details than at the whole. But here the artist's mind impresses itself immediately upon the material substance with its freest power and richest exuberance. It creates a form, which, with a definite precision, fills the sense of sight, and thus takes secure possession of the mind. I have seen many of the masterpieces of statuary and painting, and have felt their beauty. I have seen the picture of Christ, which represents all the greatness and majesty of God, united with the true life of man. I have seen the picture of the Virgin Mary, in all the glory of the loveliest womanhood. And I have felt, while seeing these wonders of painting, an elevation and devotion, and a rapture beyond all expression. But this impression was neither so immediate, decided, nor irresistible as this. I was obliged to meditate, to reflect, to enter, by degrees, into the feeling and idea of the artist. It was an intellectual perception, similar to that in the case of poetry. I have also seen those wonders of nature which stand alone in their several kinds. I will not mention the falls of the Rhine, nor the glaciers of Grindelwald, which are grand and lovely, but do not attain to the degree of sublimity

which I ascribe to the Strasburg Minster. The most sublime object in nature which I have ever seen, is the view from Mount Rigi. If we undertake to compare the cathedral with this, the Minster has a dangerous rival. How can a work of human hands compete with the wonders of creation! Taking Rigi by itself, in its sublime beauty, with its green meadows, and its fair environment of lakes and cities, it would win the prize from this Minster. But the cathedral shrinks into the most petty insignificance, in comparison with the vast masses of the snow-crowned Alps, which encircle Rigi with their chain of towers from the north-east to the south-west. The feeling which filled my soul upon that mountain was unquestionably the most sublime. It was the lofty thought of the great Creator; it was a shuddering reverence before the face of the Almighty. But yet, as art always possesses the advantage of more precise limitation, I felt that there was something indefinite and overwhelming in the grandeur of the natural spectacle. My soul was filled too full, and I could not retain the impression which I received. And I give the preference in yet another particular to the work of art over the work of nature. Being a human creation, it bears the impress of the human mind; it is an expression of human thought and feeling, and on this account moves us in a warmer and more friendly manner. The spirit of beauty and life is, indeed, one and the same in nature and in art — in men and in the rest of creation. Even the great mountain masses, though heaped together by the blind force of attraction, are the work and the manifestation of the Spirit from which they proceeded. But, then, just as the human

face is dearer to us than a beautiful flower, or a sweet landscape, so is a work of art dearer to us than a work of nature. We trace and feel in it the creative mind of the artist; he becomes to us a mediator of the divine revelation, an interpreter of the divine mysteries. The work of art makes a part of human history, from which we derive our mental culture. This cathedral belongs to the history of the Christian church, and it roots itself in the soil of moral freedom and spiritual redemption. Its architect was a believing Christian, who felt and lived as all true Christians should feel and live. He was our brother in the spirit. He speaks to us with a brother's voice, and tells us what that spirit showed to him, which also inspires our hearts. Profound is the feeling which swells my soul, great Erwin! when I look at this work of yours! but my heart is at the same time filled with the warmest love for yourself! I could almost fall down before you in reverence; but you take me by the hand as a friend, and I dare clasp you in my arms. For you lived and labored in a spirit of love toward me, and toward all Christians, and for us you erected this majestic structure.[1]

"All art belongs to the service of faith and of piety, and only in its decay renounces it. Pagan art bears the impress of the pagan religion, Christian art of the Christian. The Strasburg Minster is a work wholly in the spirit of Christianity. If the Christian church

[1] [Ervin, or Erwin, de Steinbach designed the tower, the first stone of which was laid in 1277. But he did not live to see it finished, as he died in 1318, and it was not completed till 1438. It is, by many, considered the masterpiece of all architecture.—TRANSL.]

should cease to exist; if all Christian history should be forgotten; if the holy Scripture should be lost, — this piece of architecture would be a hieroglyphic emblem to tell the pious investigator what Christianity was. Greek architecture, with its slender and beautiful columns, — with its smooth and light masses, — its flat roofs and its low pediments, — in its soft and still beauty, without boldness and grandeur, — in its simplicity and moderation, without fulness and variety, — is a true representation of that religion, which wanted genuine devotion, which was deficient in faith in the unseen, which was destitute of love for universal man. But in the bloom of its youthful strength, and in the freshness of its fancy and its enthusiasm, and having at its command a very imaginative art and poetry, paganism was enabled to create a cheerful picture of life, and to spread around moderation, harmony, and grace. The Christian heart needed a higher and bolder flight. The low roof of the temple swelled into a boldly arching vault; the slender pillars enlarged to gigantic columns; the straight and simple lines of the cornice and frieze bent into triangles and pointed arches, and became full of a variety of ornaments. The masses of the building grew to an enormous size, and the tower and spire rose high in the air above the temple. In this boldness and grandeur of style is expressed the Christian faith, which strives toward heaven, and which, dissatisfied with the clear and simple scale of earthly proportions, aims at a unity which shall embrace both the heaven and the earth. The Christian architect despised the simple form of the square and the circle. He chose for the elementary forms of his

creations the triangle, the symbol of the divine Trinity; the pointed column, emblem of the flame ascending toward heaven; the ellipse and parabola, which indicate the paths of the heavenly bodies; — and thus he had an image of the universe. The straight lines and squares he only used in his foundation, as the earthly supports of his bold fabric. The creative understanding of the Greeks appears as a perfect master in its more limited sphere; and in their architecture the form always governs the material. But the understanding of the Christian artist, which aims at the infinite, embraces an overflowing fulness of material, which threatens to overpower the form; but yet this material is every where penetrated by the form, even in its smallest details. Small columns seem to shoot from the larger; the arches divide into separate rings; a multitude of carvings adorn every part of the surfaces; and all this variety combines in larger forms. The arranging power of the mind every where appears, ordering this seeming confusion. But it does not sway it tyrannically; it is not a cold and proud plan, but seems intoxicated with the luxury of its own creation. This exuberant variety indicates the presence of the Christian spirit of love and freedom. Christian sympathy recognizes in nature all things, both small and great, as the creatures of God; in the moral world, it desires to cherish and develop every human faculty, the worth of every individual, the free union of all in one common work. Just so, likewise, in art, it demands the freest individuality and variety to be combined into a harmony. It wishes to create a world, and to form for itself a complete image of the universe.

"There is the same relation between the architecture of the ancients and that of our German ancestors, as between their music and ours. In the ancient music, the melody was the principal thing, and the harmony was a secondary matter. Form predominated over the subject matter, which was comparatively meagre and insignificant. In modern music, the harmony takes the lead; it luxuriates in the affluence of its subject. Melody, which, considered as the method, or form of the music, governs the harmony, is itself changed into the substance, and is governed by it. The melodies being thus swallowed up in the harmony, the result of all is a higher melody, which floats over the whole, as its form. Thus does our old Gothic architecture unite together a multitude of architectural creations, in which the whole is repeated again in the parts, and from which a prevailing symmetry results. The smaller forms are used as masses, out of which the larger are composed. Every part seems independent and self-sufficing, yet all contributes to the symmetry of the whole. Thus are united grandeur and luxuriance, boldness and lightness, loftiness and grace. But no work of Gothic architecture has this impress more perfectly than the Strasburg Minster. No architect ever apprehended this spirit more fully than Erwin von Steinbach. Therefore he made this tower so light and airy, and poured over it, in every part, this graceful luxuriance. In his large soul room was found for the lofty feeling of devotion, as for the boldest and most exalted ideas, and along with them the cheerful joy of life. In his creations he imitated the great Creator, who plants the lovely wild flower by the side of the lofty cedar and

stern oak. He could bind together jest and earnest, and among his statues of saints and heroes he placed fantastic ornaments in the shape of grotesque animals. It is said — though I know not how correctly — that he made a good-natured joke upon himself, by placing his own image beneath the summit of the spire, looking after the second spire, which he had wished to execute, but could not, and near it the face of his master-workman, laughing at his disappointment.

"What a noble age was that which produced such a genius as his! The fountain of genius never runs dry. God always calls forth heroes, from time to time, who manifest the greatness of the human soul. Our age may boast of a poet,[1] who, having been the first to recall our attention to the work of Erwin, also showed a similar genius in his own creations, and would have given us yet nobler works, had he lived in a better time. Our age is deficient in that sacred enthusiasm which produces and sustains the poet. In a commonplace and low environment, he must stand alone, leaning upon his own strength. Still less is our time adapted to erect such a work as the Strasburg Minster, which demands mutual coöperation. Let us give credit to that happy century which was able to execute this great idea of Erwin's. How many human hands must have labored upon this massive pile! how much time and money must have been expended upon it! And yet no despot compelled the laborers to fulfil his commands, nor forced from the people a reluctant tribute for this purpose. This pile was erected in a free city, under

[1] Goethe. See Note E.

the mild pastoral sway of ecclesiastics. Such an inspiring sympathy of feeling then animated Christendom; such a pious zeal; such a warm faith for the church. Power and aim were not then dissipated into a thousand channels, but all were directed to one great and common object. All the streams and brooks ran into one great river, in which the heaven and the earth were reflected.

"Since that time, the life of the Christian world has taken a much more rich and manifold form. The tree of life has thrust out many new branches. The life of men has become more free and individual. Science and intellectual culture are more widely spread and richly endowed. But with all this, selfishness, self-will, and luxury, have invaded our existence. People take opposite paths, strive after various objects. Many are opposed to each other; few unite in any common aim. The church has lost its control over human hearts, and the state is a large house, containing many separate lodgers. When shall we execute again works which demand a united and lofty effort? When shall we again follow the flaming standard of the holy cross? When will hearts and hands unite in a great work, which shall proclaim the honor of God and the glory of his kingdom on earth?

"We must first unite together again to form a living temple of the Lord, — a body animated by the spirit of union,— before we can hope to erect such temples as were built by Erwin von Steinbach. We must purify again, by repentance and devotion, the sanctuaries left us by former ages, which we have desecrated. The light of faith must reillumine them, the pure word of the gos-

pel be preached in them, and the fiery baptism of the Holy Ghost be shed abroad over us. Christianity, like the spirit of freedom which it has introduced into the world, is capable of an infinite development. Every age has its own spirit, and its own peculiar power of creation. A new Erwin von Steinbach would, indeed, if appearing now, have the same spirit of faith and love, and his creations would have the same ideal aim, but yet they would be different from these. They would also have a character of their own. And when the evangelical church has attained its thorough culture, as it serves God in a freer and purer manner, it will also glorify him in architectural forms peculiar to itself."

CHAPTER XXI.

THEODORE AND OTTO ATTEND LECTURES AT A GERMAN UNIVERSITY. THEODORE CONVERSES WITH ONE OF THE THEOLOGICAL TEACHERS. HISTORICAL TRUTH OF THE LIFE OF JESUS. THE NEW TESTAMENT. BIBLICAL CRITICISM. THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST. HIS GLORIFIED BODY. THEOLOGY FOR THE STUDY AND FOR THE CHURCH.

THEODORE and Otto now went to reside at a celebrated German university, where both found teachers distinguished in their several departments. Theodore felt a pressing necessity of gaining more thorough instruction and information in theology. For, though he believed that he had attained, on the whole, to clear convictions, he was yet in doubt as to many particulars, which troubled him not a little. He soon obtained the confidence of one of the professors, and permission to converse with him in private, besides hearing his public instructions.

One of the first questions which he proposed to him related to the authenticity of the Christian canon, and the historical contents of the life of Jesus. The reader may recollect that he doubted the historical truth of many of the miracles recorded in Scripture. These doubts had their source in the free view which he took of the mode in which the New Testament books originated. He was troubled by the thought that these doubts were

incompatible with the clerical office. He therefore begged his instructor to enlighten him upon this point. The instructor endeavored to quiet his mind by showing that the historical importance of the miracles was not very great. "They are," said he, "seldom related with much historical precision or exactness. It seems as if the writer thought more of their moral significance than of the matter of fact. When we cannot make the fact clear, or when it does not cohere with the rest of the story, we should enter into the writer's view of its meaning, and disregard the historical part as merely an outward shell."

"I have already," said Theodore, "adopted this view, or one like it. I have regarded the matter of fact, or the history, as a symbol. But yet I am troubled lest the investigations of modern criticism should shake the whole historical fabric of Christianity."

"It stands so firm that it will defy the boldest assaults. I will not now insist that the most important portions of the New Testament need fear no injury from criticism. But, even supposing they might, it will, nevertheless, be always true that some of the New Testament writings are the oldest and purest sources of Christian history, and that, as regards the contents of others, we have a testimony in their behalf against which no objection can be brought. The existence of the Christian church is a sufficient confirmation of the fact that Jesus Christ has lived, suffered, and died. And a Christian is one who has faith in Christ, the Redeemer, and who communes with his church, not one who receives the Scripture and its verbal contents."

"I am very glad that you encourage me to take this view, which I have hitherto been somewhat afraid fully to adopt."

"For those who regard Christianity as a *life*, there is nothing disagreeable in this view; it is only when we make the essence of it consist in words and letters, that we are terrified by it. The regeneration of Protestantism depends on bringing Christianity back again into life. I am also of opinion that modern biblical criticism has gone too far in its investigations, and chiefly because it has proposed to itself an aim which does not belong to it. It seeks for pure historic clearness and certainty, where, naturally, there must be a degree of religious obscurity. The sacred books did not originate like other books. Their authors were in a state of spiritual activity, which differences them very much from common writers. The origin of the three first Gospels, which, as is well known, have a striking resemblance, joined to peculiar disagreement, can never be wholly explained by criticism. A modest confession of its inability to settle this question would be the safest result of its inquiries. Can we apply the same rule which we would use in judging of the credibility of a common writer, to the apostle John, in whose Gospel the life of his Divine Master is seen glorified; in whose mind the heavenly quite overpowered the earthly? Wherever a new spiritual life arises; wherever the heavenly comes in contact with the earthly; where faith and inspiration have assumed such a preponderance in a writer's view of the world, — how can we expect that his history will give us every thing in its precise historical connection, and with the ordinary degree

of perspicuity? And whatever is natural, may be also considered as intended and proper. Suppose that the Christian history had *not* contained any thing obscure, enigmatical, or marvellous, and every thing in it was as clear as daylight. How could it then have maintained its rank as a high spiritual manifestation? For every thing great and extraordinary brings with it much that is wonderful and inexplicable."

"Do you, then, altogether reject biblical criticism?"

"By no means. But I prize more its activity, its intellectual striving, and the influence which it exercises upon the spiritual condition of the church, than the results of its investigations. Its duty is to keep the intellect awake, that it may not yield itself to a hasty fancy, or an easy credulity. It is the church's understanding, its analytic intellect. It has its limits, which it must not transgress. But yet it ought to be always active within those limits, and aim unceasingly at carrying its investigations as far as possible."

"But will not many inevitably exceed these limits of true criticism, out of the narrowness of a partial culture, or from self-conceit? This has unquestionably occurred in our own times."

"It is unavoidable, though much to be lamented, as it wounds many pious hearts. But these partial tendencies all disappear when we take a view of the great whole. A perfect equilibrium can never be preserved in the minds of individuals. Of this may be said, as of other errors and controversies in the church, that, while they injure individuals, they contribute to the unfolding of the spiritual life of the whole church."

Theodore gained great peace of mind from these conversations, and, under the guidance of the same instructor, he followed the career of the later criticism, and found that, so far as its results were certain, they were perfectly consistent with practical Christianity. No important or essential fact of the Christian history was overthrown by these investigations. Upon many, indeed, an impenetrable obscurity was left, but Theodore agreed that it was impossible for this to be otherwise. Among these was the resurrection of Christ. There could be no doubt of its reality, for all the witnesses agree as to the main fact; but its nature and manner remain an enigma. Theodore gave much attention to the question, whether the appearance of the risen Christ was that of an earthly body, or a purely spiritual one. According to the evangelists, the first view seems perfectly certain, and the other appears to be formally contradicted. But if we so regard it, can we avoid the thought that Christ must have died a second time? for an earthly body is always a mortal one. Upon such a supposition, how is the ascension to be explained? And was not that appearance of Christ by which Paul was converted, a spiritual one?

Theodore asked his instructor's opinion upon this subject. He observed that Christ's body might have been a real one, but a glorified one. Theodore confessed himself unable to understand this. "A body," he said, "could be a body only so far as it was subject to the laws of matter, and was mortal."

To this the instructor answered, "I cannot compel you to receive this as the true explanation. In like manner, neither of the others, namely, that the resur-

rection of Jesus was merely coming to life again, or that it was a purely spiritual appearance, can ever become the dominant opinion in the church, or can convince and satisfy all minds. The end of all our inquiry here is a confession of our ignorance. We should all believe that Christ has arisen from the dead, and despoiled it of its power; but we cannot perfectly comprehend and explain it."

Theodore expressed the opinion that the resurrection of Christ might also be taken symbolically.

"So," replied the instructor, "you may regard, with propriety, any piece of history, the importance of which is wholly of a spiritual kind. But you ought not to deny the historic truth of this, for you would thus injure the faith of the church."

"Such is not my purpose," said Theodore. "I would only oppose in this way that false spirit of investigation into the historical facts, which might destroy, by its researches, the outlines of this sacred picture."

The instructor ended this conversation with this important remark — "We must make a distinction between that scientific truth which will give conviction to a highly-enlightened and practised thinker, and that truth which is the common property of the whole church, and a source of conviction to minds of the most various culture. A theologian who publishes opinions which have not this character of being adapted to bring universal conviction, shows, either that he is induced to do so by the pleasure he feels in his own discovery, or that he does not know upon what the church really rests. There is another consideration, which ought to limit the theological inquirer, besides that arising from

the differences of culture. He ought not to indulge the love of intellectual inquiry to any extent, but be careful that his knowledge remains in harmony with feeling. The religion, whose servant he is, consists chiefly in feeling; and it is the business of religious knowledge merely to keep it pure and transparent. The Christian, as such, finds himself in a peculiar condition of feeling, which has been determined by history. The community, to which he belongs, has caused Christ and his history to be to him the manifestation, the symbol, and the evidence, of eternal religious ideas. On this account, the Christian student should be careful not rashly to invade this sacred sanctuary."

CHAPTER XXII.

SCHOLASTIC THEOLOGY. SUPERNATURALISM AND RATIONALISM. PHILOSOPHY. INTERPRETATION OF SCRIPTURE. JEWISH IDEAS. MESSIAH. KINGDOM OF GOD. THE TRINITY. ARIANISM AND SABELLIANISM. DOCETISM. DEITY OF CHRIST.

THEODORE entertained many doubts concerning Christian doctrines, which he communicated to his friend the professor. But this gentleman would not converse with him, immediately, about them, but referred him to the study of the Bible and of ecclesiastical history.

"The disease which afflicts, and has long afflicted, our theology," said he, "is its *scholastic* character; that is, its confinement in precise notions of the intellect. Even our modern critical theology has not got free from this malady. All religion rests, as we admit, upon an original basis of feeling; and intellectual notions are merely means of communicating with other minds. Christianity is based upon an original view of life, which has a character limited and defined by historical events. The man who is ignorant of these, possesses only its shell. But most of us are introduced into Christianity, not by personally apprehending it, but by receiving notions about it from others. In progress of time, a certain religious system and religious language have been formed, to which almost every

century of the Christian church has contributed, and which contain the original kernel of spiritual life, though often hidden very deeply. Happy, then, may those be counted who receive these notions, and this phraseology, in faith and simplicity, not inquiring too deeply respecting them; for in their minds they will excite dim religious feelings. But alas for those who feel the need of independent thought, and yet do not possess the time and means, or have not a sufficiently penetrating intellect, or enlarged knowledge, to apprehend the original truth beneath the piled up mass of notions and phrases! They will only, by their inquiries, confuse their own minds, and those of others."

"The whole controversy between the Rationalists and Supernaturalists, as we call them, has arisen from the fact that neither party stands upon the true point from which Christianity should be contemplated. Both parties have clung fast to certain definite *notions*, and have deserted that central point of living *perception*, by which alone the essence of Christianity can be apprehended. All the doubts and errors which are produced by Christian doctrines in their received form, arise from this source. Theologians are unable to penetrate to the original truth which each doctrine contains for the human heart. Instead of this, they offer to the intellect a kind of food, often very unpalatable, and accordingly often rejected by it."

Theodore here interrupted him, and said, "I have taken this view myself, and frequently endeavored to extract from every doctrine the truth which it contains for the heart. But, generally, I find too much dead

material left, which I can do nothing with, and which is disagreeable to me."

"That arises," said the teacher, "from the fact that you do not adopt the method of historical investigation. The Christian system of doctrine has been developed historically, and ought to be so investigated. The living historical interpretation of Scripture is the only way by which we can attain to any certain truth."

"Do you, then, wholly exclude the use of philosophy?"

"By no means. On the contrary, I use it as a means of interpretation. But I do not mean by this any precise philosophical system, but only the clear and living feeling of truth. I mean that faculty which assigns to every manifestation of the human intellect its true place in the world of thought, and reduces it to its original form."

"Are you any better satisfied with the present mode of scriptural interpretation than with our treatment of doctrines?"

"Our interpreters, like our doctrinal teachers, are too much influenced by inherited notions, and too little acquainted with the genius of language, especially that of the New Testament. The New Testament contains much which is derived from former times, though, by its creative spirit, it has given to all of it a new character, and woven it into a new whole. Do not depend too much, I counsel you, upon our lexicons and commentaries, but endeavor to penetrate, by the power of your own mind, into the thoughts of the sacred writers."

Theodore asked for some clew to guide him, and the teacher continued: —

"The New Testament is almost every where based upon the representations, indications, and hopes which are peculiar to Judaism. A chief error of that modern style of interpretation which calls itself the grammatical-historical, appears to me to be this — that it does not rightly apprehend these references to Judaism. We think we have proceeded historically, when we have merely collected with care the opinions which we find in history, and put them in the form of precise notions. But the true historical mode of interpretation consists in explaining every intellectual manifestation by the help of the national character and of human nature. Every thing which belongs to the connection between Christianity and Judaism depends, at last, upon the expectation of the Messiah. In investigating the Jewish opinions upon this subject, much labor has been expended. But the most important consideration of all has been lost sight of; that is, that this hope was one which has its root in the nature of man. In our commentaries upon the Scripture, you find the meaning of the word *Messiah* explained; you find its origin accounted for; you find the gradual development of the ideas attached to it described. But the end of all this learned investigation is the conviction that this view of the Messiah originated in an enthusiasm peculiar to the Jewish mind. Then, in order to show that Jesus did not participate in this enthusiasm, we are obliged to suppose that he accommodated himself, from a motive of prudence, to this Jewish mode of thought. In fact, when we learn that, according to the ideas of the Jews and early Christians, the Messiah was to appear in the clouds of heaven, in

order to establish the kingdom of God, this seems to us to be a mere enthusiasm and delusion. But when we understand the connection between this representation and the hopes concerning the Messiah, this image loses much of its offensive character."

"But it has always seemed to me that there were many misapprehensions in these ideas. Later prophets have taken literally the expressions of the more ancient seers, and so error has been piled upon error."

"This is not altogether false; but, in the time of Christ the misapprehension had not gone so far but that the ancient images were correctly understood by very many persons."

"The idea of *redemption* — that is, of the victory of the spirit over the flesh, sin, and imperfection — has always seemed to me the kernel of these views. And in this I find, like yourself, a purely human idea."

"Perfectly correct. The Hebrew nation, in which the highest spiritual consciousness was very early developed, felt the impossibility of realizing perfection in their actual life, in which good and bad were in constant war, in which sin and repentance — a longing after good, and an inability to attain it — continually alternated and coexisted. This nation, therefore, more than any other, felt the need of a redemption; and the longing for it showed itself more clearly and forcibly in their minds than in any others. But in every nation, and in every individual, this longing must also exist, and ever display itself anew. It was natural that, in the Hebrew nation, this desire should express itself rather in ideas than in actions. Therefore it came to be more clearly conscious in their minds; and this had

an important bearing upon the origin of Christianity. But it also occasioned many misunderstandings. Their hopes were divorced from actual life, and took a fanatical direction; and when their fulfilment came in Jesus Christ, many did not receive him, and many, who did, regarded him in a wrong light."

"Commentators differ as to the way in which the expression *kingdom of God* is used in the New Testament. It seems to me that, in deciding the character of the hopes concerning the Messiah, every thing depends upon fixing the meaning of this phrase."

"They differ about its meaning, because they are unacquainted with history and with human life. The main part of this notion lies in the idea of a moral and spiritual community, manifesting itself in a church and a state. The Jews, whose church was intimately connected with the state, gave much importance to the political view of religion. Therefore their hopes respecting the Messiah took a political direction. As their nation had outlived its strength, and was too corrupt to attain to a better political condition, they hoped for a regeneration and redemption by a wonderful interposition of God. But every thing external comes from within, and the state has its root in the church. Therefore Christ desired to effect the spiritual regeneration of his own people, and also of all other nations, since, in the inner world of religion and morality, all national distinctions disappear. The kingdom of God which he brought was the universal prevalence of a human and spiritual communion. But this universal idea, however spiritually he might have apprehended it, must have appeared, to the Jews who believed in him,

wrapped, to a certain extent, in the garb of their national and narrow ideas. The conflict which now arose between the new, free, and living spirit, and the spirit of sensuality and custom, first showed itself in the opposition between those who believed in Christ and the adherents and officers of the old Jewish policy. The victory of the kingdom of God was first seen, therefore, in the downfall of unbelieving Jerusalem. So it happened that the judgment which journeys through all the ages, and which condemns to destruction all individuals and all nations who oppose themselves to the true and living spiritual communion, took its coloring from the destruction of Jerusalem. But he who cannot discriminate between the universal idea and that shape which it took in the particular point of view where the first Christians beheld it, will not be able to understand the doctrines of our church concerning THE LAST THINGS, as they are called. And this is the case, too, with nearly all Christian doctrines. Some bear the stamp of the age in which they originated, while others have received a color from later ages, as the doctrine of the Trinity and that of the Deity of Christ."

Theodore requested his teacher to explain to him his view concerning these doctrines, which he did as follows: —

"Before the time of Christ, the nations took two different directions, as regards their faith in God. Those whom we call heathen had fixed in images of significant and beautiful forms the separate thoughts and aspirations in which God revealed himself to them. Thus they peopled the heavens with a host of imaginary deities. The Jews, on the other hand, had risen to the

pure idea of a Supreme Being, and regarded every thing in nature and in history as the work of this one, living, and true God. But, with this spirituality of their faith, they felt the need of a more active operation and manifestation of God, and for his aid to deliver them in their need. There was a sad chasm between the pure idea in which they lived and the reality which surrounded them. The heathen nations went forward and attained greater knowledge of truth, and their gods came at last to appear to themselves as mere images, which they abandoned to the superstition of the people, or to the imagination of the artist. The Jews mocked at the gods of the nations as false gods; and though this people was so much despised, its religion, nevertheless, made a deep impression upon the minds of the heathen. Both these opposing tendencies were reconciled in the recognition of the manifestation and power of God in Christ, the pure and perfect man. In him the longing of the Jew after a divine, actual presence, was satisfied; and in him the heathen found their desire met, to find in God a resemblance to man, and at the same time attained the idea of one supreme God. But now the Christian church had to watch lest this faith in the incarnate God should suffer from Jewish monotheism, or from the polytheism of heathenism — the two dangers which threatened it. Then arose the controversy respecting Christ's relation to God — a controversy which, indeed, was not always carried on in a proper manner and with wisdom, but which, nevertheless, was on the whole correctly decided. For it was necessary, on the one hand, to guard against the ad-

mission of heathen mythology, and hold fast the idea of God's manifestation in the flesh; and, on the other, it was also necessary not to yield too much to monotheism, which would have been done by denying the deity of Christ, and by regarding him only as an ambassador of God, and his appearance as nothing but the effect or revelation of a divine power. Arianism, which makes of Christ the highest being in creation after God, and deprives him of his equality with God, evidently inclines to polytheism, and hurts the dignity of Christ as mediator of the most perfect revelation. If the faith in Christ as the fulness of the Godhead, — that is, as containing the divine wisdom and perfection, — was relinquished, then would Christianity lose the character of an imperishable religion. Besides this, the Arian hypothesis of the existence of an intermediate being between God and the world, — of a godlike *Logos*, — is only an hypothesis, or imagination, which cannot stand the severe scrutiny of truth. Whilst, on the contrary, we believe and say that God himself has appeared in Christ, we remain in the realm of personal feeling and experience, we say what every one's own heart likewise says, — that he was the wisest and most perfect of men."

"I have never regarded in this light the distinction between the Arian and orthodox doctrine. You believe, then, that, in this way, we shall at the same time preserve the purity of monotheism, and the highest dignity of the founder of our religion. But how is it with those other doctrines which the church has condemned? I mean Sabellianism and its kindred here-

sies, which recognize in Christ only an emanation or influence of God. I should suppose that these views meet the difficulty equally well."

"Monotheism, to be sure, is not injured by them; but it is not so with the highest dignity of Christianity and of its founder. For if Christ be regarded only as a mode of divine operation, — as a power put forth from God, and returning back again into God, — then Christianity ceases to be the perfection and fulfilment of all divine revelations, and is only *one* revelation. It is more perfect, indeed, than the rest, which are also revelations from God, but does not include them all in itself. Just so we might say — 'Christianity is the most perfect emanation of reason;' which would be saying not so much as this — 'Christianity is reason itself.' Moreover, the orthodox doctrine, which accepts a divine person in Christ, gives more of substance and fixedness to the faith in his deity; for person and essence are more than a mere power and operation. This doctrine is also more popular, and more easily apprehended."

"But is not the distinction of three persons and one being in the Godhead an unmeaning one?"

"As little as that similar proposition, which is a perfectly just one, namely, that God is *above* the world, and yet *in* the world. The God who is *in* the world is the same with him who is *above* the world, and yet he is different. I grant that the logical forms in which the church has expressed these relations in the Godhead are clumsy and insufficient; but they are the best we have which can be generally received. When you hear my lectures upon doctrinal theology, I will offer you

the views upon this subject which come from my philosophical system. But I am not vain enough to hope that they will be universally received."

"According to this view, you would also justify the discussions concerning the two natures in Christ."

"Certainly. Here are indicated the errors in the ultra natural or historic view, and the equally ultra miraculous or ideal view. According to the first, Christ is a mere man; according to the second, he is a mere God. The first view injures the dignity of his character; the second, the historic truth of his actual life. Whatever is historic and actual, must be found in human form and human relations. Christ must be our model, and his revelation the perfection of human culture. But for this end he must be in every respect truly and really a man. A merely apparent and spectral entrance of God into the world, would not have left any visible trace, and not have taken an actual place in history. Notwithstanding this, the view was entertained by some, that Christ had a body only in appearance, by which opinion they thought to preserve the divine nature from a contact with the sinful flesh."

"This error of the Docetæ, as it is called, lies close at hand; but it was soon abandoned by the Christian church. Afterwards there was a contention in the church about the relation of the human soul in Christ to the divine nature. I have never been able to discover the importance of this controversy. The elder church fathers, as I think, made no distinction between the soul of Christ and the Deity which dwelt in him. Is not this the simplest way of regarding the matter?"

"This is also a Docetic view, though a spiritual one. Human nature appears externally to us in a bodily form; but it has its fountain in the soul. He is no real man who shares only our bodily nature, but not our spiritual. The human soul is, like God, spiritual in its nature, but limited by sense, and finite. However perfect we may suppose it to be, it does not attain to the divine perfections. Consequently it is already in itself an impossibility that God, who is infinite, should occupy the place of the soul in a human being; for so he would be subject to sensual limitations, and cease to be infinite. But the most important consideration is this: — if Christ was not a real man, both outwardly and inwardly, then there was no historical truth in what he did for us. He would not be our brother, and consequently not our mediator and redeemer."

"That is very plain. But the difficulty always remains, to know how Christ, being a real man, in body and soul, could at the same time have been God."

"Certainly this problem has not been explained in a very skilful manner in the church catechisms and creeds, but yet they have at least pointed out the errors correctly. We are taught that the divine nature has been united with the human, and has completely penetrated it and filled it. The two are not mixed together, yet they are intimately united. For those who know how the eternal appears in the temporal, how we trace God in the world, and beauty in material things, it is not so difficult to explain this problem."

"I understand you perfectly, and have before this made the deity of Christ clear to my mind in this way. There is a ray of the divine light in every thing which

lives; but the everlasting sun first appears to us in the universal world in which all single rays are united together. So, too, does every man carry in himself the image of God. But the perfect brightness of the divine glory only appears in him who has united in himself all human perfections, and is, as it were, the universal man."

"Perfectly correct. The all-surpassing perfection of Christ fills, as it were, the chasm between Deity and humanity, between earth and heaven. Thus the Godhead descended to earth in him, and revealed itself in human form. The cold and irreligious intellect, which denies every thing out of the circle of its own experience, ridicules this doctrine; but the feelings of piety apprehend it in its deep and blissful truth."

CHAPTER XXIII.

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH. FAITH IN CHRIST. THE DOCTRINE OF ELECTION. THE MORAL SIGNIFICANCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

Our readers will remember that the difference between the views which Theodore had acquired at the university, and the earlier ones which he had received from his venerable friend the pastor, first appeared in his dislike to the doctrine of justification by faith, as the pastor explained it at a meeting for family devotion. Now, having begun to be reconciled again with the ancient faith, he was very anxious to have his doubts concerning this subject dissipated also. He succeeded in this, after having read anew several of the Epistles of Paul in the original language. His thoughts concerning the doctrine of justification were nearly as follows: —

When the apostle introduces this doctrine, it is in opposing the presumption of the Jews, who laid claim to the divine approbation, and wished to be justified before God, on the ground of having fulfilled their law. The Jew, who was a man formed by the law, looked upon justification as the chief thing. In this, for him, consisted piety and all religious joy; in this he sought for peace with God and his own conscience. The apostle, on the contrary, shows that the approbation of

God cannot be obtained by keeping the law, because to keep it perfectly is impossible. He argues that the law, instead of justification, only brings with it a sense of God's anger, a conviction of sin, and of the curse which attends sin. It was very evident to Theodore, that it was impossible for human weakness perfectly to keep the positive law. For to act according to a rule, whatever it may be, with unvarying consistency, demands a strength which shall never falter, and which can overcome all obstacles. Such a strength does not belong to the finite and weak will of man. Even when striving most sincerely to fulfil the law, our conscience will reproach us with one and another omission or transgression. Consequently, we cannot in this way attain to perfect repose of conscience, or perfect peace with God. The apostle represents faith in Christ as the only way to this highest aim of all pious effort. He asserts that this faith alone can *justify* us; adhering to the Jewish phraseology and mode of speech, which calls peace with God, and repose of conscience, *justification before God.* Theodore explained as follows the way in which faith in Christ *justifies* us, in this sense of the word.

Faith in Christ here stands for the unconditional and unwavering confidence that Christ is the perfectly pure and sinless man, or the Son of God; a confidence that in him human virtue has attained to perfection, that by him the will of God has been perfectly performed, and that by his death we have been freed from sin and reconciled to God. The mere sight of a man, of the same nature with ourselves, performing the whole duty which we have to do, in itself encourages us to en-

deavor to do the same. Our confidence in human power is increased whenever we see an extraordinary instance of power in another. We are both pleased and inspired with emulation by the sight of perfection in the performance of another. Now, Christ was not merely a perfectly holy man in himself; but he lived, suffered, labored, out of love for us, in order to draw us upward toward himself — in order to communicate to us his own perfection. Even while we only contemplate him as our teacher, who labors for our spiritual improvement, we thereby participate in his perfections, although we have not yet attained to them. For our relation to him, as our teacher, inspires us with confidence toward him, and in our own power of imitating him. His perfections are no longer foreign from us, but have, in a certain sense, become our own. Even though we find our moral actions and our moral condition on the whole imperfect, we yet retain this confidence, and so avoid the discouraging and enervating feeling of self-contempt or despair. But Christ was more than our teacher. He endured for us the most painful death. This death, and our confiding remembrance of it, is the thing which really justifies us, encourages and blesses us. Christ endured this death not only without being in the least guilty, but also with a constancy and an obedience toward his heavenly Father, by which he fulfilled the most difficult moral problem, and showed the most exalted human virtue. Upon this we ground our faith in Christ as the perfect man, or the God-man. But he suffered this death out of love to men, in order to rescue them from the power of sin. His love, therefore, being that of a

man like God in holiness, is an image and evidence of God's grace, upon which man, though fallen, may rest in confidence. Seeing, therefore, this love to us in Christ, and this grace of God in that love, the sight of the perfections of Christ enables us to share them; not, indeed, in reality, but in faith and hope. We have such a courageous hope given us of becoming like him, that we feel our power to improve increased by it. And, moreover, without the least reference to our actual progress in goodness, we become conscious of the divine approbation, and therefore calm, cheerful, and happy. And in this consists the essence of justification.

Theodore perceived that this doctrine was as necessary *now*, to oppose to a self-relying confidence in an external moral virtue, more or less refined, as it was in the apostles' time, to oppose to the Jews and to their justification by the works of the law. He found this false reliance upon outward actions especially in the moralists of the school of Kant, and in their views of life. They regard the moral law and its fulfilment as the highest thing. They are deficient in that humility which is supposed and encouraged by the doctrine of justification, which is an acknowledgment that the moral law has not been duly kept. They also want a reference to an all-surpassing and inaccessible perfection. And, lastly, they want the true and blessed repose of the conscience, which they have to supply by a presumptuous self-reliance.

Theodore also discovered a just and profound meaning in other of the ancient doctrines. He had formerly been much offended by the doctrine of predestina-

tion, especially in the form in which it appears in Calvin's system. But now he wondered why he should ever have felt so. "Can we deny," thought he, "that man is dependent upon destiny in every thing, and in his salvation no less than in other things? Whatever exists, exists through God's omnipotent will; and, consequently, all the varieties of moral condition exist by God's appointment. We cannot understand God's purpose in leading so many through what appears to us to be wicked and ruinous; and we must, confessing our ignorance, revere his wisdom. But thus much is clear, that, in this finite and imperfect world, every thing is divided into antagonisms, — into light and darkness, — and that it is our imperfect and weak nature which makes it possible for us to go the way of destruction. Let no one accuse God of having tempted him; he is led away by his own sinful lusts, and enticed."

According to his teacher's remark, our friend found the key to the understanding of Christianity and its doctrines, in their relation to the moral life of man, both in individuals and in human history. In Christianity he saw the perfect moral culture of the human soul, the victory of the spiritual over the natural — over the common, rude, and narrow features of life. Faith in the God-man exalts the soul to a pure self-reliance and self-consciousness. Christ becomes the archetype of truth and goodness, by the power of the spirit which dwells in him. Unapparent, despised, persecuted to the death, he at last beams forth to a believing world in a heavenly glory. His wisdom has none of the supports and recommendations of learning,

and yet it fosters and retains the confidence of the world; it shames all other wisdom, and it has given to us the loftiest principles of truth. Without power, and without followers in any number, he opposes the most powerful of his nation, and for the moment they conquer him. Yet his cause triumphs; his church grows, and soon fills the whole circuit of the earth. All this is a sign and an evidence of the overpowering might of soul in Christ, and of the living, spiritual power which he has bestowed upon man. In the love, universal and humane, which Christ introduced into the world, has the human soul wholly met itself, and entered into sweet and perfect concord with its own nature. Now no longer is any thing which belongs to the soul strange to it. It cannot misunderstand or despise any human being in whom is the breath of the spirit, nor any human worth or perfection. It will "prove all things, and hold fast that which is good." Accordingly, every thing in Christianity is humane; and, if we give the name of *moral* to that which shows us a pure human worth, Christianity is pure morality. All the doctrines of Christianity must be taken *morally*. I do not mean that they are merely moral precepts, and that these are the only tests of truth, as the moralists think. But they all relate to the spiritual perfection, purification, and transfiguration, of human nature. That very doctrine of justification, which supposes the insufficiency of all moral effort and action, forms the summit of the moral perfection of human nature.

Never would those unhappy contentions and differences about Christian doctrines have arisen, if they had been apprehended in their moral significance, and ap-

plied to the moral life. In this application is seen the unfruitfulness of the letter, of the mere notion, of system. The moral spirit, indeed, will strive always, in its own purity, after the purest knowledge. But love is greater than knowledge; and knowledge will always remain incomplete, especially in sacred things, in which there is so much that is incomprehensible.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THROUGH DARKNESS TO LIGHT. LETTER FROM HILDEGARD. ITALY. CORINNA. THEODORE AND OTTO SET OUT FOR ROME.

The more deeply Theodore penetrated into these views of Christianity, and the more strongly he adopted them, the more were his doubts dispelled, the stronger became his reawakened love for the clerical profession, and the greater his confidence that he should be able to fill this important office. It gave him, too, much satisfaction, that he could testify that he had come, through his pathway of doubt, to a higher degree of conviction than would have been possible, had he never doubted concerning the ancient faith of his childhood.

"If I had not rejected," he said, "that form of Christian faith which was first offered me, — which was the old traditional system, — I should hardly have attained to that degree of spiritual freedom, by which the essence and substance of faith are every thing, and the form and letter become of small account. I should not have looked freely into history and life, and found in them the importance and value of Christianity. Thus hast thou, O my kind Father in heaven, guided me wisely even here! Thou hast led me through darkness into light, as thou hast also led the whole race of man!"

He said this with joy and pious emotion, and his eye was full of the fire of inspiration. But the remembrance of Hildegard, and his longing for her with whom all the highest thoughts of his soul were associated, disturbed the cheerfulness of his mind. He was afraid lest he should be obliged to renounce her in choosing the profession of a clergyman.

"Ah!" he cried, "is not the feeling with which I regard your pious and pure soul, O Hildegard, the same which leads me to choose this noblest among the employments of men — to wish to labor in the Lord's vineyard? Must I, then, be subjected to the sad necessity of renouncing the one or the other? Would I not labor more happily with a heart made happy by love, than if it were bleeding with the deep wounds of renunciation?"

The image of Hildegard became more and more vivid every day in our friend's memory, as the time appointed for their reunion approached. Otto was only waiting for letters from his father and sister, to announce their arrival in Italy, in order immediately to begin his journey thither with his friend. These letters were delayed longer than was anticipated; and when at last one came from Hildegard, it announced a postponement, which even excited her brother's impatience, to say nothing of her ardent lover.

Hildegard, among other things, wrote in her letter as follows: "I do not know why I long for Italy with such a childish impatience. As much as I have to anticipate there; as much as nature, history, and art, have to offer me there; as much reason as I have to enjoy the prospect of reunion with yourself, dear

brother, and with your excellent friend, I yet find all this insufficient to explain the impatient beating of my heart, — which makes this place, before sufficiently unpleasant, now almost insufferable. Perhaps the cause is the unhappiness of my father, who is now very much dissatisfied with the state of his business, and who begins to feel that his employment is no longer to his taste. He hopes to meet with less that is troublesome and difficult in Rome than in this place, and desires very earnestly to find himself beneath the beautiful Italian sky. Our delay, however, gives us this advantage — that we visit Rome exactly in the mild season of the year, and shall not be compelled to run away from it to avoid the excessive heats of summer."

"We shall therefore meet each other again, dear Otto, on the shore of the Tiber, and among the ruins and monuments of the ancient and magnificent days of Rome. We shall live together among the creations of the spring time of Christian art. We shall exchange our thoughts and feelings; we shall excite, refresh, and improve each other, in the presence of the wonderful church of St. Peter, and amid the splendor of the festal pomp of our religion! Such a place should be visited only with our friends and those whom we love. In the eye of a friend, we see reflected all that is remarkable, great, and beautiful, with a more fresh and living radiance. When our heart is warmed by sympathy, our mind also becomes more active, and sees every thing more clearly and profoundly. Is not every thing in the realms of history and art, and even in nature, to be referred to the heart? When the Romans acted greatly, and created great works, they did it from their love for

their country. And what is love of country but love for fellow-citizens, friends, brothers, and those of our own family? what is it but love for our domestic hearth, and the altars of our Gods? Does it not contain in it all human love? and, after love to God, is it not the highest power of a loving heart? To me it has always been extremely painful to speak about works of art with men who only wish to display their learning, or to show their wit and acuteness. It is just as painful as it would be to see card-playing, or to hear trivial and common-place conversation, during the execution of the finest music."

Otto gave his friend this letter to read. He was deeply moved by it, particularly by the second passage which we have given. He therein recognized the whole fair soul of his love, that pious earnestness, with which she apprehended and contemplated every thing, and to which an imperturbable cheerfulness lent a graceful charm. About this time, he read Madame de Stael's Corinna, and found in it a confirmation of Hildegard's remark, that to visit Rome in the company of those we love, gives to it the most perfect charm and truest value. He approved the happy thought of the writer to describe Rome in this manner, and felt that both the conception and execution of the work did equal credit to her heart and her poetic talent. With the image of Hildegard in his mind, he followed the wanderings of Corinna and Oswald. Though he could not substitute one in the place of the other, since Hildegard would certainly have felt and thought very differently from Corinna in many respects, yet it was always *love* which added a value to the remarks of

the latter, and Theodore translated it all into the language of his own heart, and that of Hildegard. In the same mood he afterward read many other descriptions of Rome, and so formed in his mind a picture, which borrowed all its lights and colors from his love for Hildegard.

Amid these occupations, and in this frame of mind, he wrote the following stanzas, which Otto thought so full of meaning, and corresponding so well with the thoughts of his sister, that he sent them in a letter to her, notwithstanding Theodore's repugnance:

"Look at these statues by night, illumed by the glow of the torches;
Sharper appears each form, the marble filled with strange life.
So look at each work of art mid the sacred shades of devotion,
While Love stands at our side, holding the torch in his hand."

Finally, after some months, Hildegard wrote that her father had almost finished his business, and that in a few weeks they would be ready to begin their journey. Theodore and Otto then determined to set out immediately; and, in order not to reach Rome too soon, they proposed to stay longer in the northern part of Italy.

CHAPTER XXV.

FREYBURG MINSTER. THE INTERIOR. VIEW FROM THE TOWER. MODERN CHURCH ARCHITECTURE. THE GENIUS OF PROTESTANT ARCHITECTURE. THE CIRCLE, OR ELLIPSE, THE TRUE FORM OF A CHURCH.

Our travellers passed through Freyburg, on their way to Brisgow; and they enjoyed a high gratification in looking at the beautiful Freyburg Minster.

Since Theodore had seen the Strasburg Cathedral, and had his attention attracted by it to the significance and spirit of the Gothic architecture, he was much more interested in such buildings than before. The Freyburg Cathedral especially interested him, however, since it was also built by Erwin von Steinbach.

Retaining in his soul the rich and large impression of that first creation of Erwin, Theodore was at first a little disappointed by the Freyburg Minster. Its spire is not only smaller than that of Strasburg, but it has not the same affluence of statuary and carving, and the surfaces are left too empty. Our friend justly thought it one of the chief peculiarities of Gothic architecture, that it does not attain order and clearness by sacrificing fulness and variety, but that exuberance of details is in harmony with justness of proportion. Greek architecture delights in empty surfaces, because intellectual perspicuity belongs to its character. The Gothic, on

the contrary, avoids emptiness, shuns excessive light, and seeks richness and variety, because a warm and glowing enthusiasm is one of its peculiarities. On the other hand, Theodore found the Freyburg *spire* very beautiful, almost more so than that of Strasburg. In the latter the lines are nearly all perpendicular, and not running into each other, as in the former, which is broken by highly-ornamented volutes, which resemble enormous flowers. The Freyburg tower has this advantage also over its larger and more majestic brother — that it is completely finished, and makes a very beautiful group with the two smaller towers which stand over the nave of the church.

Theodore was sorry not to find, on entering the church, the beautiful Strasburg gateway. The arrangement of the Freyburg entrance is peculiar, as the gateway is inserted in a porch, so as to afford the beholder a better opportunity of studying its carvings. In order to occupy him longer, and give him further opportunity to collect himself, the walls of this porch are decorated with a number of pictures, representing the virtues and vices. But our friends were neither pleased with the paintings, which, indeed, are much faded, nor with the somewhat rude carvings, nor, in short, with the gateway as a whole, which affords no satisfactory view, especially when looked at from without, and from a distance.

They entered the church, and were much surprised by the lofty beauty of this temple, which is built in the purest Gothic style, and from which they had not expected any thing extraordinary. The warder urged them to ascend the tower, which was soon to be closed,

and they were obliged to desist from looking at the church. The steps, by which they ascended to the great bow-windows, are of wood, and placed within. A stone winding stairway leads up from this point. But the summit of the spire is not to be reached except by climbing, in which way the stone-masons ascend every year. Our travellers stood above upon the gallery, and enjoyed the delightful view of the surrounding region. The view from the Strasburg spire extends to a great distance, and the eye rests, in the first place, upon the great masses of buildings in the city. But here the eye reposes immediately upon the most lovely resting-place. A fruitful, smiling plain surrounds the city on the north and west, in which, in front, the high imperial palace rises, and which is enclosed with mountains on the side and behind. The great mountain of Bogesen, veiled in a blue mist, shuts in the distant horizon on the west. In this delightful region, this garden of God, the beautiful spire rises like a sentinel, placed here to contemplate and admire the beauties of nature. Christian piety seems here to have allied itself with the worship which nature pays to the Deity. God's two revelations in nature and in history are displayed together before the eye of the pious spectator, and he feels that it is the same divine goodness which created nature, and which sent Christ to redeem a sinful world.

Theodore and Otto now descended again, in order to look once more at the interior of the church. What a noble image of the perfect, of sacred and calm greatness! Two circles of slender and tall columns support the vast dome, which renews itself behind, in the choir, in a lofty cupola. It is a true temple of devotion,

where the soul is lifted above itself, and where the spirit is admonished to reflection and self-communion. In the Strasburg dome, we found fault with its too great breadth. In this, the justest proportions satisfy the eye. There, there is a diversity of style; here, every thing is in the most perfect harmony. In the windows are the most beautifully-painted lights, though it is to be regretted that there is no window over the entrance. There are two fine altar-pieces, painted by Baldung Grün and Hans Holbein — both of them executed in fine old German style, full of nature, and of a noble, pious simplicity, and rich and expressive in their grouping. Other paintings and monuments also engaged the attention of our spectators till it was near sundown, and they were obliged to leave the church, for they wished to ascend the hill on which the castle stood. Once again they received the impression of the whole, and stamped its lofty image deeply into their souls, and then they went away.

The sun was just sinking behind the Bogese Mountain, when they arrived at the summit of the castle hill. A soft vapor spread over the plain. The hills were still illuminated by the evening glow, which poured warmly over the summit of the Bogese. The spire arose in calmness and grandeur — an image of devout prayer — into the evening sky. The sunset burned in gold among the flowery carving at its point, like a glory around the brow of rapt devotion. Theodore was strangely moved; his soul ascended to God in earnest thought of the office he intended to assume, and with the vow to be faithful to it. Without disturbing him in his devotion, the memory of Hildegard mingled with it.

rather increasing its elevation and its warmth. His spirit flew toward her across the golden mountains into the distant mist. Happy is the pure heart, in which love to God mingles with earthly love harmoniously, and which knows not the dreadful conflict between heaven and earth — a conflict which it has surmounted or never experienced; for only the impure find impurities in God's world, and only inward discords introduce them where there ought always to be a perfect harmony.

Returning toward the city, Otto directed the conversation to church architecture. "In your beautiful essay upon the Strasburg Minster," said he, "you have discovered the origin of this style of architecture in the spirit of Christianity; but at the end you have hinted that there may arise, in the Evangelical church, some new and peculiar style. But as yet Protestantism has not exerted any advantageous influence upon church architecture. I am inclined to think that we have already attained to the most perfect form, and that it is by no means advisable to leave it." He went on to blame very decidedly a modern Protestant church, which he had seen in a residence in South Germany, and which, in its style of architecture, appeared to float between a Greek temple and a modern theatre.

"The old Gothic architecture," said Theodore, "may be, indeed, considered perfect as regards the aim of the Catholic worship. But I expect something yet better for the Evangelic worship. Where the high altar, and the celebration of mass, make the central point of the worship of God, the oblong shape, or that of the cross, answers very well; and where, besides this, there are a

multitude of secondary altars for the saints, there must be, outside the columns, another church on each side, to which those may go who place peculiar confidence in the intercession of particular saints, to whom they wish to pay their devotions."

"Then I suppose you would like to have the Evangelical churches built with reference to preaching, which with us is quite a secondary affair, and which is generally listened to by only a part of our congregations. But so you will have churches which will be as prosaic as your mode of worship. They will be merely lecture-rooms, not churches."

"The idea of a worshipping assembly, united in love and harmony, animated by listening to an inspired harangue, and breathing forth their feelings in holy songs, is indeed not so prosaic as you think. There is nothing more inspiring than the sight of a great assembly."

"That is true. I once saw a large army from the top of a hill, and felt myself strongly moved by the sight. And I have read that the sight of the old amphitheatre at Verona, filled with people, surpasses all that can be imagined in sublimity."

"This impression is increased by the motion of the multitude, by their murmurs and their cries; but how much more by the sacred song in which they unite their voices! In a devout Christian assembly we see realized, and visible, the idea of a Christian community. Christ desired to found a community united in a common spirit, both in life and in worship. But Catholicism neglects this Christian communion, for the sake of its worship and its ritual. Its tendency is too much to separate and individualize. Onesided, too, though

more spiritual, is the view of the Reformed confession, which postpones the ritual and all its ornaments to the community and its public worship. The best way will be to unite the two advantages, and to build our churches in such a manner that they will answer the purpose of a Christian assembly, and at the same time correspond in themselves to the idea of beauty."

"You would, then, require the form of an amphitheatre."

"Certainly a form which will make it possible for all to have in their eye, not only the preacher, but also the whole body of assembled Christians, and enjoy this most inspiring sight. And beauty will also be united with this utility. A building of an oval form, running into a lofty vault at top, would not only be a suitable place for assembling together, but would also by itself produce the effect of a great assembly, and express the idea of a high and sacred harmony."

"This would be returning to the architecture of the Roman Pantheon."

"Not wholly. I would not admit the perfect circle, nor the Greek arrangement of columns. I would adhere, so far as was practicable for this end, to the fundamental forms of Gothic architecture. O that I might live to see the power of a new religious enthusiasm poured out upon our nation, which should give it the desire and love, the power and perseverance, to accomplish such works of sacred architecture! But I fear that the time in which such a spirit might have been excited in the German nation has been suffered to pass by unused."[1]

[1] See Note F.

THEODORE

PART SECOND.

BOOK SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

MEETING OF OTTO AND THEODORE WITH HILDEGARD. THEODORE CONFESSES HIS LOVE TO HILDEGARD. CLASSIC AND ROMANTIC SCHOOLS OF ART. GREEK AND CHRISTIAN TASTE IN ART.

THEODORE and Otto had visited many cities of Tuscany and Northern Italy, and staid there longer than they intended, because it took more time to examine their curiosities than they had anticipated. They hastened impatiently to Rome, where they alighted at the house of the elder Schönfels. A servant, who was well known to them, received them; and his appearance showed before he spoke that his master had arrived. He informed them that the elder Schönfels was not in, but that Hildegard was in her room. Otto wished to surprise her, and hastened up stairs with Theodore, without being announced.

They entered an antechamber, and Hildegard came toward them from the open door of her room. What a joyful surprise appeared in her looks and gestures! Her face flushed with color as her eye fell upon Theodore. She ran toward her brother with open arms, and fell upon his neck. Afterward she offered her hand to Theodore, which he kissed tenderly.

Inquiries and explanations were now mutually given respecting their previous journeys and course of life.

In all which Hildegard said to Theodore, appeared the most profound interest and warmest sympathy. He himself was intoxicated with the joy of meeting her again, and hung upon her looks with rapture.

Otto soon left them, professedly in order to find his father, but in fact to give his friend, whose feelings he knew well, an opportunity of conversing with his sister alone.

When he had gone out, Hildegard inquired of Theodore about his studies, and those of Otto, and asked him whether he had finally made up his mind concerning his profession.

Our friend was somewhat disturbed and confused while giving an account of the results of his studies, and concluded by earnestly declaring that he had conquered all his doubts, and had determined to become a clergyman.

During this conversation, he had looked at her from time to time, and she seemed to him always to maintain her usual equanimity, which she lost only for a moment when they first met. Her composure increased his confusion; but when she applauded his determination, and wished him joy of it, he could no longer repress his feelings. He fell at her feet, clasped her hand, and cried, "But, Hildegard, I can only live with you; I can only perform these duties with you. Decide my fate. With you are life, strength, and joy in my occupation; but without you there is only death!"

With a look in which was mingled indescribably the sweet confusion of a tender girl with the earnestness of a great and firm character, Hildegard said, "Dear Theodore, arise. I pray you, be composed, and leave me."

"I cannot leave you," cried Theodore, pressing her hand to his burning lips, "till you tell me if you love me, and whether you will be mine, or not."

"My dear, dear friend," said she, with an infinitely tender tone, "I am your true friend; be satisfied with that." At these words, a pain fell upon Theodore, which took possession of his whole being with terrible power. He still held the hand of Hildegard to his lips; his head rested on her arm, and he appeared losing his consciousness.

Then Hildegard heard the servant in the antechamber, and said, "Some one is coming." Theodore started from his stupefaction, and arose.

The servant announced two gentlemen, who had come to tea. They entered, and Theodore recognized in one of them his old college companion, Sebald, who now resided in Rome, practising his profession as a painter. Hildegard and her father were accustomed to receive, every evening, the visits of many German artists and scholars who resided in Rome. The two who now entered were of this number, and before long several others also came in.

Theodore excused himself for a few minutes, in order to change his travelling dress; he also wished to be alone, that he might recover his composure. It cost him some trouble to regain his self-possession. He reproached himself with having acted rashly, and without reflection; and he was no less pained by the fear that Hildegard did not love him. Visibly embarrassed and out of spirits, he returned to the company, where he found Sebald in the midst of an animated conversation. He was arguing with one of his brother artists

about true taste in painting, concerning which they each expressed exactly opposite principles. For there were at that time in Rome two schools, or parties, among the artists — a Christian romantic and a Greek classic. The latter made the study and imitation of Greek art their only hope; the others labored to possess themselves of the true Christian spirit, despised ancient art as heathenish, made the expression of a simple and humble faith the chief thing, and recommended the imitation of the old German and Italian painters. They even considered Raphael himself as too much of a heathen, because he prized form and beauty too highly. Sebald belonged to the last school, and his opponent to the former.

The defender of the Greeks said, "The archetype of beauty is one, and belongs to all nations and times. The ancients have come nearest to this archetype by their peculiar gift of conception and expression, and we ought to imitate them if we wish to produce the beautiful."

Sebald answered, "The Greeks, who were wanting in faith, were only acquainted with outward beauty, and sought in vain to detain the Highest in outlines and forms. The Christian strives after the archetype of spiritual beauty in faith, hope, and love. To him the outward form matters but little; for in an unlovely face may be painted these Christian graces."

"Whatever may be painted belongs to the outward form; and whatever belongs to this, can please us only by possessing an outward beauty."

"External beauty, in its perfection," replied Sebald, "does not attain to the fulness of spiritual beauty. All

your regular antique heads have a certain spiritual emptiness, or a trace of earthly pride and self-reliance. A Christian believer, whose soul is directed toward heaven, is contented to dwell in a body emaciated by fasts and penances." As he thus spoke, several of the company looked at each other, and smiled, for Sebald looked like any thing but a Christian ascetic. He noticed it, but, without being disturbed, thus proceeded: —"And so, too, he despises external beauty. As God has chosen the foolishness of this world to bring to nought the wisdom of the world, so he has also chosen insignificant and simple forms through which to reveal true beauty."

"In this way you would object to all plastic art; and you may be right in thinking that Christianity does not favor it. For myself, therefore, I take refuge in ancient art, where beauty was in its blossom, and the divine revealed itself in form. Christians may think and practise, for thought is their world; but they should leave painting and sculpture to the Greeks."

"I think," interposed Hildegard, "that both of you, in your controversial rigor, contradict the masterpieces of Christian painting. Does not Raphael's pencil approach the antique style? and yet have not his heads, especially the female, the purest expression of Christian humility and devotion?"

"He is very much indebted to the ancients," replied the friend of the Greeks.

"Raphael's heads are beautiful," said Sebald, "but the expression in those of the old German and Italian painters is more simple and pious."

"Theodore remarked — "Raphael's Mary, in the

picture of the marriage at Milan, has as much child-like simplicity as any old German picture; and yet she is of wonderful beauty."

"What I particularly blame in Raphael," added Sebald, "are the graceful folds of his drapery, the beauty of attitude, the ornamental arrangement of the hair, and in general the earthly splendor which is spread over the whole, which is repugnant to Christian humility and heavenly-mindedness."

"There is something true in what Sebald says," replied a German scholar. "When I was in Dresden, the Madonna of Holbein interested me more, for a time, than that of Raphael, till I at last found that the one picture, by its high truth, appeals more to the heart, and is, so to speak, more human; but that the other, in its wonderful perfection, arrests the whole soul, and is truly divine."

"There is something also true," said Theodore, "even in the *principles* of my friend Sebald."

"Right, my friend," said Hildegard; "become the mediator between these two combatants. I have always found you very mild and just in your judgment, even respecting our church."

"In truth, my lady," replied Sebald, "I would not, and ought not, to submit to the judgment of a Protestant, in a matter which can only be correctly decided by a Catholic. But we will hear him."

Theodore looked at him with surprise, perceiving by this that Sebald had become a proselyte to the Catholic religion.

He was only prevented by respect for the company from asking him to explain distinctly the causes of this

step, and from expressing his dissatisfaction with it. He collected himself, and replied, —

"I will decide as a Christian, in the Christian spirit, so far as I possess it; and if the Catholics wish to be Christians, they will, I hope, be satisfied with my decision. I do not think, with our Greek-loving friend, that the Greeks have comprehended and expressed the highest archetype of beauty. If it be true that human nature first became morally perfect in Christianity, — that the perfect man first appeared in Jesus, — it follows that the highest idea of beauty was first revealed in Christianity; for the beautiful and the moral are essentially the same. But our Greek-loving friend is right in thinking that all beauty can be *expressed*, and also in regarding outward beauty as the only object of the fine arts. And friend Sebald is wrong in thinking that spiritual beauty despises outward grace of feature, gesture, and drapery."

Sebald looked as if he wished to interrupt him, but Hildegard nodded to him to be silent, and Theodore continued, —

"The ideal of Christian beauty, of which my friend has spoken, is by no means that of the highest Christian beauty, since it is not free from antagonism and limitation. The highest beauty appears when there is a perfect unity of spirit and body; when the spirit has attained to perfection; when innocence has been united with knowledge, simplicity with fulness and splendor, humility with courage, seriousness with cheerfulness. The old painters represented in their pictures innocence, simplicity, and humility. And so they deeply move and edify us, while they remind us of these vir-

tues, which we have almost wholly lost. But this impression is more of a moral than an artistic kind. It does not raise us above the war between that which is *not*, and that which ought to be. It does not give us the feeling of perfection and complete attainment."

Many, and among them Hildegard, showed that they were pleased with our friend's opinions.

"A soul," he continued, "may be very pure, pious, and amiable; but if it does not completely rule the body, — if the deportment and gesture have been neglected, — if in the motions we do not see a free power gracefully and harmoniously displaying itself, — we have not yet attained the Perfect. Exactly so is it with the beauty of feature and of figure. In these, man can do nothing for himself. He must be satisfied to be as nature made him. But the painter should not copy the imperfections of nature; he should give to the fair soul a fair body. For do you not believe that spiritual beauty can appear in corporeal beauty?"

"I will not wholly deny it," answered one of the younger of the company; "but, generally, the regularly beautiful faces, especially those of men, are deficient in expression and spirit. On the other hand, those whose features are irregular, are often attractive and full of intelligence. This seems to confirm the remark before made, — that the Greek heads which are regularly beautiful, are also spiritually empty and unmeaning."

"It may be," replied Theodore, "that the productive powers of nature cannot always produce at the same time spiritual and bodily perfection. As regards the Grecian heads, I may be permitted, not being an artist, but a lay brother, to indulge the heresy of think-

ing that the usual Greek profile has something in it uniform and cold. Yet statuary cannot possess the variety and warmth which painting, even in copying an original, may attain by its colors, and its effect on the eye. It particularly possesses the power of representing spiritual beauty; and for this reason painting is justly considered a peculiarly Christian art."

"I think," said the lover of the Greeks, "that you will agree with me in my great dislike to the last work of our painter N., in which he has wholly copied the style of John von Eyk. It is the same disagreeable kind of affectation as when an old maid of fifty years imitates the manners of a *naïve* girl of sixteen."

"And yet I believe," answered Theodore, "that this return to the simplicity of olden times, though it may be somewhat forced and artificial, is more beneficial for our taste than the theatrical and strained manner of the French school."

The entrance of the elder Schönfels interrupted the conversation. He received our Theodore with a truly parental warmth, which contributed very much to restore his cheerfulness and composure. The attention with which Hildegard distinguished him in the general conversation had fallen like soft balm upon the wounds of his heart. He left the company composed, at least, if not perfectly at peace.

CHAPTER II.

THEODORE CONVERSES WITH SEBALD CONCERNING HIS CHANGE OF RELIGION. WHAT IS A CHURCH? TRUE CHRISTIAN COMMUNION. THE MASS. THEODORE ATTENDS CATHOLIC WORSHIP; MEETS HILDEGARD THERE.

The next day, Theodore visited Sebald; for he was curious to learn whether he had actually gone over to the Catholic church. He found him kneeling before a crucifix and a death's head, and was about to depart, in order not to disturb him; but Sebald arose, and asked him to stay. "I have not, then, been mistaken in my conjecture," said Theodore; "you have left our church."

"I have left it," answered he, "because it was not a church, and I wish to belong to one."

"Do you not consider the Evangelic church to be a church? Is your reason that it has no visible head and no hierarchy?"

"In part it certainly is, but mainly because it is deficient in universality and objectivity, and consequently in ritual, art, sacraments, and mythology, and, in short, every thing which belongs to a church."

"You have said a great deal in those few words. Let us look at it more exactly. What do you understand by a church?"

"The objective manifestation, or the actual side of religion."

"That is a very vague statement. On the other hand, hear mine. The word *church*, which is of Greek origin, indicates particularly the building in which public worship is held, and should not be used to express the idea which we are seeking. Christ founded a community — *ecclesia* — not a church. The name *church* was first applied to the Christian community at the time when it was only to be found *in the building*, and not out of it, in active life; and this indicates the false meaning of the term."

"O, spare me your biblical references. That is the way with you Protestants. You are always going back to the beginning of Christianity, and forget that it was out of that beginning that the more perfect form has been unfolded."

"If you believe in the Christian revelation, you must look to it for the fundamental ideas and rules for every thing. Let us, therefore, keep to the word and notion of a community. It is clear that its essence must consist in communion; and this communion is nothing but the moral and religious communion of Christians with Christ and with one another, in which they are held together by faith and love. And now I ask you whether we Protestants cannot form a Christian community; since we believe in Christ, and labor for an active life of love."

"If you take the church so, then all the sects — the Quakers, Mennonites — or whatever else they may be called, all have a church, too."

"Yes, but not of the right kind, because they all

aim at singularity and onesidedness. According to their principles, there could not be a general Christian church, because it is inconsistent with the existence of the state. And with them the inward direction so predominates, that it is impossible to have any fixed, external form of a church. Thus, too, they have no theology, nor any regular mode of worship. But you cannot bring these objections against our church."

"I think I can, at least one of them. Does not, with you, the inward direction also predominate? Do you not allow to every individual freedom of opinion?"

"We do not repress freedom of opinion, but we subject it to a rule,—that of Scripture,—by which we are united to the universal church. So, too, we do not wholly reject historical tradition and ancient laudable usages, as, for example, that of infant baptism."

"Let every thing else be as it may, I can only find in the Catholic church a mode of worship which at once elevates the heart and satisfies the imagination. It alone favors art, and offers it worthy subjects."

"The Catholic mode of worship does, indeed, appeal *too* much to the fancy and the senses. Whether it thus can satisfy a true taste, is another question. Where there are not moral ideas at the bottom,—where the free power of the soul does not appear,—the taste can never be satisfied. And where, in the Catholic worship, are these moral ideas? where is this moral power? Every thing refers to the senses; every thing flatters spiritual indolence. Take, as an example, the mass. How is the original idea of the sacrifice of Christ distorted and obscured by it!"

"Do you call a symbolic representation distortion?"

"If the mass is a symbol of the sacrifice of Jesus, I do not know what a symbol is. I only recognize that for the symbol of a thing which is the thing itself, though in a lower form, or in its outward manifestation. For example, the chrysalis, unfolding into a butterfly, is a symbol of the resurrection, or of immortality, because this change *is*, in fact, a resurrection — only of a bodily and earthly kind. But the change of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ is a mere invention, and their sacrifice another. The symbol of bread and wine in the mass is in no respect the same with the body and blood of Christ. It is different in our sacrament, which, being enjoyed in living communion, is not only an image of Christ, — the Bread of life, — but is the very thing. It *is* the bread of life."

Sebald seemed vexed by this remark, and Theodore therefore broke off the conversation, and took his leave. In returning, he passed by a church where public worship was performing, and he entered. They were reading the mass; and, as he had not been present at one for a long time, he remained, and came nearer. He looked around, and saw Hildegard, whose devout look was turned toward the altar. She also noticed him, and her attention was disturbed for a moment; but she collected herself again immediately, especially as Theodore looked away from her, in order not to disturb her, and only occasionally turned toward her a side glance. How lovely was her devotion! He thought of the moment when he first saw her, and sadness took possession of his heart. Alas! he had scarcely come nearer to her since, and now was more hopeless than ever. His observations on the mass confirmed

the dislike to this usage which he had just expressed. With a kind of jealousy he saw the loved one of his heart moved to devotion where he himself was only offended and hurt; and he determined soon to speak with her concerning it. "She must, nevertheless," thought he, "find in the mass something to excite and nourish her pious feeling; for *her* devotion is certainly not a mere outward form. If it were, how could there be this depth to her eye?"

Since the difference of religious faith seemed to be one of the obstacles to his happiness, — for on the whole he could scarcely doubt of Hildegard's love, in his quiet moments, — it was the more painful to see her, with whom he agreed so much in other things, holding a different faith. A dim and obscure desire came over him to bring her over to his own faith and church.

CHAPTER III.

THEODORE CONVERSES WITH HILDEGARD ABOUT THE MASS. CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT WORSHIP.

HILDEGARD herself favored our friend's purpose, by saying to him, the next time they met, — "I am curious to learn what impression our Catholic ceremonies make upon you here in Rome, in our mother-church. I saw you to-day at the mass."

Theodore answered — "You have always thought me candid and impartial in my opinions about the Catholic church. You will therefore pardon me if I confess to you that I feel reluctant even to be present at the mass."

Not the slightest symptom of vexation appeared in Hildegard's face. She only quietly asked him, "And why?"

He replied — "The meaning of the mass is this: — Christ, who, for our sakes, became flesh and blood, and offered himself as a sacrifice for us in his death, takes flesh and blood again, in the transubstantiation of the host, by the efficacy of the priest's blessing, and is offered by the priest again as a sacrifice."

"Just so," said Hildegard, "has it been explained to me, and so I regard the action. When the little bell which announces the change of the host is sounded, an awe comes over me at the thought that God has con-

descended to assume human nature, and that he continues so to condescend, and I fall in reverence on my knees. It is as if a ray of the light of heaven suddenly broke across the darkness of earth. It is the ray of divine grace, which illuminates our night of sin."

She said this with a truth of expression by which Theodore was much moved. He nearly lost his self-possession and the thread of his argument, and trembled in attacking a usage which had such a religious influence on the devout soul of her whom he loved. But she herself urged him to go on, and asked, "What are your objections to this practice?"

He continued — "The incarnation and sacrifice of Christ, having happened once in history, are enough for all time. We now need no longer any daily sacrifice, as the Jews and heathen once did. Christ's sacrifice, to be sure, ought to be repeated, not only in the contemplation of believers, but also in their lives. We ought to die with him, and rise again with him, by renouncing the world and its lusts, and by beginning a new life in faith and love. We should do this every moment, in our own hearts, and also in our communion with our fellow-Christians at the Lord's supper. There, while partaking the bread and wine, we enjoy the living presence of Christ. Christ, entering into the hearts of his believers, becomes again a man, and again dies for sin in their purified hearts. But the Lord's supper has been changed into the mass, in which the communion in partaking the bread and wine, which is *the very essence* of the rite, is omitted. In its place, we have the solitary enjoyment of it by the priest. A dead and cold pageant has taken the place of the vital and inward act,

which should be represented outwardly by the communion of believers. And, in this pageant, the priest — often a very unworthy person — makes himself the mediator between Christ and his church. That which happened once for all, is constantly repeated, and Christians are degraded again to the need of a daily sacrifice for sin. Add to this the gross idea of an actual change of the host, and the idolatry which is practised in worshipping it, and you will find a good reason for my opposition to this ceremony."

Hildegard appeared thoughtful. "Is not," said she, "the principal reason of your dislike to the mass, its being varied from the original form of the Lord's supper? You are too critical in your view of it, and lay too much stress upon an historical comparison of what is with what was originally. I, on the other hand, keep to what is offered me, and I find in it the exact idea which you have been describing."

"Have you," asked Theodore, emphatically, "always actually found this idea in the mass?"

"Not so distinctly," answered she, slightly coloring, "as you describe it. But I believe that it can be found there."

"It can be put into it," said he, "when we know the origin of the rite. But it nowise expresses it. And any external ceremony, which does not make its meaning clear, is not only without an object, but tends to promote superstition. How many Catholics believe that atonement is made for their sins by the priest in the mass, while they themselves look on without thought or feeling? Quite another thing is the Lord's supper,

which is not merely an emblem or representation, but is itself the very act of communion."

Otto, who had entered during this conversation, said, "We also have the Lord's supper; but, since all cannot always participate in this rite, it is well to have a visible emblem of it in the mass. Then we are reminded, by every act of public worship, of the highest mystery of Christianity. Protestantism is defective in not having such a sacred and supreme act in its form of worship. You have to be satisfied with preaching, which seldom does more than weary and freeze you."

"It seems to me," replied Theodore, "that the mystery of the death of Jesus is only desecrated by this emblematic — or, as the Catholic church regards it, actual — repetition. What is sacred should not be made too common and visible; it ought to rest in the heart, as its temple. This is the precise fault of the Catholic church — that it makes the inward too outward, and by this means tends to increase the sluggishness of mankind. It is found much easier to look at a thing with our eyes, than to understand it with our mind."

"And the fault of your church," said Otto, "is to regard every thing too inwardly. Hence you are deficient in outward incitements to devotion, and you lose what is social and public in divine worship."

"Can there be any better incitement to devotion than prayer and singing? and is not this public and social? We utter outwardly together the words of devotion, and inwardly they are repeated in the heart."

"It is true," said Hildegard, "that I once was much

moved by the worship of a Protestant church. It was in Zurich, where the music is sung in four parts, without any organ accompaniment, and therefore more harmoniously and correctly than elsewhere. The church was all assembled at the commencement of the worship, and therefore no one disturbed them by coming in late. Two verses were sung; then the preacher pronounced the prayer with expression and solemnity; then followed a very fine sermon, which ended with a prayer; then two more verses were sung; and the benediction concluded this simple form of worship. The most profound devotion and attention prevailed. The heart and soul found food and elevation in the singing, the prayer, and the preaching; and the whole service made a profound impression upon my mind."

Theodore, as she thus spoke, looked at her with joy sparkling in his eyes.

"I," said Otto, "have no such experience to relate. I often attended worship in Saxony, but was always very much wearied by it. The sermons were dry essays, and the singing was both very long and very tiresome."

"It is the fault of the Lutheran church to have too much singing in its service," said Theodore. "By its excessive length, the hymn loses its power to elevate our heart; for, as it is very simple, it has no variety to stimulate the attention."

"But," said Otto, "when your preaching is bad, the very marrow of your service is gone. A bad sermon will make even the singing and prayers powerless. But we can do very well with the worst priest; for he performs mass as well as the best."

"O, no, dear brother! I do not think so," said Hildegard. "I always feel disturbed by the sight of a priest whose character is bad, or whose face expresses coarseness and vulgarity."

"And, in the Catholic church, the priest ranks so high!" added Theodore. "He appears as authorized to perform the sacred mysteries; he produces by his words the miraculous change of the elements; and to him alone it is permitted to taste the blood of the Savior. A Catholic priest ought to be the worthiest and purest of men; and yet he is often the exact opposite."

CHAPTER IV.

INCLINATION AND DUTY. LOVE AND DESIRE. ROME AND ITS WORKS OF ART. HEATHENISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

After such an unsuccessful confession as that which our friend had made of his love to Hildegard, many others would have certainly broken off the connection, and have relinquished the society of their mistress. But Theodore was prevented from this by the kindness and the friendship with which Hildegard treated him, no less than by his attachment to her brother.

Hildegard suffered more than was apparent from this disturbance in the course of her friendship for Theodore, which had hitherto been so pure and serene. It gave her much pain to be obliged to wound the feelings of a youth to whom she was so sincerely attached. She made use of the next opportunity to let him understand still more clearly, that her duty to her father prevented her from following the inclination of her heart.

One evening, the conversation turned upon a novel, at that time very popular, in which was described the passionate love of a maiden for a young man — a love which was opposed by many obstacles. Hildegard declared that such a passion seemed to her neither beautiful nor natural, and that such a conflict between inclination and duty could occur only in a very unrefined or a very depraved heart.

"But," said Otto, "in the case of this heroine, no such conflict occurs. She obeys the stern will of her father, and renounces her lover."

"Yet," returned Hildegard, "she offers a reluctant sacrifice, and honors duty only with her outward act — not with the heart, in which her inclination still predominates. She continues attached to her lover by a passionate remembrance of him, which disturbs the joyful consciousness of the performance of duty. True virtue always loves to obey duty, and, with a free choice, gives it the preference above every other inclination."

"According to this view of yours," replied Otto, "virtue would not consist in the victorious conflict with desire and passion. It would be the highest virtue to be wholly free from desires and passions."

Theodore defended Hildegard's view, and referred to the example of the Redeemer, whom we suppose to have been free from desires, and consequently to have been the perfect, divine man. "Our virtue," added he, "is, indeed, always one of conflict. But the ease with which it conquers shows its degree of eminence. That is the most perfect which conquers most easily."

"Ought, then," objected Otto, "man to be destitute of passions? Or, in application to this particular case, ought not the girl to marry for love? ought she not to choose her husband according to her inclination? If not, we should have nothing but marriages of convenience, from which Heaven preserve us!"

"Sound and healthy passions," replied Theodore, "are as necessary in life as in poetry. They give to our actions impulse, and to our feelings power and

warmth. But to restrain them is not to destroy them, and power is not weakened by being guided."

"I should suppose," said Hildegard, with some embarrassment, "that an inclination might be very strong and decided, without disturbing the purity of the heart, or weakening the higher love of duty. There may be a feeling of admiration and of pure love, without there being any desire to possess the object of our love. I consider it unbecoming or immoral to desire what is forbidden, whether it be by the moral law, or by particular social relations and duties, or even by outward circumstances of position, rank, age, and so forth."

"How rigorous, and yet how true!" said Theodore, with emotion; for he saw the application of what she said to his own case. "No creature is so rebellious, and so stubborn in opposing the laws of his nature, as man. The plant does not stretch out its roots where there is no nourishment to be found. The animal desires only that which is suitable and wholesome for him. But man is like a child, who loves best the forbidden fruit. But," added he, not venturing to look toward Hildegard, though he meant she should apply it to herself, "for that very reason we ought not to enlarge the circle of forbidden things unnecessarily. We are only excited thus to improper desires."

Hildegard understood him, and replied, "Indeed, we ought not; but at the same time, neither should we omit seeing that a thing is forbidden when it really is so. If we do, we wilfully disobey."

Some artists now entered, and among them Sebald. The conversation turned upon objects of art, and upon the knowledge of antiquity. Some one asked

Theodore what impression Rome had made on him, as he now had become acquainted with the most of it.

"Every one is permitted," said he, "to judge of Rome from his own stand-point, as he does of the world; and, according to the saying of our great poet, it *is* a world. I look at it from the point of the Christian religion; and from this point it does not appear in a favorable light."

All wondered at this, and accused him of eccentricity.

"I suppose I must submit to your censures," said he, "and I will not undertake to defend, but only to explain, myself. I honor the monuments of ancient Rome, and I am not insensible to its beauty and its grandeur. Since I am deficient in the powers of observation and the knowledge which belong to a student of antiquity, I am somewhat more indifferent to those objects which are remarkable only as respects the history of art. But, on the other hand, the remains of ancient Rome, which remind us of its history, are very attractive. Toward ancient Rome, therefore, I have no objection, but only against modern Rome, — but against the ancient also because of the modern."

"You are enigmatical," said Sebald, with a sarcastic tone.

"In one word," continued Theodore, "modern Rome is too heathenish for me, and therefore I miss the true contrast between modern and ancient times."

"All that you would say, then," replied Sebald, "amounts to an attack upon Catholicism."

"Not Catholicism in general," answered Theodore, but only *Roman* Catholicism, and that, too, only in its

arts and manners. That Roman temples, like the Pantheon, should be changed into Christian churches, was very natural. But, in consequence, we have neither the pure heathen temple, nor the genuine Christian church. But what I consider the worst consequence of such changes is, that they prevent the growth of a peculiarly Christian architecture. How I am surprised not to find in Rome a single church in the Gothic, or, rather, old German style of architecture. If, with the vast amount which was expended upon St. Peter's, a temple had been erected in the style of the Strasburg Minster, what a triumph this would have been of Christian over pagan art! And as in church architecture, so also in public worship, I trace the footsteps of ancient Rome. The worship of saints has taken the place of that of gods and heroes. What a number of images of Mary in this Christian city! If an old Roman should return from the lower world, would he not believe that his descendants had renounced the worship of Jupiter for that of a female divinity? What would he find here to remind him that this was the home of the worship of the one true God and of his Son? If he saw the mass, and the festal pomps and processions, he would think, to be sure, that there had been some changes, but that the new rites were, on the whole, very like the old. If he saw the pope and the cardinals in their splendid dresses, he would suppose he was looking at the old pontifex and augurs, though in a new style of mummery. I am not yet well enough acquainted with particulars to pursue this comparison into the details of civil life, but in the main I am certainly right."

"If, now, on the contrary, every thing had a truly

Christian stamp; if Christian churches towered above the ancient pagan temples; if divine worship, though it might continue to be symbolic, and to be addressed to the sight, should be of a peculiarly Christian character, and this same Christian character should be expressed in the whole life, — then the sight of the old monuments, and the remembrance of the ancient history, would have their due effect. We should then be standing, as it were, between two worlds, and the impression made upon us would be inconceivably grand and powerful."

"Exactly that with which you are dissatisfied," replied an artist; "this mixture of the ancient and modern; this entire dependence of every thing upon antiquity; this antique air, so to speak, in which we live here, — makes for us our residence in Rome so attractive, instructive, and improving. We seem here to live amid antiquity. It is not enough to look at the monuments: in order to understand them, we must live with them, we must learn to look at the world as the ancients did."

"This mixture of the ancient and modern," said another, "is partly occasioned, likewise, by the character of the people and of the climate. The plastic tendency of the ancients resulted, in part, from the southern mode of life, and this impulse toward outward form must necessarily pass over into Christianity."

"I see in this," said Sebald, "the triumph of Christianity — that it has been able to appropriate to itself and to its service every thing in antiquity. It shows its historic spirit by being able to adopt and recast all which it receives from tradition."

"I could only find the true triumph of Christianity," replied Theodore, "in its never accepting a foreign form or a dead past. It ought to remould, as you just said, all which it receives, and impress upon it its own character."

"Let us be glad that this has not been done," said an artist; "for else we should have preserved much less of antiquity. More of the works of pagan art would have perished than have now been lost."

"I only express the general impression which has been made upon my own mind," said Theodore.

"And you said well," added Sebald, "that it was made upon you in your particular stand-point. And this has occasioned, among other opinions of yours, this one — that the Gothic architecture is the only true kind. I shall find an opportunity to dispute with you concerning this."

CHAPTER V.

SEBALD'S CHARACTER. HIS EXCESSES AND HIS PENANCES. SEBALD AND HILDEGARD. THE PICTURE-DEALER. CHURCH OF ST. PETER. ITS ARCHITECTURE.

SEBALD, with whom Theodore had now become better acquainted than he was at the university, grew more disagreeable to him every day. By means of the philosophy of Schelling,—which, indeed, gave a healthful impulse to an age coldly intellectual, but which tended to produce confusion in science, obscurity in thought, and impurity in feeling,—he had been led to the opinion that Protestantism did not deserve the name of a religion, because it was without fancy, art, poetry, or a public life. He considered it to be a degenerate form of Christianity; and, having chosen art for his profession, he determined, according to the favorite phrase, to return into the bosom of the church.

It may be seen, by his example, that when religion is made a matter of imagination, rather than of knowledge and morality, it loses its healthy influence upon the character. From his youth he had been licentious and inclined to dissipation, and these tendencies had become fixed habits through the influence of his present mode of life as an artist, living in a realm of fancy. There were few artists in Rome who did not regard it as a kind of professional duty, or at least

a necessity of their occupation, to live in the freest intercourse with the fair sex. Many of them, and Sebald among others, did not pretend to conceal it, and scarcely avoided speaking of their love adventures in the presence of women. Far as Theodore was from justifying such a mode of life, he might have been more ready to tolerate it in Sebald, if he had not shown also the greatest inconsistency of character, and endeavored to unite piety with his vices.

For, after he had lived a long time in most excessive dissipation, or perhaps had just finished a love adventure, he would then live for many days like a hermit, wear a hair shirt, fast, pray, and scourge himself. Theodore once found him engaged in these practices; for he was as little secret in regard to these strange penances as in his dissipations. Our friend could not restrain his astonishment, and asked him the meaning of it.

"The sinful body," answered Sebald, "must be chastised from time to time, that it may not become too overbearing."

"I did not think," replied Theodore, "that you could be so severe with yourself, you appear to be so little ashamed of your little irregularities. The violations of a certain commandment are not rare here in Rome, even among the priests."

"Ah!" replied he, with a look of apparent holiness, "if mine were nothing but transgressions of this kind, confession or various good works would easily atone for these. Being an artist, I am unable to observe strictly the vow of chastity; my art exposes me to too great temptations. If I could escape with an occasional violation of the law, I should consider myself fortunate,

for so I am not much disturbed or injured. But when I become entirely fascinated by a girl, and live only with her, and for her, — when I am absorbed in voluptuous pleasures, and lose all power to attain or follow higher thoughts, — then is the time to punish the body for its sins; and after such punishment has been inflicted, I feel relieved and elevated for a long time; I succeed better in my labors, and am not so easily fascinated again by the attractions of woman."

Theodore could scarcely refrain from rebuking him severely, and said to himself, "That is the virtue which this kind of religion produces! It does not flow out of the same fountain with morality, or rather it denies its origin in this source, and throws itself into the arms of fantasy. Therefore the law only shows itself from time to time before the soul as a terrific warning, and produces anguish till the senses get the upperhand again."

Theodore was displeased in perceiving that Sebald sometimes directed his sensual glances at Hildegard, whose pure soul did not notice their expression. "The licentious fellow!" thought Theodore. "He cannot look at the purest object without impure thoughts; and this he considers to be fantasy and imagination! Such a fantasy as this has only unwieldy, leaden wings, since it can never get higher than mere bodily attractions."

Theodore's suspicion that Sebald's fancy, even in art, was not free from sensuality, was confirmed by the favorable opinion which he pronounced respecting some licentious pictures.

Theodore remarked to him, that to become, in this way, the servant of the appetites, was a degradation to

art. "Art," said he, "ought, even in the representation of mere bodily beauty, to allow the inward power and freedom of the spirit to display itself. It does this when it gives to its creations the pure character of form; when what it produces proceeds from the forming power of the mind, and not from an indolent luxury of enjoyment, and when it excites in the beholders, not licentious desires, but the power of creative thought."

Sebald defended himself with the remark that the pictures of which they were speaking were of great artistic value, and consequently worthy to be studied.

"That may be," replied Theodore; "but I should scarcely be able to attain to the artistic coolness which would be necessary in order to study such pictures merely as works of art."

One day Theodore met a picture-dealer upon the stairway which led to Hildegard's rooms. Theodore stopped to look at the pictures, and was startled at finding among them a very unchaste one. He asked the dealer whether the young lady had seen the pictures, and bought any of them.

"She was so frightened," answered he, with a laugh, "at the sight of this Leda and the swan, that she sent me away at once." Theodore reproved him for his blunder, without letting him perceive how much he was incensed by it.

In fact, he suspected that Sebald had encouraged the picture-dealer to go, in order to accustom Hildegard's taste to such subjects, that he might the more readily induce her to listen to his own proposals. Theodore had afterward reason to believe that he was correct in these suspicions. He endeavored to cause this bad

man to be removed from the society of Hildegard. But he made very slow progress in this, because she was unsuspicious, and Sebald was both forward and cautious, and therefore continued to be in her society nearly as much as ever.

He forced himself into a party which was made one day by Hildegard, Theodore, and Otto, to visit some of the principal churches in Rome. His presence always excited Theodore to controversy; and Sebald was particularly pleased to assume the defence of Catholicism against him.

Theodore was not unsusceptible to the grandeur and majesty of the church of St. Peter, and of its situation. Had he been alone with Hildegard and Otto, he would have yielded himself entirely to the impression. But as Sebald wished to prove to him the beauty of the building, he felt incited to opposition.

They had entered between the fourfold range of columns upon the open area in front of St. Peter's, and had placed themselves so as to be able to see at a single view the church, the area, and the columns. A solemn stillness reigned around, broken only by the dashing of the fountain.

"Confess," said Sebald, triumphantly, to Theodore, "that you never have seen any thing so great and lofty in the whole domain of art! and admire both the gigantic mind of a Michael Angelo, who created this work, and the grandeur of the church in which such a work can be executed!"

Theodore stood lost in contemplation, and did not attend to this challenge, fearing to lose the elevated impression of the scene.

Hildegard stood at his side, and said, with an earnest expression, yet so softly as to be scarcely audible except by him, "How holy and sublime! The very court of heaven!"

Theodore replied, "What repose is all around! Columns join to columns; cornice rests upon cornice; the lofty cupola sits enthroned above all, and the broad, empty space extends between. It seems as if all life had returned into this fountain, where the water, that eternal element, which existed before the creation, and from which all living things proceeded, still moves and plays. It is the living soul, which, in devout contemplation, ascends to God; while the body of the pious spectator is steeped in repose, and lost, as it were, in sleep, and the eye is fixed steadfastly on the heavens."

Hildegard looked at her friend, with a tear in her eye.

But Sebald could not rest, and asked Theodore whether he still preferred the architecture of the Strasburg Minster.

"That the mass of this building," said Theodore, "is unquestionably greater, I readily confess. Especially does the Strasburg Minster want the area in front, which offers the most suitable position for observing it, and also a dignified enclosure of halls. But, then, the greatness of the mass of the building shows how unsuitable is the Greek style of architecture. The simple arrangement of columns and entablatures rather diminishes than increases the apparent size of the building. We master the whole too easily, and find too soon the rule by which all is arranged."

Hildegard and Otto admitted the truth of this re-

mark. But Sebald only became more animated in his praise of Michael Angelo's idea in placing a second Pantheon as a cupola upon the church of St. Peter; and he saw in it an emblem of the triumph of Christianity over heathenism.

Theodore thought the idea grand and bold, but not original, because the same style of architecture had been retained. One should not be an imitator, especially when endeavoring to surpass the thing imitated.

They now entered the church. What a monstrous space! What holy stillness, in which every footfall and every whisper resounds! No one ventured to speak aloud, lest he might disturb the sacred silence; and even Sebald abstained from conversation. Theodore and Hildegard looked at each other with eyes full of devotion and deep feeling.

When they went out, Theodore said to her and to Otto, "In truth, I did not believe the temple to be so grand as this. Here art emulates whatever is most sublime in nature. This is the temple for humility. How is it possible that spiritual pride and the love of rule should not be changed here into self-abasement?"

"He who is not humble when he enters," answered Hildegard, "will not return from it in a frame of humility."

It seemed as though these words had been said in reference to Sebald, who was walking before them, and who turned round to Theodore with the triumphant question, "Can you find any thing to blame in this?"

"I only complain," replied Theodore, "that this temple stands in unholy Rome, and is trodden by unsanctified feet."

Sebald said nothing, but laughed contemptuously.

After looking at the *façade* of St. Peter's, they walked home, in animated conversation; and Theodore made this, among other remarks, —

"While looking at St. Peter's, I can never forget the manner in which the money for the building was collected. Many despots have erected their pompous palaces by the blood and sweat of their subjects; but the Romish chair has built up St. Peter's at the expense of Christian consciences, and, in order to erect a work of art, has scattered through the Christian world innumerable vices."

"If those great men," replied Sebald, "who have performed great actions, had never violated any conscientious restraint, they would have been able to effect nothing. The errors or vices of which you speak have passed away; but St. Peter's stands, and will stand forever."

"That which is shameful," said Theodore, with strong displeasure, "always remains shameful; and the end does not sanctify the means. If heroes and rulers have not always kept themselves pure, we will excuse them somewhat, on account of the passionate zeal which animated them, and the pressure of circumstances. But the church should only work in the manner of its founder, Jesus Christ, who never made use of any impure means.

"I think it a very significant fact," added he, "that

the Catholic church, which aims at external show, in order to glorify itself by this grand building, carried the abuse of indulgences to such an extent, that it caused the Protestant church to arise, which aims at internal purification, and which put an end to this mischief."

CHAPTER VI.

PROTESTANTISM AND THE FINE ARTS. SUBJECTS FOR PICTURES. TRUE END OF ART.

SEBALD had already often asserted that the Protestant church was hostile to the fine arts. At last, Theodore, in order that Otto and Hildegard might not be misled by this assertion, entered into an argument with him respecting it.

Sebald urged, as the ground of his argument, that the tendency of Protestantism was wholly an intellectual one.

But Theodore replied, "Certainly, the reformers have been compelled to show the mistakes of the Catholic church by the help of logic and argument; and the theologians of our church have since labored to rebuild and make firm the system of doctrine which the Catholics had always perverted. I will grant that this intellectual tendency has hitherto been onesided, owing to those limitations which are necessary in the history of sects. But the true and essential tendency of the Protestant church is to restore a pure and perfect church life. And, if art belongs to the flowers and fruits of life, it will be by no means excluded by Protestantism."

"Yet art soon slumbered, in the Protestant church, after the reformation; or, at least, it has withdrawn

from the church into the world. The Flemish school, instead of choosing sacred subjects for painting, has taken them from common, and even from vulgar life."

"The Reformed church," replied Theodore, "was certainly not free from the spirit of Iconoclasm, nor from hostility to art. But this reproach cannot be brought against the Lutheran church. Two of the greatest German painters, Luke Cranach and Albert Durer, were even zealous friends of Luther and of the reformation."

"But they had been nourished," said Sebald, "by the spirit of Catholicism, and cannot be adduced as specimens of the effect of Protestantism."

"That is strange! Then you would not consider Luther himself — that zealous friend of art, and especially of music — as a specimen of Protestantism! The reformers and their first adherents are certainly the best representatives of our church, because it has degenerated since their time, as I will readily admit."

Otto supported his friend's argument by the remark, that, in the Catholic church, too, painting had subsequently degenerated.

"That is very true," replied Theodore; "and the reason of its degeneracy is certainly not to be looked for in Protestant principles. The arts have their epochs — a season of growth and blossoming followed by a season of decay; and while one sinks, another rises. Our time is more favorable to music than to painting. Music, being a more spiritual and inward art, is the art of Protestantism, which it readily uses in public worship."

"The arts," replied Sebald, "are all intimately con-

nected together; and whoever despises one will despise all. There are no sacred paintings in your empty churches. You have to listen to the preaching, and have no time to look at pictures."

"I once attended public worship at Weimar," said Theodore, "where, during the singing and the preaching, I looked at a splendid painting by Luke Cranach, which illuminated the church like a sun, and inspired me with a truly devout feeling."

"You have rejected our sacred mythology or legends, and without them art becomes meagre."

"I do not believe that this is a very great loss. The Catholic painters themselves have usually chosen scriptural subjects, as being more generally known; and the effect of a picture depends altogether upon its telling its story at the first sight. Those perpetually-returning subjects, the Annunciation, the Birth of Christ, his Adoration, Transfiguration, and so forth, are the most fruitful and interesting; and the artist of original genius can always give them a new and individual character."

"I altogether agree with this view," answered Hildegard; "for I do not look for a story in a picture, but for expression. I do not look for the action, however fine and worthy of imitation it may be, but for the spirit of piety, devotion, and resignation. And, in fact, painting can only give us this spirit, since it can detain the course of events but for a single moment."

The conversation now took a general direction. While speaking of some particular pictures which they had lately seen, they blamed the faulty selection of

subjects which occurs so frequently, and especially the choice of heathenish or of immodest subjects.

"The blame of this may be ascribed to those who order and purchase pictures," said Sebald. "The poor painter often has to work for his bread."

"But, as art," replied Otto, quickly, "exercises a secure dominion over the heart, so the true artist should govern and direct the taste of his patrons, and use them to the honor, not to the degradation, of art. He can do this, if he has the right love of art, or, so to speak, the religion of art, and if he connects with it a feeling of honor and a sense of character."

"But yet the greatest blame," replied Theodore, "attaches to the patrons, who must be influenced solely by their taste, and not by the necessity of getting their bread. But, when a bad taste prevails, when the love for art is desecrated by voluptuousness, the source of the evil is to be sought, not in the individuals, but in the state of the public mind. Men are then badly educated and instructed; the spirit of society, of the nation, of the church, of the age, is evil, and from thence evil passes into individuals. May not the direction of the Catholic church toward externals — toward that which strikes the senses — be injurious to the true inspiration of art? If, in a picture, we only look for the objects of sense, we shall soon be led to choose unholy, worldly, or licentious subjects. The true inspiration of art, like the creative power of genius, resides within the soul. By a mystical and inward act are ideas conceived and born. For this I prize the Protestant church, which does not educate

human piety by pomp and other external arrangements, but seeks to animate and purify the soul by an intellectual and moral culture."

"The taste and feeling for art," objected Sebald, "needs practice. He who has no opportunity of seeing pictures cannot acquire an artist's eye."

"I cannot boast of an artist's eye," replied Theodore; "it is only lately that I have begun to look at pictures, and acquire a taste for them. But this has given me one advantage, namely, a free and independent judgment, by which, scarcely knowing how, I have a certain advantage even over connoisseurs, since I judge purely from my thought and feeling, and pay little regard to traditional opinions and judgments. I usually apprehend more clearly what is essential, and recognize the fundamental idea through all its veils."

"It is very true," replied Hildegard, "that, as every where else, so also among connoisseurs, we find plenty of cant without thought and feeling; and if we should take from many persons who pass as *savans* their historical information, and their derived opinions, they would be as naked and bare as the rudest beginners."

"The source of the mischief," said Theodore, "lies in this — that art is not regarded as any thing sacred, belonging to morality and religion; and though the Catholic church has made much use of painting, yet this view of the subject does not appear to have spread very widely among Catholics. A happy time will that be in which art and poetry shall be relieved from the unworthy labor of affording mere entertainment, and shall bé regarded as teachers and priests of humanity."

"When will this time come?" asked Hildegard.

"Then," answered Theodore, "when science, church, and state, shall be brought to complete perfection, and form again a public life among us. If we ever again have such a life, it will be more spiritual than it has ever been. The spirit of truth and of beauty will penetrate and animate it."

CHAPTER VII.

SEBALD DECLARES HIS LOVE TO HILDEGARD, AND IS REJECTED. THEODORE PREPARES HIMSELF TO RELINQUISH HER.

SEBALD had long wished for an opportunity of being alone with Hildegard, that he might declare to her his wishes, which she had not understood when expressed only by his ardent looks. He thought a suitable occasion had arrived, when Theodore was absent for a few days, on an excursion to the neighborhood of Albano, with a fellow-countryman whom he had met in Rome. He invited Hildegard and Otto to his studio, to look at a picture which he had just finished, and which he pretended he must soon deliver to the purchaser. They accepted his invitation, and came. But Sebald had so arranged it that Otto was soon called away. Hildegard was about to go with him, but even Otto advised her to await his return, and look at some copperplates which Sebald wished to show her, promising that he would immediately come back. She remained.

No sooner did Sebald find himself alone with her, than he began to make love to her in the most passionate manner.

"You forget yourself, Mr. Sebald," said she, coldly, and turned to the door to call her servant, intending to go home with him.

Sebald stepped between her and the door, took her

hand, fell at her feet, and besought her to pardon his error, repeating it, nevertheless, by continuing to speak of his love.

Hildegard in vain besought him to let her go. In vain she expressed her displeasure at the impropriety of his conduct. He would not release her.

At this moment, Theodore opened the door, and became a witness of the scene.

Sebald sprang up, and, in the utmost confusion, stammered something by way of welcoming him, and expressing his surprise at his unexpected arrival.

Theodore relieved the embarrassment of both, by relating how he happened to return sooner than he had intended. The reason was, that his travelling companion had fallen sick on the way, and had been compelled immediately to come back to Rome.

Hildegard took Theodore's arm, asking him to attend her home. She took leave of Sebald in a cold and formal manner, saying "that she would immediately return the drawings he had lent her," — thus giving him to understand that he was not to visit her in future.

While going to her house, Hildegard and Theodore walked for some distance in silence. Both felt the awkwardness of speaking of what had just happened, especially in the position which Theodore occupied toward her. He, therefore, began to speak of other and indifferent subjects.

Hildegard, from a certain delicate feeling of propriety, said nothing to her father or brother of what had happened, but merely intimated that Sebald had permitted himself to treat her with an indecorum which she

was obliged to resent. And, as he avoided the house from this time, they ascribed it to his mortification.

This event gave our friend an advantage in his position toward Hildegard, which, had he made use of it with decision, might have brought him nearer to the accomplishment of his wishes. Simply that they had a secret together gave him an advantage, and still more because what he had seen looked as if she might have encouraged Sebald by her behavior to this impropriety, and have fed his inclination. Hildegard no longer preserved toward Theodore that calm self-possession, by which she had hitherto kept him at a respectful distance.

But Theodore was too proud to make use of this advantage. He did not wish to gain possession of her heart and hand by force or stratagem, but to receive them as a free gift. He feared, too, that she might one day repent, if she married him under such influences. The motive, also, which had hitherto made her reluctant to return his affection, was her tender care for her parent — a supreme filial affection, which induced her to sacrifice her own happiness to that of her father. This motive he prized much too highly to permit him to take advantage of a momentary weakness to obtain the victory over her settled purpose.

In addition to this, he thought that his devoting himself to the clerical profession would be inconsistent with his union with Hildegard. To this profession he felt himself bound by the memory of his mother's wishes, now no longer opposed by any personal doubts, but rather strengthened and confirmed by his own joyful convictions and strong inclinations. But, as a clergy-

man of the Evangelical church, he ought not to marry a Catholic; and, though it had long been his cherished wish to bring Hildegard over to his own church, yet, when he reflected more deeply upon it, it did not seem very probable that he would succeed in so doing. She would have to sacrifice the distinction of rank in marrying him; and ought he to require another sacrifice beside? And could her father, who would lose so much, at all events, by her marriage, consent also to these other sacrifices? And, which was the main point, could he hope to convince her whom he loved of the superior advantages of the Evangelical church? He was obliged to admit that this conversion would leave her pious heart destitute of many means of religious excitement and nourishment, to which she had been accustomed from her youth. She saw, indeed, many of the faults of her church, yet she clung to its customs and usages with a childlike love.

But, if the question should be to renounce either his love or the profession of a clergyman, Theodore determined to relinquish the former. For the sake of Theresa, he had formerly listened to the doubts which had led him away from this profession, and he was determined not to postpone a second time a heavenly for an earthly affection. The conviction struck its roots ever more deeply in his heart, that he ought not to shrink from any sacrifice, even the most painful, for the sake of a great and holy calling, a work laid on him by God for building up his kingdom. An infinite grief fell on his heart at the thought of leaving Hildegard, of seeing her no more, and treading the path of life at a distance from her. But his soul rose triumphantly above it in

the thought that he should still be united with her by an act of renunciation similar to her own, and by making this sacrifice of duty to the will of God. It is surely true that the loftiest flight of the soul is in pain and renunciation. Ah! has not God destined us to joy, since he has granted us to attain to spiritual perfection only through sorrow?

CHAPTER VIII.

A CONVERSATION UPON CHANGE OF RELIGION. CHARACTER OF CONVERTS. IS IT WORTH WHILE TO LEAVE THE CHURCH OF OUR FATHERS? A LETTER FROM JOHN.

A CONVERSATION which took place, on one of the following evenings, in the house of Schönfels, in Theodore's presence, contributed also to decide his purpose.

"I am glad," said Hildegard's father, "that Sebald stays away. I never was much pleased with him."

"He is a man of no character," replied Otto.

"And of no true love for art," added Hildegard, concealing her embarrassment.

"Ever since I first knew him," said Theodore, "he has seemed to me to be an empty talker, without heart or soul."

Schönfels. "I particularly disliked him on account of his change of religion, and his becoming a Catholic."

Theodore. "That is strange! I should understand your displeasure, had he left your church; but as the reverse is the case, I hardly know how to comprehend you."

Schönfels. "It is my opinion that every one ought to remain in the church in which he is born. Each has its good and its evil; in each, one can worship God

sincerely; and the essential matter is always this — to be an honorable and well-disposed man."

Theodore. "I will not say that you look at religion as a garment, the shape of which should depend upon usage and fashion; but you seem to regard it as a custom, or an institution, which it is not wise to alter rashly."

Schönfels. "I certainly do so regard it. As one can be an honest man under any form of government, if he conscientiously obeys the existing laws; so, according to my opinion, one can be pious under any form of religion."

Theodore. "But surely you will except those which are not Christian. Do you believe that a pious Mohammedan is as religious as a pious Christian?"

Schönfels. "I do not say that. But still I should prefer the Mussulman who adhered to his faith, to one who should suffer himself to be converted to Christianity."

Hildegard. "It seems to me that a religion may be regarded from two sides; first as a matter of truth and conviction, and then as a matter of love and fidelity. Whoever forsakes his religion, forsakes his friends, and tears asunder a holy band."

Theodore. "This last consideration is certainly of great weight; and yet the other view is of greater importance still; for Christ has said, "Whoever loves father and mother more than me, is not worthy of me."

Schönfels. "Well, then, let him who is not a Christian, — let the heathen or the Jew, — when he comes to believe in Christ, forsake his former religion, and become a Christian. But the Christian, as he al-

ready believes in Christ, ought to continue in his own church, whatever it may be, even though he comes to perceive its defects and errors."

Theodore. "So, then, you would condemn all who left the Romish church at the time of the reformation. If you did this on the ground that the Catholic church was free from faults, and was perfect, I should have nothing to object to you. But, if I recollect, you admitted, some time ago, that the reformation was necessary, and had been beneficial even to the Catholic church."

Schönfels. "Certainly; for I think it gave a great check to superstition and priestcraft. But it is your own opinion that the reformers founded a new church only as a matter of necessity; and this goes against the propriety of changing our religion."

Theodore. "Not at all. When the new church had once arisen, it became the duty of all who were convinced of the truth of its doctrines to adhere to it, as innumerable multitudes did in fact do."

Otto. "It seems to me that those who are convinced of the faults of their own church and the advantages of another, would do more good by remaining among their own brethren, and endeavoring to communicate to them their improved ideas."

Hildegard. "That is my opinion, likewise. Then they can fulfil at once what they owe to truth, and what they owe to their old friends and associates."

Theodore. "They may, unless spiritual sloth and indifference lie at the bottom of their conduct. Most persons can only work decidedly for truth by taking a public step; for how few are able to instruct, to explain,

to convince! Nor can I conceal my opinion," said he to the elder Schönfels, "that your view appears to me to be founded upon an absence of zeal, or, as it is called, *indifference*. If a man's sentiments should speak in his conduct, why keep back his religious convictions alone? If we feel the need of intimate religious communion, — if our change is not from the love of separation, but from the desire for union, (and it ought to be from this motive,) — then we should not remain in a church the faith and worship of which do not satisfy us."

The elder Schönfels shook his head, and said, "This may be true in theory, but experience does not confirm it. If I could see a single high-minded man who has come over from the Protestant church to ours, I would begin to think differently."

"What!" said Theodore, "do none of those who have been converted in modern times deserve the title of honorable men? What do you think of Count Stolberg?"

"I do not think him," replied Schönfels, "a man of much decision of character."

"I have known some young people in * * *," replied Theodore, without answering the last remark, "who have come from the Catholic church to ours, from full and honest conviction — a step which neither they nor our clergy made any noise about, but which was very edifying to many of us."

"I think, dear father," said Otto, "that our Theodore is certainly right in this. I cannot think it a matter of indifference, for our whole view of life, what ground we occupy in the religious world. Some years ago, I was a

great advocate for the Catholic hierarchy; and at that time I read history so like a partisan, and with such narrow views, that its fairest and noblest events were seen by me in a very unfavorable light."

The old man did not appear to be convinced, but did not wish to continue the conversation, and directed it to some other subject. — Theodore saw from this conversation, that the father of her whom he loved would scarcely be pleased at her leaving her own church for his. This seemed to him a very important matter. He was also much impressed by another accidental remark of the elder Schönfels, that he did not think it wise for those of different religions to marry. These views of Hildegard's father contributed to bring him to the determination to give her up.

About this time, he received letters from John and from Frederica, which expressed a great desire to see him again. Frederica had been for some time married to Neuhof, and was very happy, especially in the prospect of soon becoming a mother. John, who was acquainted with the happy result of his friend's theological studies, and knew that he had resumed the purpose of becoming a clergyman, wondered at his postponing it so long, and said, among other things, —

"My joy at your return to an occupation for which you are fitted by nature, and were destined by the vow of your dear mother, is equalled only by my impatience to see you actually engaged in this holy work. 'What thou doest, do quickly.'

"This saying may be applied to every action which we have once fully determined upon, and especially to one so good and important as yours, the execution of which

will be so influential and beneficial. 'Why standest thou here idle?' cries thy Savior to thee; — 'up! and labor.' Ah, dear Theodore, come soon to us, for our joy, our strength, and our edification! I depend very much upon the counsel and aid which you can lend me, by the help of your higher insight. But especially attend to the wishes of our kind old father and teacher. He wishes before his death to see you standing in the holy place, and will then be ready to sink into his grave. You can easily obtain a situation in a church near us now destitute of a pastor. Then we can see each other every week, and converse together about our occupations."

This letter contributed from another side to bring Theodore to a clear decision in his own mind. But the final impulse was given by the following circumstance.

CHAPTER IX.

SEBALD CHALLENGES THEODORE. THEODORE REFUSES TO FIGHT. DETERMINES TO LEAVE ROME. TAKES LEAVE OF HILDEGARD BY LETTER. A SUDDEN CHANGE IN THE STATE OF HIS AFFAIRS. HILDEGARD ACCEPTS HIS HAND.

SEBALD challenged our friend to fight a duel. "You have injured me," were his words — "perhaps not according to the common notions of honor, but certainly according to my own feelings. We never have been friends, and always have met as enemies. But when you, my successful rival, not only interfere with my own happiness, but also have been present to witness and deride my disgrace, my feelings demand revenge. I challenge you to give me satisfaction."

Theodore, who was no friend to duelling, and as a theologian especially opposed to it, was least of all inclined to fight with such an antagonist, and on account of such a merely imaginary point of honor. He therefore wrote in reply, that he had not injured him directly nor indirectly; that he was *not* his successful rival; that, if they did not like each other, they could keep out of each other's way; and that he therefore saw no occasion for accepting the challenge, even if his principles permitted it, which they did not.

Some days passed, and the affair seemed to be over; but then Theodore was informed that Sebald was by no

means satisfied, but rather the more enraged, and determined to insult him publicly in the most offensive manner. He was advised to accept the challenge, and chastise the scoundrel severely. Theodore could not resolve to do this. He looked upon the duel as a means of gratifying rude hate and rude revenge. If a man has injured another, he should confess his fault, and beg forgiveness, and the honor of the other should be satisfied by this. But, commonly, the man who commits the injury will not confess it, and the one who is injured is unwilling to be reconciled, but has immediate recourse to his sword. In the present case, no injury had been offered, and Theodore had not intended to offend Sebald. He had explained this to him, and yet he was not satisfied. Ought Theodore now to yield to a blind hate, and submit to do wrong by wounding or killing his antagonist, or by letting himself be wounded or killed? There can be no more irrational action than when men in blind passion attack each other, and break the laws, in order to satisfy their own bad passions.

Theodore need only to have communicated the whole matter to Hildegard's father, to be free from all trouble from Sebald, and to cause him to receive immediately the punishment which he so well deserved. By his powerful influence, Schönfels could at once have procured the banishment of Sebald from Rome; but Theodore considered it to be nobler and wiser to go out of his antagonist's way, especially since he was now fully determined to renounce Hildegard, leave Rome, and go home.

This resolution had cost him a severe struggle.

Many sleepless hours had been passed in conflict with his passion. The thought of his mother, and the voice of duty, which became ever more and more clear, obtained the victory; and though it was continually lost again, yet finally he became completely master of himself; and then he was quiet, serene, and cheerful.

Poetry raises man above life, and ennobles and transfigures the passions. It was the proof and seal of Theodore's inward rest, that he was able to write the following lines: —

Leave, O leave, thy heart's impatient longing!
  Not on earth the flower of heaven may bloom.
Grasping thus the joy to heaven belonging,
  Quick it flies, and leaves for thee its tomb.
Upward to the stars, unchanged remaining,
  Lift the longing look, the moistened eye;
Through the gate of death to life attaining,
  This is man's eternal destiny.
Tremble lest thy highest joys should fly all, —
  Fly, and leave thee but an empty form.
Richer gifts will come to thee from trial,
  For true love outlasts its fiercest storm,
Burns more brightly through its self-denial,
  Glows, self-sacrificed, more pure and warm.

He prepared silently for his departure, intending to take leave of the Schönfels family by letter, because he did not feel strong enough to bid his love farewell in any other way. When he saw her for the last time, and in his heart paid her an eternal adieu, his pain had nearly overcome him. But he collected himself, once more looked at the features of that fair face, and hastened away.

When he came home, he snatched a pen, and took leave of Hildegard in the following words: —

"In bidding you and your family adieu, dear Hildegard, I write, in order to lighten the pain of separation. Perhaps you will think this conduct weak; but every one knows his own strength best, and must not take more upon himself than he can bear. When we have become intimate with the noble and good, we desire to remain united with them through our whole life. But, alas! it is often a foolish wish, which may not be fulfilled. Yet the heart needs love, and, when it desires what is impossible, it must painfully atone for its folly, and may therefore well ask for pardon. You, my friend, have appeared to me as a messenger of peace from a higher world, and in you I found the true value of life. I must leave you, and shall perhaps never again see you, but shall certainly retain the advantage which I have gained by knowing you. My warmest prayer to Heaven is, that you may always be happy; that the peace of that fair heart may never be disturbed; that the brightness of those eyes, pure as heaven, may never be clouded. The constancy and firmness of your nature is my security that you will sometimes think of me. You thought me worthy of your friendship, and you will continue it to me."

When Theodore read these lines over, they seemed to him to be almost too cold and indifferent. He had determined not to say too much, and thus in his own mind he had attributed a force to weak expressions, which Hildegard, too, would certainly have found in them, had she read the letter. Theodore wrote to take leave of Otto and the elder Schönfels at the same time.

He so arranged it that the letters should be delivered immediately after his departure, which he fixed for the following day.

While writing his letters, and making other arrangements for his journey, evening had arrived. In order to escape receiving any visits which might be made him, and to yield without interruption to his feelings, he went to the cloister of * *, where he had sometimes accompanied Hildegard and her brother, who were well acquainted with the prior, and who had free access to the beautiful garden of the cloister. Here, some days before, sitting under the shadow of some beautiful trees, he had spent with Hildegard an hour never to be forgotten, in earnest and lofty conversation. From this garden one may overlook all the ruins of ancient Rome — the Coliseum, the Forum, the triumphal arches, and so forth. From the green environment of the garden one looks down upon the city as we look into the past from the present. This place, devoted to the contemplation of the transitoriness of human things, corresponded wholly with the present mood of our friend, whose own fortune had crumbled into ruins, and who looked back upon his early hopes as upon the wreck of a fallen world.

He walked up and down among the trees, and sometimes stood still and gazed downward upon the city. His eye filled with tears. "Wherefore these tears?" said he, brushing them away. "Must not every thing pass away? Has not the glory of this queen of the world departed?" He thought of his dear mother, whose loved form mouldered under the earth. "She has departed," thought he, "to whom my whole soul

clung. Why, then, should I mourn at losing her also?" "Yes," cried he, aloud, "it must be, Hildegard! Farewell, loved one of my heart!"

As he thus spoke, Hildegard, who had approached unperceived, stood before him. She had come here to walk with her father, who had stopped to speak with the prior. "What do you mean, dear Theodore?" said she, anxiously; "do you mean to leave us?"

He took her hand in silence, and pressed it to his lips. A tear fell upon it. "O God! you weep! What do you mean? I understand! you would leave us without bidding us farewell! Is that friendly?"

Theodore was obliged to confess to her that he intended to depart on the next day. "I thought," said he, "to spare myself the pain of bidding you farewell; and now I must empty this cup, so sweet and so bitter. Farewell, dearest friend!" said he, with a choking voice, and turning to go.

"Theodore," cried Hildegard, "I will not let you go! you must stay! I have forced you to this step, opposing the wishes of my own heart. I now leave it free. My father will forgive me. I am yours!"

At this moment, Theodore felt nothing but the infinite bliss of being loved by Hildegard, and of obtaining her, and forgot every thing else in this. "O Hildegard!" cried he, pressing her to his heart; "thou mine? forever mine? Can I endure this happiness?"

After the first rapture followed the more quiet but not less happy explanations which the lovers made to each other upon the origin and growth of their love. Hildegard confessed to her lover that, when she first saw him, he made a deep impression upon her heart,

which she had not permitted herself to dwell upon, because she never expected to see him again, and because she was determined not to give her heart to any one. When they met again, on Mount Rigi, that impression was renewed in its full strength, but she soon taught her heart to see in him only a friend; yet now she truly felt how much she had deceived herself, since she could not live without him.

With what joy did these declarations fill the heart of our friend! But soon came a period of reflection, and doubt arose in his mind. He asked Hildegard whether her father would consent to their union.

"My father," answered she, "loves me tenderly, and will not oppose my happiness. I meant to sacrifice it freely for him; but, had he conjectured my inclination, he would not have permitted such a sacrifice."

"But will you," he asked further, "leave your church for my sake, and descend with me to the low rank of a country preacher?"

"I hope," she replied, "that you will be able to convince me altogether of the superiority of your faith; and I prefer a simple country life to every other. If you had not chosen this office, who knows whether I would have united myself with your church, though convinced of its advantages? I consider it my duty as a Christian not to take you away from your occupation. I ought actively to assist you."

"But will your father approve of both these steps?"

"He is so mild and just, and has so few prejudices, that I have no doubt but he will."

Hildegard's father had been obliged to go away, and

sent a servant after his daughter. Theodore accompanied her home. He would gladly have thrown himself at her father's feet this very evening, in order to obtain his consent; but he found neither him nor Otto at home. He was obliged to keep his happiness to himself, therefore, since he was also unable to remain with Hildegard.

CHAPTER X.

OTTO'S JOY AT THE ENGAGEMENT. HILDEGARD'S FATHER CONSENTS TO IT. THEODORE WRITES TO JOHN AND FREDERICA.

The next morning, Theodore communicated what had passed to the brother of his love.

"Well, then," said Otto, overjoyed, "at last you two have come to an understanding! Did you think that I did not long ago see your attachment to my sister — even as long back as when we met each other in Switzerland? I said nothing about it, because I did not wish to meddle with what ought to grow freely and naturally; only sometimes I have contrived opportunities for you to be together."

Theodore spoke of the sacrifice which Hildegard must make for him, since she had wished to devote herself entirely to the society and care of his father, and he expressed the fear that the father would be unwilling to bear the loss of his child. But Otto satisfied him on this point, and expressed with animation his joy that Theodore was to be so nearly related to him. "We shall then," cried he, embracing Theodore, "be united also by the bonds of consanguinity. Friend of my soul, now also my brother! I cannot love you more than I have hitherto done; but our friendship will become more safe by your union with

my sister, with whom I have but one heart and one soul. You will not be taken from me by a wife whom I do not know. As long as you love my sister, you will also love me."

"Did you really, then," cried Theodore, with warmth, "ever doubt of the endurance of my friendship? Are we not joined together for life?"

In the mean time, Hildegard had a conversation with her father. She confessed to him her love for Theodore, and begged him to forgive her that she had been untrue to her resolution of living only for him, and that she had yielded to the inclination of her heart.

The old man tenderly reproached her for ever having formed such a resolution, by which she would have relinquished the happiness of her life. He reminded her that he had often expressed his wish to see her happy as the wife of an honest man.

"But," said Hildegard, "how can I leave you, dear father, to go with my husband?"

"You shall not leave me; I will follow you. I hope soon to be able to relinquish my business, and then shall I be able to enjoy at leisure the last days of my life, and, living with you, to enjoy your happiness."

Theodore now entered. Hildegard went joyfully toward him, and, taking him by the hand, led him to her father, saying, "My father will go with us. I shall not have to leave him."

"O, if you will do that," said Theodore, "I will endeavor to make your life as pleasant as I can; and, if I succeed, I shall thus only increase my own happiness."

"Come, children," cried the old man, "receive my blessing."

"O, let me," cried Theodore, "receive my bliss entire, without fear that it may be disturbed hereafter. Do not give your consent until you know the conditions with which I ask for your daughter's hand. She herself has encouraged me in the purpose of becoming a country preacher. Will you permit her to leave, for this lowly sphere, that higher one in which she was born?"

"Country preacher or country nobleman, there is no difference, except that of wealth and poverty. My daughter will not suffer from want with you. Every thing else is mere prejudice; and I have no prejudices, as you know."

"But," continued Theodore, "the wife of a preacher in the Evangelical church cannot be a Catholic ——"

"I understand you. You wish her to come over to your church, and you are ready to undertake the work of converting her; for, confess it, you are a little fond of making proselytes. In this I see your call to be a clergyman. To be sure, this conflicts a little with my principles; but whatever my daughter wishes, that is right to me. Have you, then, made up your mind on this point?" said he to Hildegard.

"Not yet," answered she. "But great is the power of love and truth; and I hope," said she, turning to Theodore, "that my lover will be able wholly to convince me."

"The wife of a clergyman," replied Theodore, smiling, "must be half a theologian; and if my Hildegard

will give me her attention, and reflect somewhat more upon religion than she has hitherto done, I do not doubt that she will be a very zealous Evangelical Christian."

"You will, at least, leave to me," said the old man, laughing, "my faith, or rather my unbelief; for you plainly accused me, the other day, of indifference in matters of religion. Yet, children, let us leave this subject. You love each other; you will make each other happy. Therefore I give you my fatherly blessing. Be as happy as I was — alas! only for too short a time — with my dear Mary; and may Heaven preserve you for each other till the end."

Deeply moved, he embraced his son and daughter Since the death of her mother, Hildegard had not seen him so much affected. "Now, children," said he, "leave me alone; you, too, will wish to enjoy your happiness in quiet." Theodore and Hildegard went away. They were also too much moved not to feel the need of solitude. Theodore retired to his chamber, and relieved his full heart by a prayer of thanks to God, who had graciously spared him the severe sacrifice which he had determined to offer. He also thought of his mother, whose wish and vow would now be fulfilled without its costing him his happiness. "Blessed spirit!" cried he, "now mayst thou look down upon me with unalloyed satisfaction! This heart now is wholly tranquil, which always has been pained by the thought of having been unfaithful to thy wishes; and now its sweetest duty is joined with its dearest inclination."

After his mind had become more quiet, he wrote to John and Frederica, to announce to them his good for-

tune. He had never before written such joyful letters. In his letter to John, he said, among other things, "I have found in my Hildegard, not only a loving heart, which makes for me a heaven upon earth, but have also gained in her a means of improvement, and hope I shall always continue to be improved by her means. As a pious Catholic, her religion consists in ardent feeling. If I succeed in convincing her of the truth of our faith, her feelings will be joined with the light of knowledge, and she will become a model of female piety. Our pious Protestant women are, for the most part, either too enthusiastic, and inclined to a false mysticism, or they are coldly intellectual, and mere moralizers. My Hildegard will occupy a right medium, and will at the same time keep me there. I have already learned by her aid how far our church is deficient in religious education and the practice of piety; and how much nourishment may my heart yet gain from hers, which includes in itself so rich a treasure!"

Theodore's departure from Rome was now naturally postponed for a season. His difficulty with Sebald Otto promised to dispose of, so that he should not be injured in any way; and he kept this promise so well, that Theodore for a long time scarcely saw any thing of this disagreeable man.

CHAPTER XI.

HILDEGARD'S DOUBTS CONCERNING HER FEELINGS TOWARD THE VIRGIN.

When Theodore saw his love, now his betrothed, the next morning, she threw her arms impatiently round his neck, and cried, "My Theodore, thou art mine! and nothing shall separate me from thee!" Theodore wondered at this outbreak of passion in a maiden usually so serene and calm. It flattered him more than it pleased him. Hildegard's eyes looked disquieted, and did not meet his own with their usual tranquil expression. Both the lovers were very animated in expressing the joyful sense of their happiness, which, to-day, for the first time, they quietly contemplated. If there be any true joy on earth, it is that of two loving hearts who are united by a noble and virtuous inclination. All true happiness is inward, in the satisfaction and elevation of the soul. And what can satisfy and elevate us more than when a noble heart is wholly united with our own, and whatever we are and wish to be finds in it recognition, agreement, and encouragement?

Theodore noticed that the picture of the Virgin that hung in Hildegard's cabinet, and before which she had been in the habit of performing her private devotions, was covered with a curtain. He stepped near, and un-

covered the picture, in order to look at it again, as he had always thought it very beautiful.

Hildegard was embarrassed, and sought to lead away her lover from looking at the picture. When he had turned from it, and begun a conversation upon some other subject, Hildegard drew the curtain again before it. This attracted Theodore's attention, and he suspected what was passing in her mind. "What is it, my love?" said he. "You are making a sacrifice for me, and the hardest sacrifice that one can make — that of pious faith; and you make it without the joyful and firm conviction that you are right in so doing. O, do not make it in this way! Do not make it till you are able to do so!

Hildegard leaned on his shoulder, and wept. When she had become quiet, she confessed what had been passing in her mind.

On the previous day, filled with a sense of joy in her father's approval, she had gone into her chamber, feeling her need of relieving her heart by prayer to God. She had knelt down, according to custom, before the picture of Mary. Then it occurred to her that her love for Theodore made it necessary for her to renounce this custom. She looked up timidly to the mother of God, and it seemed to her that this picture, formerly so benignant, looked upon her with severity and anger. She arose, and strengthened herself by a prayer directed to God, praying for his power and aid in that step which she was about to take, both from a motive of love, and from the conviction which she had long since formed of the greater purity of the Protestant church. She felt herself also thereby strengthened

and confirmed in her purpose. Yet it seemed to her as if she had lost in Mary a motherly friend, and she did not feel able yet to look at her picture, and therefore had covered it with a curtain. This inner conflict, which was not yet over, in which, indeed, love had the advantage, but could not wholly conquer, gave her the passionate and excited air with which she had met Theodore. The embarrassment which this confession occasioned our friend was not trifling, and he had not foreseen this rock upon which his happiness might be wrecked.

The longest consideration would often not enable us to decide a question, to which we sometimes find the answer in a single moment. If the present question had been offered to Theodore for his calm examination and decision, he would perhaps not have been able to discover the means of removing the difficulty, which the instinct of love now showed him. The doctrinal system of Protestantism has wholly abolished the reverence paid to saints, because the abuses connected with it induced the extermination of this part of Catholic worship. It became as inevitable to separate from the Catholic church on this point as on many others. The subsequent controversies of Protestant theologians, excited and nourished by the public and private attacks of the Catholics upon the new church, made it impossible for Protestants to approximate to the old church at all, from their fear of being wholly brought back to it again. But what could not be done by the church, might be done by individuals, in particular cases. Hildegard, a pious Catholic, full of feeling, being convinced of the superior truth of the Protestant doctrines,

might, in leaving her former church, take with her all that was good and beautiful in the Catholic faith, so far as it was not repugnant to the feelings of her new friends and associates. Henceforth, indeed, she must not pray to the Virgin, which, in fact, she was not authorized to do by the Catholic theology, nor invoke her, which the Protestant doctrine did not allow. But still she might retain her before her eyes and heart, as an intimate spiritual friend. This was the idea which Theodore used, with which to satisfy the mind of Hildegard.

"Dear Hildegard," said he, "you are in error, if you think you must cease to look with reverence on this picture of female purity and humility. Our church only condemns your invoking the Virgin as an intercessor with God. You ought not any longer to say, 'Holy Virgin, pray for us,' because this interferes with the true worship of God. Our prayers should be directed immediately to our Heavenly Father. We should feel ourselves to be his children, who, having been redeemed by Christ, and endowed with the spirit of freedom, may demand every thing of him which a heart purified from earthly passion has a right to demand. God needs no intercessor to incline his heart toward us with parental love. The reconciliation of sinful men has happened through Christ, who unites in himself Godhead and manhood, in order to raise the latter to the former."

"I do not understand," replied Hildegard, "why we may worship Christ as a mediator, and not worship the Virgin, who seems to be nearer to us women as a mediator."

"The simple reason is, because Christ has redeemed

us from sin, and has reconciled us to God by his revelation of the truth, by his perfect holiness, and his death of sacrificing love. But Mary has not done this; therefore little is said about her in the Scripture, and no such merit is attributed to her as to Christ. By her purity and her humility, she was accounted worthy to become the mother of the Redeemer. But in her, human nature was by no means wholly purified from sin; this was first done for it through Christ and his death. When she believed on her loved Son, and thus entered with him into as intimate a spiritual union as she was already joined in natural union, she then became wholly pure from sin, and now remains the highest type of female nature. To her the pious woman may intimately attach her heart, and keep her always before her eyes."

"But why should I have her before my eyes, if I may not ask her for assistance? — it is so comforting to ask perfect and glorified spirits to intercede for us!"

"In one sense we do ask them for assistance, when we look up to them. Such a look of reverence strengthens us and gives us confidence. You should look up to Mary as a perfect model of female perfection, and so be elevated and strengthened."

Hildegard became thoughtful, and appeared to be beginning to understand him. In a few minutes, she said, "I believe I should be satisfied with your idea, if I did not remember that formerly a very disagreeable Protestant clergyman had told me that our Mary was only a creature of the imagination. You, dear friend, do not wish to take every thing from me at once, and you therefore leave me still a slender support. But

confess that you also do, in fact, doubt the reality of the Virgin."

"I have already remarked," replied Theodore, "that the sacred history tells us very little about Mary. This, indeed, could not be otherwise; for very little extraneous matter is contained in the history of revelation and redemption. She is mentioned twice under somewhat disadvantageous circumstances. On one occasion, at the marriage at Cana, she asks her Son's assistance too peremptorily. The other occasion is, when she goes with his brothers to bring him home, because she had heard that he was deranged. But these shadows upon her character, even though they should not disappear on closer investigation, would be wholly outweighed by what we read of her at the close of the story of the life of Jesus. She stood beneath the cross of her Son, — this, in itself, shows her motherly affection, — and Christ recommends her to the care of his most beloved disciple. What an invaluable trait is this of the sacred history! Two words tell us how dear Mary was to the heart of her divine Son; and thus she is placed so as to share in the rays of his glory!"

These remarks of Theodore restored Hildegard's cheerfulness. "Then," said she, "the personal existence of the mother of God — of this archetype of womanly and motherly character — is not a mere fancy. She actually lived, and still lives, by the side of her divine Son."

"She lives, as surely as souls are immortal; and she lives at the side of her divine Son; for Christ desired that all his friends might be near him, and see the glory conferred on him by his Father. How much more

would he wish this for his mother, who, while on earth, suffered so much for him! She has received her reward in being glorified with the Son of her heart. All which the beautiful paintings of Catholic artists tell us of the death and ascension of the Virgin, possesses a lofty inward truth, although authentic history tells us nothing concerning it."

CHAPTER XII.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN HILDEGARD AND THE PRIOR. HE OBJECTS TO HER MARRIAGE WITH THEODORE. HIS IDEAS CONCERNING THE FATE OF HERETICS. THEODORE'S VIEW OF A TRUE CHURCH. FAITH IN THE PRIESTS.

The prior of the cloister of * *, who has been already mentioned, heard of Hildegard's engagement to Theodore; and either he suspected that this might induce her to quit her church, or else the elder Schönfels had intimated to him that such was her intention. At any rate, he held it to be his duty, having been her confessor, to warn her against this measure. He was a pious and amiable old man, but no great theologian, and full of those prejudices which Catholics of the common stamp regard as fundamental principles of their faith. He came and asked for a private interview with Hildegard.

This interview contributed more than any thing else could have done to the alteration of her opinions. For she was called upon to defend herself against arguments, the absurdity of which was apparent; and this confirmed her former views. Man has a certain love for freedom and independence, which makes him resist any attempt from others to impose on him their convictions. Though Hildegard was warmly attached to Theodore, and disposed to sympathize with him in his views con-

cerning spiritual matters, yet she always had a secret dread of being convinced by his arguments, lest she should lose her own freedom of judgment. But this very instinct, which made her resist the influence of Theodore, caused her to assume a calm attitude of defence in opposing the prior, who committed the mistake, at the outset, of looking upon her as being already an apostate from his church.

"My daughter," said the prior, "my office makes it my duty to warn you against the danger to which you will be exposed by a union with a heretic — a danger, I fear, you have already incurred. O God! if you, my devout and good child, should be taken away from the only true church, the only church in which salvation is possible!"

"Reverend father," answered Hildegard, "I hope that you will give your blessing to a union which will make me so happy. If my Theodore is a heretic, he is yet so morally pure and pious a man, that I hope, by God's assistance, to lead with him a very happy and virtuous life."

Prior. "Daughter, you are already in great error. I must wound your kind heart by the direct declaration, that he whom you love, however amiable he may be, cannot, being a heretic, escape everlasting damnation. There have been very virtuous men among the heathen; but, as they had not the true faith, their virtues were only splendid crimes. The same is true of Protestants, as they have fallen away from the true faith."

Hildegard was shocked at hearing these austere judgments from a man who was usually so mild. She did not know that even pious and kind-hearted Catholic

clergymen will express these principles of their church, which are most inhuman and cruel, with a perfect want of feeling. The reason is, that these principles, like all the doctrines of their church, have not become to them matters of conviction or sentiment, but stand merely as positive axioms, in regard to which the understanding and the feeling must have nothing to say.

Hildegard replied, "What you say wholly contradicts the deepest feelings of my heart. To what do we attribute the highest value in life? What makes those men, with whom we have intercourse, dear and reverend? It is truth of heart, honesty, virtue. What is it which secures to us self-satisfaction and inward peace? The consciousness that we wish good and do good. Whenever I have practised devotion, either in church or at home, my object has been to increase my goodness, to raise my thoughts to God and Christ, with whom we are bound in the service of goodness. And, since my Theodore, who is so good, is also a zealous Protestant, I must admit that the Protestant church can produce good men. I cannot, therefore, pronounce such an absolute sentence of condemnation upon it as you do, my respected father."

Prior. "The virtue of which you speak is merely a self-relying human morality, and not the righteousness which is by faith, which renounces all personal merit."

Hildegard. "True virtue can never be self-relying; it must be always humble. But a righteousness of faith, which does not work by love, — which does not dwell in purified and good hearts, — seems to me yet more hollow and presumptuous than the most presumptuous virtue. How happens it that there should be

among Protestants so many well-meaning, honest, and sincere men? How happens it that such pure morality prevails in Protestant countries, while among the Catholics, and exactly here in Rome, where genuine Catholicism ought to be found, crimes are practised so undisguisedly and shamelessly? The institution of marriage is held sacred among Protestants, and family life is nowhere more pure and affectionate than among them. But here in Rome, unfaithfulness to the marriage vow is almost the rule rather than the exception."

Prior. "I confess and lament it. But you would draw from it a false inference, if you supposed that our church did not oppose vice, or did not inculcate virtue. We always teach that faith should work by love."

Hildegard. "But how do you explain this lamentable fact?"

Prior. "One reason of it is, the sense of security which believers have in knowing that they belong to the true and saving church. The Protestants, on the other hand, feeling that they are separated from the true church, labor to attain the grace of God by their good works. But the principal reason is, that Satan applies stronger temptations to believers, over whom he has no final power, than to unbelievers, whom he is sure to get possession of at last, however virtuous they may be." [1]

Hildegard was much offended by this speech. "No!" said she with animation; "I will tell you the true reason of the immorality which prevails among the Catholics. Religion, in the Catholic church, is not regarded as a

[1] A Romish priest actually gave this explanation, as Müller tells us in his "Rome, and its Men and Women."

matter of the heart and the sentiment, but as consisting in external ceremonies, which can easily be performed with a corrupt and sinful heart. The priests are satisfied if they can retain possession of their dignities and emoluments, and if their public rites are diligently attended. Sinners obtain the church's absolution, when they make satisfaction by what are called good works, in which the state of the heart is of no concern. After this, you do not care how your sheep live, whether they are among the marshes of crime, or on the healthy hill-top of virtue."

"Alas!" said the prior with a sigh, "you have lost confidence in me, my daughter, and I readily pardon this. But that you should have withdrawn yourself from our whole order, — from the fathers of the church, to whom God has committed the charge of his dispensations of grace, — this shows that you are already fatally entangled in the nets of evil." The good old man became very sad, and conjured her, by her love for her immortal soul, not to leave the arms of her saving mother. He assured her, with all the emphasis of which he was master, that there was no salvation out of the Catholic church, and went away, threatening to return again soon.

"I am glad you have come," said Hildegard to Theodore, as he entered shortly after. She told him about the conversation she had had with the prior. "Tell me," added she, "what you think about this matter of the only saving church, with which he has tormented me."

"Dear Hildegard," replied he, "the heart is safe which is at peace with itself, with the world, and with

God. And every man, therefore, knows best himself what makes him safe. Salvation is pure blessedness."

She took his hand, looked tenderly in his eyes, and said, "Then I want nothing for my salvation but to think and feel in perfect harmony with you, my love. But this superstitious old man comes here to disturb my peace and bliss."

"Then we must ask whether you wish to feel and to think in harmony with those who seek for truth, or with ambitious priests, who love to rule. If you will unite in communion with the first, and find in their society peace and calm assurance, then you will be in the saving church; for a church is a community. Two persons, who have come together in the name of Christ, and have his image in their hearts, form a Christian church or community. We, therefore, my love, constitute a church. And, if we are not a saving church, we are at least a safe and a blessed church. For do we not love each other in the spirit of Christ, for the sake of truth and virtue?" Saying this, he pressed her tenderly to his heart.

"But seriously, love, on what does the Catholic church ground its pretensions of being the only saving church? What gave the absurd reasons of this priest a certain power to disturb my feelings?"

"It is the authority of the church, arising from its antiquity and the number of its members; it is this which influences the majority. When they speak of their church being the only saving one, they ought, were they to speak correctly, to call *custom* the only saving thing. For custom and tradition make up their church. Its free spirit left it long ago. But what is it

which saves us? to creep like a snake upon the ground, or to rise aloft on the wings of the spirit? In whom should we rather believe, in Christ our Redeemer, or in corrupt, voluptuous, and ambitious priests?"

"True; he lamented much that I had withdrawn my confidence from the Catholic priesthood."

"Believe me, dear Hildegard, the whole controversy between our church and the Catholic would be at an end, or would never have arisen, if it had not been for the ambitious Catholic priesthood. For this reason Luther was such an irreconcilable enemy of the pope. You believe me candid, and you will therefore not think me extravagant in saying that the Protestants believe in Christ — the Catholics, in their priests."

Hildegard smiled, and seemed to think that this was somewhat extravagant.

"Listen to my explanation. Every thing which concerns faith, even the interpretation of the sacred Scriptures, is subjected by Catholicism to the decision of the church. But the church is only the body of bishops, or, according to the system of the Romish chair, only the pope himself, in whom resides all the fulness of episcopal power. If, then, a Catholic can only believe what the bishops allow, it is clear that he believes in the bishops, and not in Christ."

Hildegard was satisfied with this explanation, and asked what he thought of the prior's opinion about righteousness by faith — an opinion equally repugnant to her understanding and her heart.

"These idolaters," said he, "have trampled in the dust the highest religious ideas, and made of them supports for their moral laziness and depravity. Our

courage, our hope, our inward peace, do not come from relying upon our works, which are always imperfect, however much we may exert our good but weak will. But we must look up in trust to our loving and merciful Heavenly Father, and to the Redeemer, who, being the most sinless and the most perfect of men, suffered for us, in order to raise us up to himself. This is the true doctrine of justification by faith. But these perverters of all truth have changed Christ to an idol — have put the pope in his place, and understand by justifying faith a slavish submission to the church, and an unspiritual performance of its ceremonies."

Theodore laughed heartily at the reason which the prior gave for the greater morality of Protestants, and said, "Yet there is something true in the greatest absurdity. It is true that, in modern times, Protestantism has taken a onesided direction toward morality, and has put instead of faith a more refined sort of justification by works. In aiming at a living and practical faith, which should work by love, works came to take the place of faith altogether. On the other hand, the Catholic church has adhered to a dead faith, and lost morality by putting in its place an empty practice of ceremonies."

CHAPTER XIII.

THEODORE'S VIEW OF CHRISTIANITY AND THE CHURCH. MAN'S DESTINY. HIS NEED OF DIVINE AID. THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH. ERRONEOUS TENDENCIES. ORIGIN OF THE CHURCH OF ROME.

HILDEGARD one day asked her lover to give her a general idea of Christianity, and of the Christian church; and Otto joined her in this wish. "I am pretty well acquainted," said he, "with your views; but I would like to take a survey of all of them at once."

"To comply with this wish," replied Theodore, "I must begin far back, commencing with the destiny of man. All creatures are impelled by nature to that for which they were made. Man alone must, by the free exercise of his understanding, discover his destiny, and, by the free action of his will, adapt himself to it. I speak now more particularly of his earthly destiny, which may be so apprehended that the man shall fulfil the circle of his existence, unfold his life equally and perfectly, and live in harmony with himself and with the world."

Otto. "Yes; but what *is* the perfect, harmonious, and equal life of man?"

Theodore. "That is the very question he is to solve — solve by his knowledge and his deed. If he does not this, he is burdensome to himself and to others —

he is unhappy himself, and makes others so. For whatever fails of accomplishing its destiny always disturbs the universal peace."

Otto. "But much, too, which *does* fulfil its destiny, disturbs thereby our peace and repose. It is the destiny of the lion to live on the blood of its fellow-creatures; but when it tears in pieces the child of the countryman, it destroys the happiness of a family."

Theodore. "It is in the order of nature that powers should conflict with other powers, and destroy them; that creatures should live at the expense of their fellow-creatures. Man ought to adapt himself to this order, so far as to bear with patience and resignation that which he may not hinder. You are bringing forward a point which belongs to the circle of morality and piety, earlier than I intended to speak of it. Man ought to recognize his dependence on the Lord of nature, and subject himself humbly to him. It is the first object of religion to educate him to do this, that he may not, like a self-willed child, fight against the eternal laws of nature."

Hildegard. "The pain which we suffer from the blind force of nature, does not distress us like that which we have to endure from the wickedness and foolishness of man."

Theodore. "Very true. And this remark leads me to my main question, How shall man live so as not by his self-will to destroy his own happiness and that of others? This is the problem of morality and piety — a problem which must be solved by the free exercise of intellect and will. But how shall weak and erring man do this? History shows us what errors he has

committed in attempting it. From the worship of serpents to the most cruel human sacrifices — from the rude life of the Bushman to the refined sloth of the Chinese — what an infinite gradation of errors! If we look at an individual, who, being left to himself, or else despising the counsels of wisdom through self-conceit, chooses to go his own way, what blunders will he commit! and how heavily must he suffer for them! Man, without a higher guidance, becomes the sport of error. The child needs an instructor; the instructor needs a tried rule to which to subject himself; in short, man needs the support of a higher hand. The individual must cling to the society of his nation — of his race; and the race must listen to God, and to the guidance of his wisdom."

Otto. "You speak now of man's need of a divine revelation?"

Theodore. "Yes, and of a church communion. By means of one divinely sent, who, on account of his superhuman, unchanging wisdom and holiness, is freely recognized as such by men, a central point is formed of communion in faith and love, around which all unite. This is the church."

Hildegard. "And by the church the problem is solved. Men believe and live as they should, holding fast to their Redeemer. They mutually support each other, strengthen themselves in their conviction, help each other in their efforts after wisdom and virtue. And this is the *only saving church*, is it not?"

Theodore smiled approval upon his docile scholar, and continued: "The problem which is solved by revelation, and which the church is always engaged

in solving, is therefore a twofold one — first, to make men live rightly; second, to make them believe rightly. But faith is the foundation of all. The impulse, the feeling, the inspiration, from which we act — the high aim which always floats before us — this belongs to faith. Our satisfaction with ourselves, and that of others with us, as well as our peace with God, are founded, in a great measure, upon our mode of action. If this is in accordance with nature, with the impulse of our heart, and with the voice of divine wisdom, it makes us and others happy. But, however much we and others may endeavor to act in conformity with duty, we shall never be wholly satisfied with ourselves; for we too often stumble, and suffer ourselves to be carried away by our passions, and we also are always injuring one another. Thus, in addition to the evil which we experience from nature, comes that which is in ourselves and others, destroying our peace. Here comes in faith, reconciling and pacifying — faith in the Son of God, glorified through suffering — faith, also, in our Heavenly Father, who is merciful and pitiful even while he punishes; and, finally, faith gives us peace also in reference to the future. We are mortal; our weak nature trembles at the thought of death; and we are terrified by the question, What will become of us? Here, again, faith in the risen Savior, who will raise us up also from the dead, gives us hope and confidence. Thus is our heart wholly satisfied; nothing more disturbs or terrifies us; we are at peace with ourselves and with our fellow-men — with the world and with God."

Otto. "Now you will come to the history of Chris-

tianity, and of its different churches. I hope you will also give us your leading ideas about this subject."

Theodore. "The union which existed between the apostles and first disciples and the Redeemer is the most perfect form of the church. It was the most living, inspired, and active brotherhood, knit and fastened together by a feeling of the divinity of our Lord and Master, derived from immediate observation. Here were body and soul livingly penetrated by each other, or, as the Scripture calls it, a living body of the Lord. But, after some generations, the image of the Redeemer was already somewhat darkened in their memory, and their enthusiasm for him had grown cold. Two opposite erroneous tendencies now appeared; one was attachment to the externals in tradition and custom, the other an enthusiastic tendency toward a spiritual mode of thought. By one, the earthly manifestation and history of the Redeemer were firmly held; by the other, his spiritual image — the eternal idea of what he is for humanity — was deeply felt, but went into vagueness and emptiness. This second error was called Gnosticism. It was a proud Christian philosophy, which exalted itself above history and experience."

Otto. "And, at the same time, the Gnostics interfered with church union, as each of their sects wished to form a particular church, with its own particular doctrine and discipline."

Theodore. "Perfectly true. And this tendency, and similar ones, which interfered with church union, induced others to bind themselves together in a narrower ecclesiastical connection. This gave the hierarchy a

disadvantageous preponderance, and the outward forms of church life passed for the essence of it. This is the character of the Romish church. It called itself the Catholic, or the Universal church, because it opposed itself to those errors and particular arbitrary forms of church union, and because it held to what was universal and traditional. And, indeed, it deserves the credit of having kept the middle path and avoided extremes; but, in doing so, it has lost its soul, and has become dead and cold. In the first centuries, there was a very active spiritual movement in this church, and some Catholic church fathers came very near falling into the extravagances of Gnosticism. But in the anxiety which was felt to keep the just medium, a stop was put to all movement, and every point of doctrine was firmly settled. After this, every thing went to sleep, till, in the middle ages, the scholastics and a few heretics disturbed, again, in some measure, the indolent repose. But, on the whole, every thing remained as it was, till the reformation, in the sixteenth century; and the priesthood had gained a frightful point of elevation, so that Christianity lay crushed by it in the dust."

Hildegard. "In this view of the church, dear Theodore, you simply regard its doctrines and its forms. But remember that one of your hearers is a woman, who cannot take much interest in the doctrines or the discipline of the church. Draw its picture also on that side which is particularly interesting to me."

Theodore. "Your wish is correct, dearest Hildegard. You wish me to speak of the devotional exercises of the church. But you can easily see yourself the influence which the hierarchy would exercise upon these. In the

first ages of the church, its public worship consisted in the reading and explanation of passages of Scripture, in the singing of psalms, and in the love-feasts. The elders whom the apostles had appointed, and their successors, might, to some extent, be teachers also. But, as a general thing, each one was free to bring forward, for the edification of the church, whatever the Spirit moved him to say. Many unsuitable and unimportant things may certainly have been said; but there was a living brotherly communication and mutual excitement, by means of which many beautiful spiritual ideas were certainly developed."

Otto. "Was this like the means of edification which is used among the Mennonites?"

Theodore. "Yes; only that then the Christian spirit was more active, and that there were many enlightened and cultivated members in the church, which is not usually the case among the Mennonites. But the most beautiful of the ancient devotional exercises of the church were the love-feast and the Lord's supper, in which the brotherly spirit of the church fully manifested itself. Every member took a part, not only in the discussion of doctrine, but also in the administration of discipline. The bishops and elders were freely chosen by the church, and whoever had committed a fault must confess it, and atone for it, in the presence of the whole body. The church was, indeed, a spiritual family. But how wholly different some centuries later! Then a clerical order had become established, which imagined itself to be better than the rest, to be the sole possessor of the Holy Ghost; which had appropriated to itself the exclusive power in doctrine, discipline,

and the choice of bishops; and which had degraded the body of the community to the rank of its subjects. The love-feast had disappeared along with the spirit of brotherhood; and the Lord's supper had taken the shape of a mystery, until it finally became the present mass. Now my Hildegard will see the difference between the ancient and modern church, as regards the exercises of devotion."

Hildegard. "In the former there must have been a very warm spirit of childlike piety."

Theodore. "And, which is more important, an actual communion of heart. All felt themselves to be penetrated and sustained by the spirit of Christ. It was the continuation of the original union of which Christ himself, in person, was the centre. But afterward this communion disappeared, and the hierarchy took its place, pretending to stand in a closer connection with the Redeemer, although Christ died to unite all men with himself. What sort of a relation would exist in the members of a family in which some of the children — say the oldest — should come between the father and the rest, and communicate to them his commands and wishes? The Christian church ought to unite all men as brethren; and Christ is its Head, with whom all, being members of his body, should stand in immediate connection."

Otto. "You are attacking the Catholic church at its very roots; and I plainly see that it does not correspond to the idea of a Christian community. But it was impossible for the condition of the early church to last, as, in point of fact, it did not last"

Theodore. "To be sure not; and why? First, because of the increasing extent of the church. Families and republics cannot exist in the pure democratic form when very large, because the mutual intercourse and influence of individuals become so difficult. Then, as the church increased in size, many unworthy members entered it, who had no sincere convictions; and this especially happened when the church was recognized and favored by the state. At last, whole flocks of sheep were driven by the sword into the spiritual fold; the rudeness of the age was added; and all this made it natural for the nations to feel the need of clerical guidance and discipline, and for the priesthood to assume the office of authority, and to demand a blind obedience. The Romish church arose amid the rudeness of the middle ages, and is adapted to such a period of rudeness. It is a religious apparatus of discipline and restraint for the great masses, in which there is no free spiritual life."

Hildegard. "If our Catholic artists only heard this, who find the highest art and poetry in the Catholic church!"

Theodore. "Certainly, in the middle ages, when the nations of modern Europe were in the fresh bloom of youth, fancy and enthusiasm did manifest themselves under the forms of the Catholic church; and thence she has received the character for art and poetry, which I will not deny that she possesses. But these, with her, are always attended by ignorance and superstition, and I always wish to renounce the poetry which is inconsistent with purity of faith, or which is dangerous to morality."

Otto. "You regard Protestantism, do you not, as a product of a reawakened freedom of thought, of advancing European culture? The church broke from the fetters of the hierarchy, threw away the mass of traditions, and ventured to study the form and character of its Redeemer, of his revelation, and of the primitive church, in the mirror of the holy Scriptures, and with its own eyes. It ventured to look for itself, and exercise a personal faith in Christ. But you cannot show any where in Protestantism an example of that living and intimate communion which prevailed in the first church."

Theodore. "Alas, not wholly! but Protestantism has more of it than Catholicism. We have no hierarchy, and that in itself is a great gain. Every Christian feels himself free, and capable of entering into an immediate spiritual communion with his Redeemer. Convictions are freely formed by an active literary intercourse, and are not held fast by the judgments of any tribunal of belief. Every truth may find its way freely into the national mind. Much is yet to be done for a closer union of the church, for a deeper feeling, and more influence upon the heart, in our devotional exercises; but of all this we are now beginning to feel the *need*, and that is a great deal. In philosophy and theology we begin to recognize the rights of the feelings, and therefore we shall soon allow them their place also in our hearts and lives. I am full of the most joyful hopes for the renewed growth and progress of the Protestant church."

Hildegard thanked her lover for his instruction,

which had made this leading idea clear to her — that communion with the Redeemer is the soul of all church union, and that the Catholic church rather interferes with this communion than forwards it. "This is enough," said she, "to show me that I shall be certain not to go astray in taking your path."

CHAPTER XIV.

STATE OF OTTO'S MIND. REFORMATION OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Otto, since his first connection with Theodore, at which time he was a most zealous defender of Catholicism, had been freed from many prejudices, as the reader may have noticed from some of his expressions. During his stay at the university, he had occupied himself chiefly with the study of history, both civil and ecclesiastical, especially the former. Theodore communicated to him his theological views, and found him a very receptive hearer. But Theodore's remarks were seldom attacks upon the Catholic church; and it was never his purpose to induce Otto to quit it. Theodore therefore scarcely knew what his friend's opinions were in regard to the comparative merit of the two churches. Otto listened very patiently to Theodore when he spoke of the defects of the Catholic church, yet he zealously seized and brought forward every thing which could be said in its favor. He could scarcely be accused of the indifference upon the subject which his father felt, but evidently he had attained no settled convictions in his own mind.

If, in order to explain this indecision, we should pronounce an opinion concerning the state of the young

man's mind, it appears to us that he did not sufficiently feel the inward need of a religious communion; that he did not lay enough stress upon devotional exercises; and that he regarded the church mainly as an outward institution, and less as a concern of the heart, although he did not make of it a mere mummery. By nature he was intended to be a statesman and man of business; and it was therefore natural that, in regard to the church, he should take neither the theological view of Theodore, nor the religious view of his sister. But since Hildegard had been led by her engagement to Theodore to think of quitting her church, Otto also became more deeply interested in this matter, and did not look upon it as coldly as before.

One day, after he had been present at a conversation of Theodore with his sister, he asked him the following question: — "What do you think ought to be done with our church? Ought we all to become Protestants? Ought the Catholic church to be destroyed?"

Theodore answered, "Certainly those whose religious wants are no longer satisfied in the Catholic church, should seek a better communion, which they can only find in the Protestant church. But there are also numbers who, though no longer satisfied with Catholicism, are either not sufficiently acquainted with Protestantism, or else feel too great a dislike to many things connected with it, to become Protestants. It is not my disposition to indulge in vain hopes; and when we are conversing about an historical question, we must keep to the circumstances before us. I therefore do not believe that, on the whole, the course of events will lead all Catholics to become Protestants. The

point of time in which this might have happened has passed by: this was the period of the church reformation, in which all hearts were on fire, and every thing was in active motion. But now, when all our relations have been firmly reëstablished, we must not expect any such great change."

"But what will become of the Catholic church?"

"It will gradually be conformed to the idea of Evangelical freedom. It must first be freed from the shameful yoke of Rome, and become national in its character. If I were a German prince, a Catholic myself, or ruling over Catholics, even though I were not one of the most powerful, I would endeavor to cause my subjects to be wholly free from the influence of the pope. What is it which now makes us dependent upon him? It is only the consecration of bishops. The church must have its shepherds; then all its principal wants are met, and there is no more dissatisfaction. But it ought not to be difficult to obtain bishops without the pope's consecration, if there were only the courage to resolve upon it."

"It is dangerous to enter into a contest with the pope. A conflict between worldly power and religious prejudices is very unequal."

"That the religion of a nation should depend upon a foreign prince, (for the pope is nothing else,) runs directly counter to the rights of the state; and to contend for those rights is never dangerous; at any rate, not in our time, in which the interest in the state outweighs all others."

"But why have our German states formed con-

cordates[1] again, if they were not afraid of the pope?"

"I do not know why they have done it; but this I know — that, if I had been a German prince, I never would have done it. No negotiation should be had with a power like the Papal, which, in particular cases, and under the pressure of circumstances, will agree to any thing, but, in its principles, and when there is no pressing necessity, will moderate none of its pretensions. We must compel it to grant what we wish in its hour of necessity. If, for example, a government steadfastly refuses to accept any bishops whom the pope has appointed and confirmed, and allows only such as have been chosen by German chapters, and consecrated by German bishops, the Papacy will shut its eyes, and be willing to permit what it is unable to hinder."

"But could we find any German bishops who would consecrate and confirm others without the command of the pope?"

"If there was a government which should declare itself for the episcopal system, with all the energy it possessed, we should soon find bishops who would venture to side with it."

"I was myself, for a time, in favor of this system, until I was convinced that it was inconsistent with the very existence of the Catholic church."

"It is very certain that the uniformity of the Catho-

[1] [*Concordates.* A concordate is a convention made between the bishop of Rome, as head of the church, and any secular government, for the settling of ecclesiastical relations. See the article on concordates in the Encyclopædia Americana. — TRANSL.]

lic church could not continue to exist with a purely episcopal system, in which there should be no pope, but only councils, as was the case in the first centuries. National churches would be formed, all of which would soon possess many peculiarities in their mode of worship and constitution, and even in their doctrines. But what does a nation need for the development of its church, except itself, history, and the Bible?"

"O, how inspiring is this idea! If our nation were as ecclesiastically independent of foreigners as it is politically, what a difference would soon show itself in the German character!"

"Changes would take place in the German Catholic church, as soon as it was independent. A freer Catholic theology would arise, which would venture to search the Scriptures, and to search history, without casting timorous side-glances toward Rome. The consequences of this cannot be calculated. Who knows but that, in that case, in the course of time, the Catholic and Protestant churches might be united? The first alteration in church discipline would consist in allowing marriage to the priests, which the better part of the clergy and people now desires. An immense gain would be won by this. The introduction of the German language into the worship would soon follow."

"A mass in German! I have not been accustomed to think of that."

"To be sure, this would soon introduce other changes; but these, too, are desirable. When the mass, in its present form, and the celibacy of priests, have once been done away, — when the German bish-

ops are free, and the princes national in their feelings, — there will then be no further difficulty in the way of a union between the churches."

"You wish, I perceive, to make the Catholic church Protestant. Confess it."

"By no means. Where a union takes place, there both parts sacrifice something, and both parts receive something. To settle the details would be to anticipate matters; and I confess that I have no clear ideas what they would be."

CHAPTER XV.

THE CARNIVAL. HILDEGARD'S MODESTY. SEBALD'S TRICK.

THE carnival was about ending; and on the Corso, for many days, were renewed continually the confused tumult, the rush and noise of public sports. Our friends also were there, and noticed diligently the whole proceeding.

One of these evenings, Hildegard rode in an open carriage, attended by her father, and brother, and Theodore, through the midst of the crowd. She wore no disguise; and the people, after the free manner of the Romans, loudly expressed their admiration of her great beauty, all crying out, "Look at the beautiful German!" She sat blushing with modesty, and secretly lamenting that she had not worn a mask. Theodore sympathized with her embarrassment; and, although it flattered him to see the beauty of his love so highly admired, he was yet glad when her father yielded to her wishes, and allowed the coach to drive away. How different was her behavior from that of two Roman ladies, who followed in the next coach behind them, and who sat on raised seats, as if for public exhibition, looking proudly around, seeming to demand a tribute of homage! They were also very beautiful;

but their bold and proud look clouded the splendor of their beauty.

"Modesty and unconsciousness," thought Theodore, "are the seal of beauty, as humility is the seal of virtue. As the virtuous man lives not for himself, but for the will of the Lord and the Spirit of God, so also does beauty become true beauty only when it does not glorify itself, but its Creator, and when, unconsciously to its possessor, the creative spirit of nature is revealed in it. As the mind loses its strength when it is always contemplating itself in a vain self-conceit, so beauty, when conscious of its own charms, loses them, because it turns away from the sun of all beauty, and leans only on itself."

Hildegard returned to the Corso, disguised in a manner which would not attract observation, and took her place at a window, from which she could overlook the tumult. Theodore attended her, while Otto mingled with the crowd. Her father had preferred to go to an evening party.

"There is neither meaning nor object in all this wild confusion," said Hildegard, after they had observed it for some time. "Very few of these dresses have any meaning, and, when they have, they scarcely attract the attention of the people. With us, a masked ball is animated, at least, by music and dancing; but here we hear nothing but shrieks and laughter, and every thing goes on madly and tumultuously."

"Extravagance and gayety," replied Theodore, "are here sufficient in themselves. Every one is bent on playing pranks of some sort or other. I wonder," he

added, "that we do not see more satirical characters. It appears as though the Romans had no great fondness for satire."

Scarcely had he said this, before two persons in disguise approached the house where they were. The one, who was a man, had a dress like that which Theodore usually wore, and a mask which resembled Theodore's face. The other was dressed like a woman, with long, blond hair, and was evidently meant for Hildegard, though the imitation was not very successful. They walked together tenderly, arm in arm, and kissed one another in a grotesque manner. Theodore immediately penetrated into the meaning of this wretched jest, and at once detected its contriver; but Hildegard fortunately was attending to another group of characters, and talking about them to a lady next her, and therefore noticed nothing. The false Theodore acted as if he had come to the house to make his love an offer of marriage, upon the condition that she should become a heretic. Theodore felt extremely embarrassed. Fortunately, however, the two masks displeased the populace, who did not understand the allusion; and they were so pelted with confectionary, according to the well-known practice of the Romans, that they were soon compelled to leave off their acting, and take to flight.

It was Sebald, who wished in this manner to vex Theodore, and who had persuaded some other painter or artist to assist him in the execution of his coarse jest. Theodore was wounded by the allusion to Hildegard's change of religion, and he feared that his enemy would seek to play them a still worse trick.

Nevertheless, he was glad that Hildegard had not perceived it, and did not say any thing to her about it. He related the occurrence to Otto, who laughed, and said, "He shall be properly punished for it." Accordingly, he found out, the next day, what disguise Sebald wore, and, when he met him on the Corso, followed him with a company of young persons, and so pelted him with their favorite weapons of comfits, that he did not dare to appear again.

Theodore's apprehension was, however, verified. Before the beginning of the holy week, he received a letter from an unknown hand, telling him that he had been accused by one of his countrymen, before the inquisition, of attempting to lead a daughter of the church into heresy. It was added, that, by a particular favor, he would not be immediately treated with rigor, and would be permitted to remain some weeks longer in Rome, in the hope that both he and the lady, whom he had seduced from her faith, might be impressed with better feelings. But he was warned not to hinder this wavering daughter of the church from observing the holy usages of the occasion.

Our friend did not doubt that Sebald was his accuser. He determined not to mention this circumstance to any one at present. Otto and his father would have been disquieted by it; and he wished to enjoy the holy week without being disturbed. Without this inducement, he had already persuaded Hildegard to go through all the ceremonies once more as a Catholic, that she might learn what impression they would make upon her. He determined, on his own part, to be an attentive observer, and to keep his heart open to every good im-

pression, so as to be enabled to lay aside all the unfounded prejudices he might have adopted against the Catholic church; for he wished to be just, not only to her whom he loved, but also to himself.

Hildegard took leave of him for a few days, and said, "You have arranged it very skilfully to remove from my mind any remaining partiality for Catholicism, by condemning me to this separation. I have been so accustomed to exchange with you my thoughts and feelings, that, when absent from you, and left to myself, I feel my mind imperfect. If I could expect any devotional nourishment, I should wish to share it with you; and my longing for you will make every thing unprofitable and powerless."

"Dearest Hildegard," replied Theodore, with the most tender and profound expression, "can I feel confident that, during this season, a doubt or an emotion of repentance may not come into your soul? If it does, I conjure you by our love not to repress, from any consideration of love for me, what passes in your mind. Be perfectly open towards me, and conceal nothing. My earthly happiness and your own ought to give way to your spiritual peace."

"Be at rest, dear Theodore," answered she. "I deeply feel that it is not merely from love for you, but also from personal conviction, that I have become faithless to my church. You will laugh at me, and think me superstitious, but I must tell you something. I had a dream last night, which filled me with joyful security and peace. The Virgin Mary appeared to me, resembling my picture, but infinitely more beautiful, and illuminated with a heavenly radiance, and smiled upon

me with a benignity and kindness which made me feel a foretaste of heaven. She is no longer angry with me, but rather encourages me to pursue the path I have marked out."

"O that you may always keep this joyful confidence!" cried Theodore, with delight. "My prayer, during this holy week, shall be to implore peace from Heaven for this beautiful soul, ah! so infinitely dear to me; and surely that prayer will be heard."

CHAPTER XVI.

OTTO DETERMINES TO BECOME A PRIEST. CATHOLIC PREACHING. A PROTESTANT MASS. HILDEGARD'S MESSAGE TO THEODORE. CEREMONIES OF THE HOLY WEEK IN ROME.

During Hildegard's absence, Theodore explained to her father that it was necessary for him to leave Rome as soon as possible, in order to return home; and he inquired when he might expect that he and Hildegard would follow. "This is exactly right," said the old man; "I am also just ready to go; and as my Hildegard would not wish to have you travel alone, we will all go together. I am very happy in thinking of the quiet enjoyment which I henceforth hope to have in the midst of my children."

Theodore gratefully embraced him, and again promised that he would endeavor to make his residence in his house as pleasant as possible.

"There is only one thing which still disquiets me," said the old man; "and that is, that my Otto has not yet devoted himself to any profession. He has no fondness for the life of a soldier in times of peace, and neither does he wish to engage in the service of the state, in the present condition of our politics. I should not like to see him lead the life of an indolent country nobleman."

Just then Otto entered, and his father acquainted him

with his determination of immediately leaving Rome, and travelling into Germany. "I shall go to live with our Theodore," said he; "but where shall you go, and what will you do?"

"I intend to become a priest," said Otto.

"You are in jest," replied his father.

"I am entirely in earnest," replied Otto, firmly; "and I beg you, my father, to give your consent to it. If you are not entirely satisfied with this choice of mine, you must cast the blame of it upon our Theodore, who has given me an idea of being able to contribute to the improvement of the Catholic church. Perhaps one day I may become a bishop, and then I will show the pope what a German can do for his nation."

"O my brother!" said Theodore, falling on his neck; "ardent and active youth! full of fire and of power! may God bless your determination, and enable you to succeed in your labors."

"But, my son," said the old man, "you will have to renounce the happiness of married life. Have you considered this also?"

"My heart," replied he, "has never yet been touched by any woman; and if I can do any great work in the world, I shall be fully satisfied. And who knows but I may have the privilege of marrying hereafter, even though I should be a bishop or a canon?"

The old man smiled, and shook his head, and said, "You may now make the experiment, at least; and if you should repent it, you will have an opportunity to return. Hildegard may take charge of the allodial [1]

[1] [*Allodial* property is all property not feudal; held by a man

property which falls to you, under the condition that you shall have an opportunity of reclaiming it."

Theodore then learned, for the first time, that Otto had an elder brother, who was heir of the hereditary property, and was now in the army. He did not appear to be on very good terms with his father and sister, and they very seldom spoke of him.

During this week, Theodore visited several churches with Otto. They heard a preacher who was generally accounted one of the most eloquent; but even Otto was displeased with his emptiness, heartlessness, and theatrical declamation. Theodore said, "We see that the Catholic preachers have no sincere faith in their own doctrines. If they had, they could not give us such dry preaching. They have no idea of any relation between religion and life."

"The worst preachers whom I heard in Germany," said Otto, "were better than this man."

"Many years since," replied Theodore, "I heard a Catholic preacher in the country, who pleased me exceedingly. He related the life of a saint; and he did it so earnestly that it made a deep impression. But the best of those whom I have since heard were mere imitators of Reinhard and of other Protestant preachers."

"But do you not believe," asked Otto, "that a good sermon is equally adapted to all churches?"

"Imitations of Reinhard's sermons," replied Theodore, "would not please me, for the simple reason that they are imitations, even though I were better satisfied

in his own right, without any feudal obligation. The English phrase is *fee-simple.* — TRANSL.]

with the originals. But without any consideration of the difference of doctrine, there are two reasons why Protestant sermons do not suit a Catholic church. One is, that we cannot take for granted any knowledge of the Bible among Catholics; and the other is, that with the Catholics religion is less a matter of reflection than of imagination and feeling. Catholic preachers must lean more upon the church, and its usages and traditions, than upon the Bible and reason. They must be rather orators than teachers and essayists. They must move rather than convince."

"If I ever preach," said Otto, laughing, "I will come to school to you."

As they were present at a mass on the following day, Otto said, "I cannot wholly condemn a ceremony like the mass. The Lord's supper is not adapted to take its place entirely, because the whole congregation does not usually unite in it; and, without such a ceremony, preaching is always the principal part of public worship — which I do not like."

"I have myself imagined," replied Theodore, "that the Lord's supper might be celebrated in Protestant churches also, as a visible representation and symbol."

"And what would be your idea?"

"The clergy should commune together alone, as an emblem of the communion of the whole Christian church."

"It seems to me that this would be a very interesting and appropriate ceremony, and it would at the same time retain its actual character as the Lord's supper."

"My only fear is, lest it might also degenerate into a *mere* ceremony, and become a matter of empty parade.

We will to-morrow witness such a symbolic representation, and learn from it what impression is made by such actions."

This evening, Theodore received a billet from Hildegard, written from the cloister with a pencil, of which the contents were as follows: —

"I suppose that even the women about me here would not justify me in writing to my lover in the midst of our devotional exercises. Some of those who are fasting and praying with me here in the cloister, are not, in other respects, very perfect models of female virtue. But they who would condemn me do not understand the feeling of true love, which is so pure that it may well be united with acts of piety. O my Theodore! why did you advise me to engage once more in these slavish religious ceremonies? When we are accustomed to sanctify our whole active life by a sense of God's presence, why should we leave it, in order to cast ourselves into the arms of a mere shadow? It is, in truth, only a spectral piety which prevails here. There is no exercise of the intellect; no freshness of devout incitement; no nourishment for our feelings, and none even for our imagination. It is a death; and not merely the death of our senses — not merely dying to the flesh; it is also a death of the mind, which perishes amid this empty mechanism. Fasting weakens my body, but still more does this eternal singing and praying weaken my mind. When I am at home, doing any thing for my father, and then retire into my chamber to read or to pray, — when, after a well-spent day, I pass the evening with you or with Otto, — then I really live; live for duty and for thought; live for God and

for my Savior. But here —— O, hasten, ye hours, to bring me again to the arms of my love — to bring me again into real existence!"

When, on the following day, Theodore and Otto attended the feast of the twelve apostles, and the ceremony of foot-washing,[1] they communicated to each other their reflections concerning them. Theodore was not satisfied with them, and was sometimes almost provoked to laughter. "All these persons," said he, "are mere actors; and, indeed, they play their part so badly, that they do not even take the trouble to appear what they pretend to be. What absurd and tasteless dresses! What mechanical movements in kneeling, and in performing all the other actions!"

"But still," replied Otto, "this act *might* certainly be performed in an appropriate and edifying manner; at least, it seems to answer well to the idea of a symbol."

"Very true. Christ himself performed this action as a symbol. But we see how dangerous it is to have religious ceremonies which are merely of a symbolic character, when they are not connected with actual life."

"Yet the Lord's supper itself is only a symbolic action."

"Yes; but it is one which is immediately connected with life, as every Christian partakes of it. A merely symbolical representation, like that of which we spoke yesterday, would also soon become a theatrical mummery."

[1] See Note G.

"Perhaps this might be avoided by permitting any members of the church to participate in this rite whenever they should desire it; and then, besides this, to have the table of the Lord standing always open, at every occasion of public worship, and letting all take part in this rite, at least as spectators."

The reading of the *Bull of the Lord's Supper*, by which the pope, every year, on Maundy Thursday, curses all heretics, excited a lively dissatisfaction in the mind of Theodore. "On that very day," said he, "in which Christ gave himself to die for the love of sinners — on that very day, to curse those whom we think in error, is to treat the memory of Christ with contempt. God has not sent his Son into the world to condemn the world. He who does not believe in him is condemned already; why, then, take pains to curse him?"

"No one thinks about it at all," said Otto. "There are no people more tolerant than the Roman people, who hear this bull every year."

"They are tolerant because they have no earnest interest in religion. But the spirit of a church which can retain such a usage, is certainly impious and unchristian."

On the evening of Good Friday, both of our friends were present in the Sistine chapel, in order to hear the *Miserere* sung. Theodore was deeply moved by this sacred music; and the more so, because he knew that Hildegard was also present with him in the same chapel, and hearing what he heard. At all the previous ceremonies he had been only a spectator; but here he became a devout participator. At first, the

image of Hildegard floated before him, and he seemed in spirit to take her hand, and to kneel devoutly beside her. He examined his heart; he prayed God to assist him in this self-examination, and to let him see whether in his engagement to her, his motives were pure and disinterested, and whether it was in the service of truth and virtue that he had endeavored to bring her over to his own convictions. But soon her image disappeared from before his soul; his consciousness became more enlarged; his heart expanded; he sympathized with the whole Christian world, and prayed to the All-merciful to pity and help it, in its miseries and sins. He was so sunk in devotion, that Otto was obliged to tell him when the time had come to go away.

As he followed the procession to St. Peter's, he saw Hildegard, who looked upon him with the glance of a saint, and made no gesture of recognition. He understood her, and reverenced her devotion of soul, without being led to doubt in the least respecting her love to himself. He felt sure that her feelings in the chapel had resembled his own, and he had no fear that her love for him would be diminished by this feeling.

The illumination of the cross of St. Peter's made a striking impression on our friend's mind; but it seemed to him, nevertheless, to disturb and weaken his previous feeling. When we have once reached the highest point of religious excitement, an outward symbol can avail us no further. He who has spiritually gazed at the glorified cross of his Redeemer, sees in this external illumination only a weak shadow of his inward feeling. The sight of the church of St. Peter, receiving all its light from the illuminated cross, is

indeed wonderfully imposing. But, in order to take in this impression, it was necessary for Theodore first to turn himself outward, which was, in fact, to descend from his spiritual elevation. Whoever comes into this church from out of the world, and with his mind full of worldly thoughts, may be moved and awakened by it, and led to perceive the presence of a higher invisible Power, although, perhaps, it will be but a transitory impression. But whoever has already ascended to the highest summit of devotion, is drawn down again into the world of sense, from which he had extricated himself.

This remark was confirmed, at the conclusion of the public worship, by the fact that the whole assembly, which just before had appeared so full of devotion, was now converted at once into a company which seemed to have assembled merely to entertain and amuse themselves. Every thing serious and devout was instantly dissipated, as if by magic, and the church resounded with prattle and noise.

"Here you see the devotional spirit of the Romans," said Theodore to his friend. "It lasts just as long as the ceremony."

"It was *not* devotion," he replied, "or it could not have been so instantaneously dissipated."

Theodore and Otto searched amid the throng for Hildegard, who came toward them, accompanied by a female friend. Theodore offered her his arm, and hastened to quit the church; for his heart longed for intercourse with his love. Otto followed with her friend.

"Was not the music in the Sistine chapel," said

Theodore, "truly sacred? Was it not the very highest point of devotion?"

"Will you be displeased, my friend, if I confess to you," replied Hildegard, "that, while listening to this music, I forgot every thing, and at last even you? I was lost in devotion, and floated in the sea of infinity."

Theodore perceived with delight that here, too, their feelings entirely coincided. Yet he asked whether she still wished to become his."

"More than ever!" answered she, joyfully. "My heart has been probed and purified, but it remains yours."

Theodore now communicated to her the joyful news that they were immediately to leave Rome with her father, and return to Germany. "Thus," added he, "we can and will keep a very happy Easter. Our love has long been enduring its purification; now it shall receive its reward."

CHAPTER XVII.

SACRED MUSIC. MICHAEL ANGELO'S PICTURES. PAINTINGS ON THE CEILING. THE DEATH OF JESUS.

THE next day, Theodore, Hildegard, and Otto, communicated to each other the remarks each had made upon the ceremonies they had all attended. All agreed in thinking that the music in the Sistine chapel had been the only genuine religious exercise of the week.

"Music," said Theodore, "is the most sacred of arts; it is the devout art. I call devotion the highest exaltation of the soul, — the soul ascending to the most holy One, — the emotion of the deepest feelings, the dim perception of a higher order of things, which can be made sensible only by the images of harmony. Happily, this art is not the exclusive possession of the Romish church; it belongs to us also; and nothing prevents us from making more use of it than we have hitherto done."

"This is the only music," replied Otto, "which I have listened to this week with any devout feeling. On every other occasion, I have been only vexed, not edified, by listening to church music. I have not heard any of the genuine masterpieces of the old composers, but only modern productions, written in very bad taste,

and executed in a quick movement. They were concerts, and not church music."

"And what a want of attention!" added Hildegard. "What a dissipated and worldly appearance among the hearers! They come into the church as into a theatre, where they chatter together and are noisy, until some particularly fine song is performed."

"Indeed," said Theodore, "I wonder how the Italians, who love art so well, and who are so highly gifted, particularly in their taste for music, can show themselves so insensible to the beauty of a work of art as a whole, and how they can so desecrate the highest department of music, that is, church music."

"What is the condition of music in the Protestant church?" asked Hildegard.

"It is very different in different places," replied Theodore. "On the whole, it is an evil that with us music does not yet make a regular part of our liturgy. Symphonies are performed between the singing and the preaching, which might just as well be omitted. In many cities, and many parts of the country, there is as good as no church music; for the Reformed church does not acknowledge nor authorize it. In other places, we are too much entertained by music, and often, indeed, are tired with it. In particular, in some of the village churches in Thuringia, I have sometimes heard a true *charivari*." [1]

[1] [*Charivari;* a tumultuous variety of sounds; a discordant music. It is still the custom, in some parts of the United States, to serenade those who form a disproportioned marriage with a *charivari*, in which old kettles, tin horns, &c., play a part.—TRANSL.]

"It seems to me," replied Hildegard, that all instrumental music should be banished from churches, except the organ, which alone is worthy to sound the praises of God."

"That is also my opinion. Instrumental music is in its place only where we wish for great variety in music, as in the opera. It is as little adapted to the high simplicity of divine worship, as showy and artificial oratory. Musical accompaniments, tastefully united with the rest of the liturgy, and alternating with congregational singing, appears to me to be alone admissible in public worship."

Otto now directed the conversation to the celebrated paintings by Michael Angelo in the Sistine chapel, and asked Theodore his opinion of them.

"I do not undervalue," replied he, "the genius of their composition, nor the power of their execution; but they seem to me to have gone beyond the regular sphere of painting. As Michael Angelo, in this representation of the day of judgment, has followed Dante, he has, in fact, gone into the province of poetry. You remember the remark I made before, about the choice of subjects for paintings."

"I never wish to see any more pictures upon ceilings," observed Hildegard. "It seems to me that art is thus degraded to a mere ornament; for we cannot find the proper point of view, and the true impression is thus lost."

"But still," answered Otto, "we are moved thus by these works of art, though they do not make their full impression on us. We feel ourselves surrounded by purely ideal objects, and this tends to elevate the feelings."

"I, too," said Theodore, "should prefer ceilings simply ornamented, and should wish to have the picture more directly before my eyes."

After they had conversed awhile upon one and another topic, Hildegard said, — "That we may worthily bring to a termination this passion week, give us, dear Theodore, some reflections upon the death of Jesus. You have kept me all the week spiritually fasting, by depriving me of your conversation; now reward me for it."

"What do you ask of me, dear Hildegard?" replied he. "Can I speak without preparation upon the most important subject of our faith? Will you be satisfied with what the moment may suggest to me?"

"Only begin immediately," said Otto. "Now you can show us whether you are fit to be a preacher."

Theodore commenced: "The death of Jesus, as well as the rest of his history, may first be contemplated in its purely human and historic character. Being penetrated by the necessity which his corrupt nation and the whole human race were under of receiving spiritual aid, — in the high consciousness that he possessed the truth, and that it was his mission to introduce it into the world, — Jesus Christ undertook the great work of spiritually renewing his own people, and all the nations of the earth. Experience teaches us, that whoever undertakes so great a design as this, and opposes himself to the prejudices and the selfishness of men, can seldom reach his end without a severe struggle, often, indeed, being himself overthrown before he reaches it. Great spiritual movements among men often crush their authors and supporters. Ideas

are plants which must be watered with blood. Consequently, it was in the order of things that Jesus should fall in this undertaking; but he was the only instance of one who could not succeed *without* falling, and who would have lost the victory by conquering. His kingdom was not of this world; that is, he lived and labored not merely for his own time, but for all time. He could not carry through his work by force or artifice, as the lawgivers and founders of nations usually do, and by means of which they succeed, when they make a skilful use of occasion and circumstance. But Jesus could not work by the help of occasions; the usual arts of prudence he must despise and renounce. He must not endeavor to build up or to finish; he must only sow the seed which was to spring up hereafter. He must cast the spiritual leaven into the lump, and leave every thing to time, to the power of human nature, and the blessing of God. If Christ had wished it, he might, perhaps, have been a second Moses, — the founder of a new and better national life. This his nation expected from him, and even his disciples cherished similar hopes. But, in that case, his work would have been only for one people, and consequently would have been as temporary as that of Moses. Christ would and must be a spiritual creator, the author of a spiritual movement which was to go on without end. Whoever thus exposes himself to the rudeness of men, without any of the arms or protections which prudence lends; whoever wishes to improve them by the word of truth, — to show them their vices, and bring before their eyes the image of perfection, without compelling them to obey him, and without making them fear him;

— such a one must necessarily be overcome. But when Christ was overcome, he conquered; his spirit rose in triumph from his broken body; the idea at which he aimed was first seen in his death; and in his death men first perceived what indeed he was. Those are the highest ideas which life cannot grasp; which leave behind them their own accomplishment; which must be merely believed, and cannot be seen. But faith can never appear in action alone, because action never exhausts the idea, and merely gives us an imperfect copy of it; but faith appears in suffering, in which we sacrifice the mortal body for the immortal spirit, — the limited reality for the infinite idea, — the pleasure and enjoyment of success for the unclouded bliss of gazing at perfection. The eternal and immortal can only be comprehended through the renunciation of the temporal. Only when the finite, in consciousness of its limitation, makes a sacrifice of itself, does it rise above all limits, and receive the stamp of perfection. All men who live for action are satisfied if they can accomplish any thing; and, when they have come to an end, and find that they have not attained what they wish, they console themselves with the consideration of the imperfection of earthly things. But the motto of Christ, on the other hand, was, 'All or nothing;' and, since he might not realize the infinite and perfect, he satisfied himself by sealing with his death the idea and recognition of them, the faith in them, and leaving these to men as a sacred inheritance.

"Every thing purely human, in whatever historical connection it may appear, is an image of universal humanity. So, therefore, is the life and death of Jesus,

in which we contemplate the universal history of man. In a large view of human history, what is it but a continued sacrifice, which humanity offers of itself and all it possesses for the sake of its purification and sanctification? All its works pass away with years; states crumble, nations disappear with their languages and customs; all forms of life are mutable; even that which is most holy sinks at last into contempt and forgetfulness; only the living spirit of humanity goes forward with creative energy amid these ruins, creates of them new forms, or finds for itself new spheres of action. And not only are the works of men destroyed by all-conquering time, but they themselves, too, in rude and blind rage, often destroy what they have themselves created, shed the blood of innocence, and attack their greatest benefactors. But the Lord of life calls forth a new creation out of destruction; the blood thus shed is the seed of a fairer harvest; the phœnix springs, its youth renewed, from the ashes.

"As in the history of human nature, so is it also in universal nature. The seed dies in the earth that the plant may spring from it. Above cities, buried beneath the lava, blossom fruitful fields. The mountains which adorn the earth are the graves of millions of creatures. And it was only after thousands of years of destructive convulsions, that our earth came into the order in which seed time and harvest now succeed each other, and in which races of men live quietly upon its surface.

"But we may, and must, rise still higher. Nature and history, according to the Christian view, are not merely the creatures of God, but also a revelation of God himself. Thus, also, we see in the sorrows of

Christ a revelation of God, and, as it were, his struggle and sorrow. But, to avoid misunderstanding, I must remind you of the distinction between the *hidden supreme God* and the *revealed God passing into the world.* By this we do not understand a distinction in God himself, but in our view of his nature from different positions. The spirit of God moves over the primal waters of creation, and gives them their first movements and arrangement, so that every thing which exists lives and moves in him. The word of God is active, from the beginning of the world, in the self-revealing tendency of the Supreme Being; his creating voice goes along the whole history of humanity; his messengers announce his will, and point out the way of truth and justice. But, whatever the spirit creates, that it absorbs again, in order to reproduce it. The work of creation proceeds by a constant change. Whatever the word of God has done for the education of men, that, in the course of time, it partly undoes again. The law given by Moses, after it has become an oppressive yoke, is again broken. One divine messenger follows another, and improves and perfects the earlier doctrine; and thus the spiritual creation of man goes on by means of a constant pulling away of old husks. The whole life of nature and of humanity appears, accordingly, as a constant battle of the soul with the past. The soul lives whilst it is escaping from decay. But the agency of God, in carrying forward this conflict, makes him, so far as he appears in the world, a partaker himself in the conflict. He appears as a struggling God, and, because all struggle is suffering, he consequently appears as a suffering God, but one who has willingly undertaken to

suffer, because, in the omnipotence by which he always conquers, he cannot suffer unwillingly.

"Among all the ancient nations is to be found this idea of a suffering God. In the feasts of Osiris and Adonis, resound again a lamentation over the mutability of earthly things, and a jubilee over the victory of the spirit, ever rising victorious from all conflict. The labors of Hercules are an image of the struggles of humanity, and an emblem of the sun, in which men saw the spirit of nature; and the self-immolation of Hercules upon Œta, as well as the emblematic phœnix, signifies perfection and purification through conflict, sorrow, and decay.

"Wherever pure truth and goodness, free from all human imperfection and impurity, manifest themselves in unclouded radiance before the eyes of men, there God himself has appeared to them. For how were this possible except through a divine interposition? All things which men know and do are imperfect; for they are weak by nature, limited, and impure. In Christ, God's own Son has appeared to us. The word of God, which till that time had announced itself to man through a variety of forms and many persons, and had contributed to his education, now appeared itself in the form of the most perfect of men. In him were united the human and divine nature. The spirit of religion, hitherto passing to and fro, taking first one and then the other form, now appeared in its true form, in a man who was himself truth, justice, and goodness.

"But this purely spiritual manifestation could find no resting-place upon the earth, for the earthly cannot

comprehend the heavenly. Yes, the narrow view of men could not recognize it. They saw in it only a human appearance; and to some it became an object of a passionate, carnal hatred; to others, of an impure and human love. Therefore Christ must die; and, when the human veil had dropped from him, men first understood the spirit in which he had lived. Through suffering Christ must enter into his glory. In Christ human nature has endured all its sorrows, because he was the most perfect man. In him God — the God revealing himself in the world, the divine wisdom and goodness — has also suffered; because God was intimately united with him. God has given his loved Son to die for the salvation of the world. What the old world dimly prophesied has been fulfilled in him. He has suffered for all of us, and has obtained the victory. He has, as the church says, made satisfaction [1] for us all. We also must suffer, and through suffering enter into glory. But, when we suffer in him in the feeling that we belong to him and to his nature; when we do it in faith in him as the author and finisher of our spiritual life, — as the archetype of humanity; when we suffer as he did for a good end, in order by this means to purify and perfect ourselves and our race; — then have we also won the victory; then we receive the palm which he has won for us, and holds ready for us. His death, which was a death of triumph, gives to us the confidence of victory;

[1] [*Satisfy.* The etymology of this word in German, as in English, has the meaning "*to do enough*," "*to do all that is necessary.*" — TRANSL.]

a confidence that human nature, though weak and sinful, is capable both of victory and of glory; that its sins are pardoned, and washed white in the blood of the victim. His death gives us a confidence with which we can look up to the Fountain of all light, to the Father of lights, where the longing of our hearts draws us, and by whom we find a final rest and hope. By means of his death, we have gone through that purification which separates the changeable from the immutable, and which purifies our nature from all earthly dross. The curtain rises, beneath which we can pass into everlasting perfection."

"I thank you," said Hildegard, "for these beautiful and comprehensive reflections. In this general sense I have never regarded the death of Jesus before."

"We must regard both this and the whole of the history of Jesus in some such way, if we would not run into one of the two extremes — the merely human view, and the unfruitful and soulless view of the Supernaturalists. The true and comprehensive view of Christ as the most perfect man, includes in itself also the idea of the Son of God."

"But," said Otto, "you have fallen into the error of those whom they called Patripassians, who taught that the Father had suffered in Christ, since you even ascribe suffering directly to God."

Theodore smiled at this learned theological objection. "I avoid this error," he replied; "since, in my view, God suffers only so far as he appears in the world, and especially in Jesus. God is almighty, and incapable of suffering; but, so far as his omnipotence appears in

the world, and in Christ, as struggling and victorious, it appears not as absolute omnipotence, but as conquering by means of struggle. His immortal essence appears to us as an eternal resurrection of life from death. This is what I mean by the sufferings of God."

CHAPTER XVIII.

EASTER IN ROME. THE PARTY LEAVES ROME. INTOLERANCE. CHURCH AND STATE.

THE following day was the festival of Easter. Our friends did not neglect to visit the church of St. Peter, where the assembled multitude was to receive the blessing of the pope. All fell upon their knees; nor did Theodore refuse to do the same. He knelt, and experienced a deep impression. A great, kneeling multitude, humbly confessing its spiritual necessities, reminds each one of his own weakness. No one need despise the blessing of a pious man, even if he does not ascribe to it any supernatural power. We all, indeed, need the blessing of God, which men can only ask for us, not bestow. By the side of Theodore knelt Hildegard; and how could he avoid sympathizing in her feelings of devotion? "Let us regard this blessing," said Theodore, as they went away, "as a blessing upon our love."

"But is it not deceptive in us," replied she, "to receive this good man's blessing, when I am on the point of quitting his church? How angry he would be, if he knew what I am intending to do!"

"He blesses us," replied Theodore, "in the name of God; and *his* feeling about it is not of so much im-

portance as the state of our own hearts. If that is acceptable to God, we shall receive his blessing."

Our friend was now impatient for them to depart. The others readily acquiesced in his wishes, and in a few days Rome lay behind them. Then, for the first time, Theodore communicated to Hildegard's father the warning he had received in regard to the inquisition.

The old man was very indignant with Sebald. He blamed Theodore for not having given him an opportunity of punishing this bad man.

"I was afraid," said Theodore, "that, under these circumstances, you would have involved yourself in an unpleasant affair."

The conversation now turned upon the intolerance of the Romish church. "You have often compared," said Otto to Theodore, "the church of Rome with Roman paganism. But paganism was not intolerant, and hospitably received foreign gods."

"It was tolerant," replied he, "toward foreign gods, because its system of gods did not profess to be complete; so that its heaven could be peopled with innumerable multitudes, so long as the dominion of the elder and higher gods was not infringed. But it was intolerant toward Christianity, because this threatened its very existence, and was radically opposed to it."

"The priests," said the old Schönfels, with bitterness, "every where resemble each other, alike in their love of power and their cunning. Was not that good old prior, whom I have known for so many years, wholly changed toward me when he perceived what Hildegard was about to do?"

"No one," replied Theodore, "willingly loses any thing, or likes to have his friends lose any thing; and every man likes to have his rights. Intolerance belongs to all men and to all churches, only in different degrees."

"Is your own church intolerant, then?"

"Yes, but with the pen, while the Catholic church is so with the sword. You will scarcely find a man that does not wish that others should be of his opinion, and that does not diligently use his gift of persuasion."

"That is natural," said Hildegard. "Truth is only one, and we all hate error."

"Very true. It is the part of indifference not to wish to convince others; but it shows coarseness and want of culture, if, when we cannot convince any one, we are displeased with him, and seek to injure him. The man of true refinement will exercise so much self-control as not to permit himself to be hostile to those whom he cannot convince. Just so is it with churches, in proportion as they are more rude or more spiritual. Intolerance is always a sure sign of coarseness."

The elder Schönfels was of opinion that the state ought not to permit the church to be thus intolerant. If the state did not aid the church, and support it with worldly power, the church would not be able to persecute its opposers or its deserters. This caused Otto to ask our friend to communicate his views on the connection between the church and the state.

"I am afraid," replied he, "that this conversation will be tiresome to Hildegard."

"O," said she, "I will only attend to as much of it as I like and find useful."

Theodore. "We must, first of all, be agreed as to our idea of what the state is. I understand by it that which is common to a nation, or the contents of the whole public life of a nation in its unity and community. The community, or social life of a nation, has three departments — first, trades and occupations, which, in a cultivated nation, necessarily give rise to various institutions, laws, and ordinances; then, public safety, both as regards the internal administration of justice, and external defence in time of war; lastly, the higher interests of the mind, in science, art, and religion.

Otto. "You therefore place the church in the state, and not above the state. You thus cut up all theocracy by the roots. I know you are altogether hostile to it."

Theodore. "Yes, but only to the outward, domineering, and false theocracy, as I formerly hinted to you. All these branches of the social life of a nation ought to find their unity in the government as their stem, though the government should not act every where immediately upon them. The life of a nation should form itself freely; every branch should draw nourishment from the whole, but should hang free in the air; and neither should it be in the way of the other branches. This last danger of interference is that which principally requires the care of the government. With respect to trades and manufactures, it is apparent that the government cannot arrange the way in which the people shall carry on their trades, manufactures, and commerce. In these matters, they must leave the choice, the gifts and capacities, free. But

yet individuals should not be wholly left to themselves, but should stand united in societies, because all forces are strengthened and improved by union. Here, therefore, is the place for *guilds*, or incorporated trades."

Schönfels. "Would you bring *these* back again to life? I should think you would leave them to rest in their graves. Experience has shown that they are only mischievous."

Theodore. "I admit that they had become antiquated and corrupt; but it was the business of the government to improve and regenerate them, not to abolish them. The *mode* of reforming them I leave to those who are practically skilled in these matters. — I come now to the administration of justice. That the administration of justice should be left to an independent judiciary, — that the government, together with the representatives of the people, should exercise an oversight upon it, and supply its defects, — is at present universally acknowledged. On the other hand, the army should be wholly dependent upon the government. The soldiers should not be associated into a guild, because they are armed, and ought not to use their arms, except in obedience to a higher authority."

Otto. "Now we are waiting for your view of the connection of government with the department of spiritual activity."

Theodore. "I ought to speak first of science; but its principles lie in the department of religion, and therefore the church, down to the present time, has exercised a certain guardianship over it. The arts have likewise been nourished by her, and have grown up under her influence. It is therefore difficult to speak of these

branches of mental life separately, without falling into confusion. We will therefore speak first of the church. It is evident, if manufactures and trade must be left free in order to grow, that this must be still more the case in respect to the highest spiritual life, whose whole power lies in freedom. I therefore demand for the religious life a free community, or, as it were, a kind of incorporated guild. Thus did the Christian church at first arise and form itself — against the will, to be sure, of the pagan governments, which were built upon the pagan religion. But afterward, when these governments had become Christian, the church formed with them that unholy alliance, by which its interests have suffered down to the present time."

Otto. "You condemn, I suppose, the influence which the governments have exerted upon the development of the doctrines of the church."

Theodore. "And more than this. I also blame the emperors for bestowing upon the church too much of temporal power and wealth, so that the ecclesiastical relations of the citizen became entangled with his civil relations. In this way, the church obtained the power to exercise an intolerant compulsory force. If this power, which does not belong to her, were taken from her, this kind of intolerance would immediately cease, as your father has justly observed. The fact, also, that in many states baptism is a condition of obtaining the right of citizenship, arises from the same confusion of our civil and ecclesiastical relations."

Otto. "But I do not see how this can be otherwise. Do you wish for a constitution like that of North America, where no regard is had to religion by the

government? I fear that, in that case, the social spirit would be weakened, and that the selfishness produced by trade and by the lower occupations of life would too much predominate."

Theodore. "I grant that this unlimited toleration is not the right thing, and that the state of things among ourselves is the most suitable for the present wants of the time. But I may be permitted to form for myself an ideal of the true relation of the church to the state. And this ideal may be realized when the government, composed of the best and most enlightened men in the state, and uniting in itself all the mental light which belongs to the nation, and belonging, as a government, to no particular church, shall select the best of the existing churches, recognizing their various merits, and bestowing its favor impartially upon all of them. As regards the other churches, it will not oppress them, but rather encourage them to improve, while it prevents them from exerting injurious influences upon the people, by wise precautions. Since the Christian religion is the most perfect, and, among its different churches, the Protestant is the most moral and free, I think that each wise government will be in its spirit in harmony with the Protestant form of doctrine, and in its influence upon the churches will be reforming, yet without any arbitrary or violent exercise of power. It will leave to the churches their republican forms of government, but remove from them whatever is dangerous to the existence of the state; such, for instance, as is the dependence of the Catholic church upon the pope. It should also do the work of a spiritual nurse, guiding and fostering all good impulses."

Otto. "But thus you make the church subordinate to the state, and place the highest spiritual authority in the latter, while, on the contrary, the church ought to be the nurse of the state."

Theodore. "I have supposed that the church, that is, the best one, in which there is the most living spirit, exercises a forming influence upon the state, so that the church stands, in the spirit, above the state. Thus it was at the time of the reformation. The governments acted then upon the promptings of the theologians, and were under their influence. At that time, there was a true theocracy, such as there always ought to be. The church should not possess any worldly theocratic power, but should exercise the power of the spirit only. But the government should be so ordered that the spirit can have an access to it, and a power over it."

Otto. "I am wholly satisfied with this view. What would be your view of the action of a wise government, where Jews, Catholics, and Protestants, all live together?"

Theodore. "I would tolerate the Jews, but not allow them any civil rights, because their religion is not merely a religion, but is also a national union, and consequently dangerous to the state. If full privileges were granted them, they would form a state within the state. Let the government tolerate them, but restrain their growth, so far as it can be done without oppressing them. Let it encourage them to educate their children in Christian customs, and favor every movement among them toward freeing themselves from the service of the letter, and the rabbinical hierarchy. As regards the Catholics, you are acquainted with my opin-

ion. The government ought to break the Papal yoke, as it is both authorized and bound to do, by the law of God and by national justice. It should exert itself to form a national, independent, and episcopal church constitution, and carefully to encourage the growth of a free, Evangelical spirit. Thus, likewise, should it grant a free constitution to the Protestant church, and reserve for itself only its general supervision."

Otto. "But should not the right of citizenship continue to be joined with baptism?"

Theodore. "It may, until the citizen is introduced to his rights by a process purely civil. There might be a form in which the young citizen should promise to be faithful to all his duties as a citizen and subject."

Hildegard. "That is a beautiful idea. It would be a kind of confirmation."

Theodore. "Yes, but for grown persons."

Hildegard. "Would you wholly exclude women from political life?"

Theodore. "They should take an interest in it only through their husbands. The husbands are responsible for them, and ought to inspire them with the right spirit. For it is written in Scripture, 'The man is the head of the woman.'"

Otto. "Now you are to say something, too, concerning the arts and sciences."

Theodore. "I should like to have the system of corporations, or guilds, introduced likewise into the department of science, as, in former times, universities were incorporated, and as some are still. But the spirit of corporations, when degenerate and corrupt, is

more dangerous in this department than in that of trade. The government, therefore, must watch it very carefully, and lend all possible aid to the spirit of freedom. A board of education, composed of the most enlightened and cultivated of the learned and other professions, such as exists in some parts of Switzerland, seems to me best adapted to have the oversight of the schools. But if the government leaves every one free in his choice of a church, it seems to me that it ought to compel its citizens to educate their children; for it has a right to demand that its subjects should be formed into worthy and capable citizens; and it does not in this way place any restraint on the freedom of opinion. The arts, in which a natural talent can alone avail, and in which no other association is necessary than that which arises from the voluntary relation of teacher and pupil, should not be interfered with by the government. Wherever science and religion flourish, and the national life is sound and healthy, the arts will flourish also."

CHAPTER XIX.

MOUNT RIGI AGAIN. LOVE, FRIENDSHIP, AND MARRIAGE.

After a stay of some weeks in Florence and Milan, our travellers journeyed through Switzerland, which they entered during the finest season of the year. Theodore expressed the wish to ascend Mount Rigi once more, in Hildegard's society; and as the elder Schönfels wished to visit some friends in Lucerne, there was nothing to prevent it; and Hildegard warmly sympathized with Theodore in desiring it.

"On that summit," said Theodore to her, "I met you again, and found in you the happiness of my life. How different will my feelings be in ascending it now!"

"Ah! but how long after that time," replied she, "did I trouble you with my waywardness!"

"There is no lofty aim to be reached without trouble."

The weather was dark and rainy, and our friends were uncertain whether they could wait any longer, or whether they should not relinquish their purpose. But at last Otto's enthusiasm prevailed, as he prophesied, in the most determined manner, that they should have pleasant weather the next day.

The ascent was very difficult, as the drizzling mist made the path slippery; and they were, moreover, un-

certain whether they should not have this labor to no purpose.

"Thus," said Theodore, "we all go forward into the darkness of the future, without knowing what we are to expect."

"If all could only go as we do," replied Hildegard, "accompanied by friendship and love!"

"Yes," said Theodore, "friendship and love never mislead us, for they are themselves the fairest aims of life. But the most painful mistakes are those which the heart makes in the choice of objects with which to satisfy its warmest wishes."

"In that case," said Otto, "there must be wanting what I call the inner light, or the clear sense of what we need, and what is suited to us. I would say of myself, at least, that I could not be deceived in the choice of my friends."

"This self-reliance," replied Theodore, "appears to me almost too bold. You here make no account of the mutability of men, and the various trials to which friendship is exposed. A man may wholly harmonize with us, and yet be wanting in the strength which is necessary in order to be firm to his purpose in the struggles of life."

"Then he was never worthy of our friendship at all."

"But, my dear brother," said Hildegard, "in order to know this, we must be omniscient."

"Love," said Theodore, "has to endure its severest trial in marriage. Love is a kind of ideal and poetic feeling of what the person we love ought to be to us in life. But marriage is the clear, common-sense proof,

which tries this fair dream. In love, we apprehend the archetype of the character of the loved one, and we represent it to ourselves rather as it ought to be than as it actually is. In marriage, we wish it to be what we have imagined it; we wish to find this ideal in an actual reality. What a dangerous transition is this from a fair dream to a stern reality!"

"You make me sad," said Hildegard, "with your view of love! Must it be only a fair dream and a mere desire? What an evil for us, if you men imagine us so much more beautiful and good than we really are!"

"I distinguish friendship from love thus: — Love embraces its whole object, and, by thus sinking into its depths, apprehends its original and ideal character. Friendship, on the other hand, attaches itself rather to some particular relation of its friend, coinciding in his views of life, his choice of a profession, or mode of fulfilling its duties. It is, therefore, an intellectual recognition of his character, rather than a sympathy of the heart. But true and pure love need not fear any deception. It is incapable of being deceived, exactly in proportion to its truth and spirituality."

"Do you limit love to that which exists between the sexes? or do you admit love between man and man, in your sense of the word?"

"Certainly between men also. We love children, whose life lies still folded in the bud, and in whom we can only see prophetically what they shall hereafter become. Youths love each other, when they are wholly and intimately united with one another, because they have only a dim foreboding of the nature of life and of each other's characters. On the other hand, there may

also exist a friendship between a man and woman, if the ground of their relation is clearly understood, and is limited to a particular purpose. But love exists more frequently between the youth and maiden, because both look on the world with the feeling of the heart, and imagine in each other all those qualities which will make life happy and full of interest."

"But I do not yet find any thing in your view of love which is grounded on the distinction of sex."

"All love and all friendship seeks in its object the complement of its own being. But the different sexes constitute the natural complement to each other. The man's nature possesses more of the creative power of intellect, and more of active energy; the woman has more susceptibility of feeling. Both these tendencies, when united, constitute the perfect character and perfect life. The woman not only needs, in actual life, the protection of the man's energy, and the man the comfort of the woman's reposing nature; but also, to understand life, and to attain an inward perfection, the man and woman must be united together. When the young man enters into life, preparing himself for some particular work, and forming in his own mind the image of the object which he desires to pursue, let him look for an eye in which this image is reflected back to him, a heart in which his own inmost feelings are echoed. And all this he finds in the maiden whom he loves. And when the maiden sees a youth in whom her own visions of life appear to be realized, — in whom she can confide as in one who gives her back her own dearest thought, — him she will love, and they belong to each other."

"Your view of love is altogether spiritual."

"Alas! that our views of it are so often sensual and impure! And, as coming from a troubled fountain, it pours over the whole life a stream of dark feelings and poisonous passions. In love, illusions are more frequent than elsewhere, because it is so closely connected with the charms and attractions of the senses. The beauty and the grace which attract the two sexes together, often vanish away like *ignes fatui*, which lead the traveller into an abyss of ruin."

Amid these conversations, our travellers arrived at the summit of the mountain, which was free, indeed, from clouds, but afforded no view, except of a vast ocean of vapors. Otto, nevertheless, continued to maintain that the weather would become fair, and triumphed when the sun broke through the clouds and lightened up their masses. It was a remarkable sight, and every moment it became more interesting. The fresh east wind arose, and blew the clouds apart, so that views were seen through them, now in one place and now in another, by which the lakes and landscapes were seen for a moment, and immediately disappeared again. At last the clouds rolled up the mountains, and left the plains open, till finally, by degrees, the mountains also had their veils torn apart, leaving only light wreaths, which climbed up to the summits, and formed a kind of ornament for their heads. The three friends contemplated this scene with increasing interest.

"It is an image of creation," said Theodore, "when God said, 'Let there be light,' and the forms of things came forth out of ancient darkness."

"It is an image of human history," said Hildegard, "when the light of truth conquers the darkness of rude passion, and the creative order of justice and humanity comes forward."

"And I," said Otto, "would liken it to all which man undertakes in thought, action, or creation; which at first lies as a rude, dark mass before the soul, until it attains to clearness and form."

"It is all this at once," answered Theodore; "for, in each of these cases, it is the productive spiritual energy which moulds the mass."

"Can we not, also," said Hildegard to Theodore, "find here an image of our love, the sun of which long had to struggle amid clouds of misapprehension?"

"Yes; and look, love: in this charming landscape is the image of my present happiness. Thus you appeared to me when I saw you here. Afterward, some earthly mists came between us, and only occasionally a sunbeam of love burst through, till at last its power triumphed. Now you are mine, and life glows for me in the fairest sunlight. Though fate should bring on new clouds and storms, yet, as long as this sun of love shines, our hearts will remain clear and serene."

"The sun of love, as of all our life, is faith. Promise me here, in this splendid temple of nature, that you never will lose your faith in me, and, if you should ever have any doubts concerning me, or should grow cold toward me, that you will renew your confidence by the remembrance of my first image."

"Sooner should I doubt of myself than of you; but

I will give you this solemn promise, because you ask it, and I beg you to give me the same."

The three friends passed the rest of the day upon the mountain, in a very cheerful and happy mood, and left it with reluctance.

CHAPTER XX.

THE LATER GERMAN DRAMA. FATE-TRAGEDIES. CHRISTIAN TRAGEDY. THEODORE'S ESSAY ON THE MORAL AND RELIGIOUS SPIRIT IN TRAGEDY. THE COMIC. SHAKSPEARE. GOETHE.

Our travellers passed some time in one of the capitals of Southern Germany. As they visited the theatre frequently, they had many opportunities of comparing their opinions upon dramatic poetry and dramatic art. We have already become somewhat acquainted with Theodore's views upon this point, and we therefore find it suitable to communicate here a more complete view of them.

He was not wholly satisfied with many of the latest products of dramatic poetry, and, among other things, asserted that the moderns have no profound conception of tragedy. "Our latest poetry," said he, "has consisted principally in imitations of the Greek models. We have borrowed from them our idea of the tragic. The original poetic genius of Goethe and of Schiller has certainly produced this idea in a living manner; but Schiller has, in one instance at least, suffered himself to become an imitator; that is, in his 'Bride of Messina.' To this mistake of his we are indebted for all those fate-tragedies with which we have for a long time been so much wearied."

"I have never been interested by these pieces," re-

plied Hildegard, "with the exception of particular passages in them; but I cannot clearly see the reason of my dislike. I only know this — that a tragic death, occasioned by love and self-sacrifice, as that of the Marquis Posa, pleases me better than a death occasioned by an inevitable fate."

"If it only always were inevitable!" answered Otto. "What trouble Howald has taken in 'The Picture,' in order to produce this inevitable fate! Each moment we are expecting that the very simple plot will be unravelled — that the painter Lenz and Camilla will recognize each other; in which case, perhaps, we might have had a genuine tragical scene. But no! this is not permitted, and the poor painter must die by a miserable blunder!"

"This piece," said Theodore, "though it is interesting in some of its details, displeases me by the weak spirit which prevails throughout it. A passive yielding to emotion, and a weak surrender to circumstances, take the place of the true tragic renunciation."

"There is no such thing possible as a tragic state of feeling, without an energetic conflict with necessity," replied Otto. "But it seems to me as if we have unlearned conflict in poetry, as well as in life."

"It is a remarkable fact, that, at the very time when the French revolution sprang up and unfolded itself, Schiller wrote his masterpieces, in which there is a great moral striving — a struggle towards the ideal; and that now, when political enthusiasm has become an object of suspicion to governments, and has yielded up its own energy, our tragic ideal consists in a passive submission to fate."

"Do you believe that poetry and life always go on thus together, with equal tread?"

"Poetry often hastens before, and often it loiters after, life; but they always exercise a mutual influence upon each other. One hope sustains me; it is this—that the sentiments of Christianity will become again predominant, and will act beneficially upon poetry. For every poem ought, in order to be worthy of us, to be penetrated by the spirit of Christianity."

"But you will not be bringing upon the stage biblical history, or the legends of the saints. I think I must object to that."

"By no means. The Christian religion has too little mythology, and troubles itself too little about it, for the Christian poet, like the Grecian, to bring sacred story upon the stage. Meantime, I would not leave the choice of poetic subjects wholly free, but limit it to Germany and modern Europe, and, at any rate, to Christendom, because the sentiments of the *dramatis personæ* ought not to be strange to us, or to be known only by scholars. An antique drama displeases me, before I know any thing about it."

"I hope you will make an exception of Goethe's 'Iphigenia.'"

"I still wish that Goethe's genius had been exercised upon some other subject."

"You wish, then, to see a subject taken from Christian history treated in the spirit of Christian poetry; but I must ask in what that spirit consists. You must become our teacher again."

Theodore had written down some thoughts upon the spirit of Christian tragedy, and asked permission to

read them, which Hildegard and Otto willingly granted him. We will insert here its principal contents, and will only refer, in order to place Theodore's train of thoughts in a proper light, to those æsthetic views of his which we formerly communicated. Their peculiarity consisted in regarding the beautiful as a manifestation of the good.

"Poetry has for its subject human life, human actions, human sentiments, and states of feeling. But, in order to represent them poetically, it must apprehend life in its true substance and its interior harmony. The substance of life lies in what we call its aim, to which its moral efforts are directed. Accordingly I demand of poetry, first of all, that it be *moral.* I by no means demand pure models of morality, but should rather forbid these, because they make the poetry tame and uniform, and because variety is the first demand we make in descriptions. But there should be a moral spirit pervading the whole.

"The moral consists, in the first place, in a love or a striving for an apprehended aim of life. The actions of poetic characters should be directed only to true and noble aims, or they should be at least men of heart and soul. Thus may room be found for the greatest variety of character, of light and shade. The poet may describe passions, blinded and drawn away by which, his characters miss their true aim, but they always should *have* one. A man whose only object is low enjoyment, cannot be endured in poetry, save as a foil, or as an object of laughter. So also another, who is animated only by vanity or ambition. Bad poets, indeed, choose such empty subjects, in or-

der to produce stage effects by means of them; but Goethe and Schiller only introduce figures of pure significance or high attraction. A poem in which the characters move toward great objects, naturally interests us more than another, in which they trouble themselves about trivialities. The subjects of 'Don Carlos' and of 'Egmont,' in which spiritual freedom and national freedom lie in the background as aims, are greater than those of 'Mary Stuart' and 'Torquato Tasso,' in which the joys and sorrows of the characters themselves engage all our interest. The true moral spirit is the Christian; and when I demand of poetry that it shall be penetrated by the spirit of morality, I demand of it to be Christian. Christian morality is free and conscious, and keeps its aim clearly before its eye. In this spirit the poet need not make each of his characters moral. At any rate he need not give to all of them the highest moral consciousness, which would necessarily produce uniformity. But in his picture he should manifest this free and conscious moral spirit, and the whole of his work should bring before his hearers a clear image of moral life.

"The second constituent of the moral spirit is will and active energy, or *character*. Whatever aims the persons propose to themselves, they ought always to have character, and show it in the firmness with which they labor to accomplish their object, in their unconquerable heart, in their valor, and their endurance. There ought to be a certain variety, also, here; and the strength of character should be divided in proper proportions. In one or another person, too, the excitability of heart and strength of feeling may outweigh the

power of will, but all must possess a certain constancy of purpose; and the principal characters, especially in the higher drama, must engage our interest and admiration by their greatness and strength of will. The energy which is unfolded in poetry; the struggles and conflicts of the characters for and against one another; their war with circumstances; their triumph over obstacles; the pride of the warrior who, even in overthrow, does not suffer his will to submit; their voluntary sacrifice of themselves to attain their object, and in order that others, at least, may enjoy the fruits of their toils, — all this excites in us a consciousness of the high power of the human soul, raises our moral feeling, and kindles our enthusiasm. In this view, the moral impression of a poem is independent of any particular moral aim. The villain may also show greatness of character, and become a moral example.

"In the important and great actions, in the noble and elevated sentiments of poetic characters, appears the true substance of life, and its aim is brought before our eyes. But, however morally noble these actors and their actions may be, they will always more or less come in conflict with one another, and hinder and oppose each other, so that their very consistency will appear more or less as inconsistency. Fate, too, will interfere, by an unexpected concatenation of circumstances, to hinder and destroy them; and the labors of a whole life will sometimes be brought to nothing in a moment. This want of proportion in life, which produces discords in ourselves and in our relations, is opposed to that inward harmony which the poet should represent; and to remove this discord, is the most impor-

tant problem which the poet, and especially the dramatic poet, has to solve. For the drama has especially to do with this conflict between man and man, and between man and fate, or, in other words, with the incongruities of life. We will at present omit comedy, and only consider tragedy."

"Stop! my friend," interrupted Otto. "Before you go further, you must explain to me the distinction between the comic and the tragic, about which I have always been confused."

"Both are founded upon the idea of incongruity, which is, however, differently regarded in the two, and overcome in a different manner. The incongruity of comedy lies in men acting for objects which appear to us to be either *no* objects, or else so trifling that we feel little interest in them. Thus they miss of their aim, either by their own folly, which has led them to regard what was insignificant as important, or else by the opposition of others, or the power of circumstances. Being thus disappointed, there comes a conflict of congruity and incongruity, which excites our laughter, and not our tears. In this laugh this conflict is brought to an end, as it seems to us merely apparent; arbitrary, and not actual; and our faith in the congruity of things, rather than being weakened, is established more firmly. But in tragedy this incongruity affects us painfully, because the striving of the characters, being directed to true and high aims, excites our interest, and becomes, as it were, our own, and we suffer with them."

"The comic, then, consists in that which is incongruous *in itself*, and the tragic in that which is incongruous with respect *to ourselves*. Consequently, what

you said of the moral substance of poetry, applies only to tragedy. Comedy is concerned with folly and moral insignificance. But how, then, can comedy be poetic, if all poetry rests upon a moral basis?"

"As the comic incongruity annihilates itself, and vanishes in a mere appearance, a new faith in the real congruity of things comes up in the depth of our hearts, while we laugh. Because the mere show of life, and not its substance, — its light sport, and not earnest purpose, — comes up before us, therefore its true image is not disturbed, but rather lifted away, to a cheerful summit above our heads. Folly and vanity are punished and destroyed through themselves. And while the sight of this gives us pleasure, we acquire also the consciousness that an earnest moral effort, because free from this superficial hollowness, will never share in its destruction."

Otto was satisfied with this explanation, and Theodore continued to read.

"In tragedy, the image of incongruity is exhibited to us in its greatest strength and life. Here great purposes and mighty efforts of will come in conflict with a terrible fate. In the lower departments of the drama, life moves on more tranquilly; and in the farce, incidents and actions come into an amusing entanglement. The element of tragedy is sublimity — the sublimity of character in action and passion, the sublimity of destiny in its inevitable march. And sublime also should the feeling be in which these discords become merged in a harmony.

"The feelings which are excited in our minds by the sight of the struggles, sorrows, and defeat of men

whom we love, and in whom we are interested, or which we experience in witnessing the peril or the overthrow of great and noble enterprises, are fear, pain, and sorrow. These feelings would destroy our peace, and weigh down our spirit, if poetry did not come to harmonize and beautify them. Our spirit should remain unconquered by fear, and superior to pain and woe. But it can do this only by recognizing its dependence on the necessity of nature, and its actual limitations, and by rising superior to both in the consciousness of its inward strength. It must prize its own nature, and its aims, more than its earthly and transitory life; it must be willing to sacrifice the latter for the sake of the former; it must renounce the joy of attainment rather than the determined struggle; it must remain unconquerable in this warfare, and hold fast its victory over itself, though it may not obtain the victory over outward obstacles. In the conflict with its fate, it must never yield up its freedom of will, nor its firm faith, but, leaving the region of the transitory, go into the domain of the permanent. This humility, and elevation of soul, by which we are freed from fear and pain, is the feeling of religious resignation and self-renunciation, which the poet ought to excite in the minds of the spectators, so as to make a purely poetic impression upon them. This feeling is, in its depth and purity, a Christian feeling; and, therefore, tragedy ought to be Christian.

"Paganism, indeed, was acquainted with this feeling, but only as a blind and dumb submission to an inevitable fate. Christianity has inspired a faith in a wise and just Ruler of the world, and a kind and parental Provi-

dence, which gives to this feeling of submission its character of peace and its true comfort. We believe that those aims, for which we struggle and suffer, are the aims of God himself, because they belong to the moral world. We believe, when we suffer or die for their sake, that this is part of the plan of a just and wise Providence, and tends to advance its wise purposes. In the midst of all the incongruities of this earthly life, we believe in an eternal congruity, which God himself protects and guards. In the midst of earthly obscurity, there beams upon us the sunshine of an everlasting life. The Christian feeling of submission connects itself with devotion, and rises to the highest flight of the soul in a pious and joyful faith in God, the Source of all goodness, the holy and just Ruler of the world.

"The feeling of submission is the soul of tragedy, even though its termination be not a mournful one Some of the Greek tragedies have a happy termination. The later works of this kind, such as Goethe's 'Iphigenia,' and Schiller's 'William Tell,' are called dramas, or plays, because the name of tragedy is not thought suitable for them; but in reality they are tragedies. The main thing in tragedy is the *struggle* of the hero; whether it be successful, or unsuccessful, is of no importance. The feeling of submission may appear in this determined struggle, though it should pass, at last, into the joy of triumph. The species of tragedy in which the hero triumphs, may be called the moral tragedy, because the moral power of the soul accomplishes the result of the struggle, and because the whole terminates in the highest moral feeling of enthusiasm and

self-reliance. This moral power shows itself partly in patience, partly in valor. The moral tragic elevation will appear sometimes more in one, sometimes in the other, of these virtues. But both must be animated and dignified by magnanimity of sentiment; and valor has more of grandeur than patience. The effect of this kind of tragedy upon the feelings is to impress and elevate, even when the style has not a purely poetic impress. Therefore it is desirable that we should possess more of this kind of tragedy than we have at present.

"The second kind of tragedy is the *religious tragedy;* in which the conflict is terminated by the power of self-denial and devotion, or by a submission to destiny. Destiny is only man's dependence on the events of nature; it is the concatenation of all those obstacles and disappointments which hinder, or weigh down, the efforts of the human will. Destiny is introduced into the world through the secret course of history; it is guided by a higher hand, which works through the events of history. Thus, also, in the poem, which ought to be a mirror of the world, destiny should be unfolded by means of the events; and the characters must themselves be its instruments. It is, as it were, a hostile spirit, which lies in wait for human error, weakness, and ignorance, and uses them for the destruction of men; it is the law of limitation, by means of which one power interferes with another, and either overcomes it, or is overcome by it. It is a mistake when destiny is introduced in any other way than through events, whether it be through an oracle, a god, a witch, or a gypsy. This, too, is superstitious and unchristian, because destiny thus becomes wilful and arbitrary, and

ceases to appear as a revelation of God's active presence in the world. It is rather a kind of spectral manifestation, which may inspire terror, but no true reverence. When such a destiny is introduced, we lose all the poetic-religious effect; for only when destiny appears in the action itself, when the actors are overpowered by their own weakness and limitation, is the spectator reminded of his own dependence, and made to feel that he also has that in him upon which fate may fasten, and lead him to destruction. This feeling is the beginning of the feeling of true submission, which neither contends with destiny, nor murmurs in submitting to it. Submitting to a destiny which appears arbitrary, can never be a joyful nor an humble submission, as is that true submission which comes from a sense of our weakness. The application of such an arbitrary destiny also suppresses the joyful recognition of a just government of the world and of a fatherly providence, which make up the character of true Christian submission. But whenever we suffer through our own fault, or that of other men, we suffer justly; we pay the debt of sinful human nature, in which we are more or less interested; and if we do not attain our ends because the circumstances are hostile, we are led to believe that the time has not yet come, and that it is our mission to labor and to suffer, to advance the purposes of God. This recognition is expressed either by the hero himself, who chooses freely overthrow, or willingly submits to fate, or by the chorus, or by some of the other characters. But this recognition should always be *expressed* in tragedy, and should be done in few words. I call this part of the tragedy the part of reflection, and I

blame most modern poets, and especially Shakspeare, that they have neglected this department. The feeling of the spectator needs to be guided and supported. Many do not love to look at tragedies, because they make them sad. Such persons ought to be aided, and led to take higher views.

"There is still one kind of destiny to be considered; that is, the *moral* destiny. The greatest misery of man is to endure from destiny, not merely suffering, but also the guilt of sin. For, partly through his own fault, partly through error and the force of circumstances, he commits crimes which lead to his destruction. There must, in such cases, be a kind of moral retribution, so that the sinner may feel his guilt. He must not be totally depraved, for he must still appear as a sufferer, and partake of our interest. The case of Œdipus, which is commonly adduced as an example of this, is very inappropriate; for that which it was wrong for him to do as a man, — that is, the murder of Laius, — was not wrong according to the Greek notion. There is, therefore, no just proportion between this act and the guilt which it involved of patricide and incest. But the case of Wallenstein is very appropriate; who, because he had played with the thought of treason, was swept away, by the hasty passion of his friends and the crafty fidelity of Octavio, into treason itself, and involved the innocent Thekla and Max in his own ruin. Here the sin grows from a small beginning to a monstrous guilt, in which Wallenstein participates, not so far but that he may still remain worthy of our interest. But Mullner's play of 'GUILT' is faulty in this — that it contains only the *consequences* of guilt; and a tragedy

is taken for granted before the tragedy. I consider it faulty, too, because the murder of a friend appears suddenly to be the murder of a brother. I think that we should never allow destiny to operate so far as to change, by a kind of jugglery, one sin into a much greater one, because accountability seems thereby to cease. But the moral idea should always predominate, that it is the curse of sin continually to produce new sins; because thus, while destiny causes the sin to increase, there always remains a certain feeling of accountability in regard to it. The destiny does not appear unjust, and the feeling of humility, the consciousness of our sinful weakness, which is thus excited, leads us to see how very much we must be upon our guard, in order not to be ruined in the same way by sin."

"This purely religious kind of tragedy, as I have thus described it, is not only the most difficult problem for poetry, but also the most likely to fail of its influence upon the feelings, especially when it is deficient in elevating and consoling reflections. It is, therefore, to be wished that the moral elevation of virtue and enthusiasm should be joined to the religious elevation of submission, so that the hero's fall should happen through a free act of self-sacrifice, or that his lofty moral power, his sublime superiority to life and death, fortune and misfortune, should bring the heart of the beholder to that frame of feeling in which he can endure the blows of fate without being crushed by them. I would call this kind of tragedy the *moral-religious*, of which, again, there are different divisions, according as the moral aim of the hero is more or less universal, and his fall more or less a free act, and at once the work

of destiny and an act of moral power. A tragedy in which the hero dies a willing death for truth and justice, or any universal human aim, approaches nearer to that moral kind which I have before described, and demands, like that, the least art of style, because our interest in its aim helps the impression so much. Where there is a want of some aim of universal interest, the want must be supplied by a greater development of force in the characters, and more artistic skill is here needed in the execution. "Don Carlos" gives universal pleasure, although the style has comparatively less of art, because its subject of spiritual freedom is so very attractive. May Heaven send us poets who, being inspired with enthusiasm for moral ideals, for the perfection of human nature, for the moral and political regeneration of our people, may know how to kindle and animate us all! May we have poets who shall give to their art the sanction of morality and piety, and make the stage a school of true national culture! In a word, may we have true Christian poets!"

"You have," said Hildegard, when he had finished reading, "developed that idea of tragedy which lay obscurely in my own mind. You also declare yourself altogether for Schiller, and he alone has wholly satisfied my own heart."

"But Shakspeare," said Otto, "does not appear to stand very high in your estimation. Hamlet, his most celebrated work, is wholly a tragedy of destiny. It has no moral ideal; it has no great character; and, at the same time, it is wanting in all religious reflections. According to your view, therefore, you cannot be very well satisfied with it."

"I confess it, and scarcely understand why this piece, which is besides so irregular and disproportioned, should have obtained the praise of critics. The great talent of the poet is, indeed, apparent in it, but it expresses no clear idea, and it shows us a wholly pagan destiny, if I may say so; a blind and austere fate, trampling every thing under its feet.

"I have always noticed that the impression that this piece made upon the spectators was a sad one."

"But do you believe," asked Hildegard, "that the German theatre will ever be a school of true national culture? Such a serious enterprise, if undertaken, would suffer shipwreck from the love of entertainment which attracts the public to the theatre."

"I see the difficulties clearly; but since the schools and the press are subjected to a censorship, often so suspicious and oppressive, why should not the theatre be subjected to a guardianship of the most enlightened and cultivated men in the nation, in order to prevent great mischief, and bring about great good?"

"But what a warfare these would have to carry on with men of no taste nor culture!"

"If they were properly sustained, they would conquer; and even the public at last would be grateful to them, as its taste became more pure. But the people must be educated, and cannot educate itself. It is too fond of amusement for us to hope that a better taste will gradually come out of the quagmire of triviality, and the confusion of opposing tastes and fashions."

"Weimar would have been the place where such an enterprise might have been executed. A prince so

fond of art, and a master like Goethe, might have accomplished wonders."

"Goethe has done an infinite deal for the improvement of the German theatre, but more for the improvement of the actors, than of taste in dramatic poetry. He was too much a man of the world, and too much of a courtier, not to defer to the taste of the times. He was right in not suffering a dog to be brought upon the stage; but he ought never to have permitted that miserable product of the time, that immoral piece of Kotzebue, to have been performed. Bad taste has now won the victory there, as every where else; and where shall there again be found such another fortunate state of things for the improvement of the theatre? O my poor country! May God save thee from the confusion and the lethargy in which thy best powers are dissipated and lost!"

"Amen," said Otto; and Hildegard sympathized with him by a sigh.

CHAPTER XXI.

ARRIVAL AT SCHÖNBECK. HILDEGARD'S ADMISSION TO THE PROTESTANT CHURCH. THE SACRAMENT. THE ELDER SCHÖNFELS BECOMES A PROTESTANT.

Theodore and his friends finally arrived at Schönbeck. With what joy did Frederica meet them, holding in her arms a beautiful infant! She was now the happy wife of the honest Neuhof, who lived with her upon their maternal estate. How heartily did John and his amiable wife receive them, and how warmly did the old pastor welcome and bless his pupil! Theodore had given them an account, in his letters, of all which had occurred; and consequently Hildegard's determination to join her lover's church, and follow him into his sphere as a country pastor, was known to them. The old pastor heard this news with tears of joy, but afterward had expressed some doubts, fearing lest love had more influence in this step than conviction. He therefore took the first occasion which offered, to see whether Hildegard was firm in the principles of his church, by which he would also become acquainted with Theodore's present principles. She stood this trial so well, that the old man pressed her to his heart with great emotion, and said, "God bless thee, my daughter, and bless thy purpose! The Lord has enlightened thee,

and he will continue to be with thee, and to strengthen thee!"

Hildegard asked him to receive her into the church to which she had long been joined in her convictions, and inquired what step would be necessary for this purpose. He demanded nothing of her but that, after having announced to the Catholic priest of her native place that, with the knowledge and consent of her father, she intended to join the Evangelical church, she should confess this purpose in the presence of his church, and unite with it in partaking of the Lord's supper. "We do not ask you," said he, "to renounce, or to curse your old church; you only publicly promise with your hands and lips to belong in future to our church, and you seal this promise by partaking of the holy sacrament."

The day for this solemnity arrived. After John had preached the sermon, in which he alluded to the event which was to take place, the old pastor stood before the altar, and announced to the congregation that a person was present, who, having been educated in the Catholic faith, had become convinced of the superiority of the Protestant church, and had determined to unite with it. He spoke of the inestimable value of freedom of conscience, and of the duty of confessing one's faith before the world; and he exhorted the congregation, on this occasion, to be grateful for their happiness in belonging to the free Evangelical church, and to examine whether their heart was fixed and steadfast in the faith, and to receive with confidence and love this new member, whom he had tried and found worthy. He then caused Hildegard to come before the altar, and asked her whether she professed her faith in the

Christian revelation as immediately derived from the sacred Scripture, and whether, from free and pure conviction, and for the good of her soul, she wished to enter into the communion of Evangelical Christians, which held the same faith. Upon her answering, "Yes," he gave her his blessing, and declared her to be a member of the Evangelical church, and worthy to be admitted to the Lord's table.

Theodore, Frederica and her husband, and Anna, as well as the two pastors, then partook of the communion, which had in their minds the significance of a family festival. They all vowed within themselves to take to their heart this new member of their family circle with brotherly and sisterly affection, and, united with her, to live and labor in the Christian spirit. Theodore partook of the sacrament, as a consecration of his future married and professional life. He had, during these days, strictly examined himself; and the result of this examination was the most joyful feeling of inward firmness and purity of heart, which was sealed by the sacrament. Hildegard was deeply moved by the whole ceremony. With childlike humility, she knelt before the old pastor to receive his blessing, and a higher power seemed poured over her as his hand rested on her head. She arose strengthened and encouraged. Frederica and Anna followed her to the altar. She already loved them as sisters, and they were now her sisters in the Lord. As they received with her the bread and wine, she felt what an importance there was in religious communion, and thought of what Theodore had said of the essence of the church — that it consisted in communion. It seemed

as if invisible spiritual arms embraced her, and pressed her to the great loving heart of Christianity. She felt its pulse beat in her own, and an ethereal warmth filled her bosom. When she had returned to her seat, she saw her Theodore go to the altar. "He, also," thought she, "is drinking from the fountain of love from which I have drank. His heart, like mine, lies on the loving heart of Christ. We are both his." He was sunk in devotion, and did not look up. "He does not see me," thought she; "he does not think of me; his heart is turned upward. And yet he *does* also think of me; for he thinks of Christ, in whom I live; his love for me purifies itself, and passes into a holy love for Christ."

After divine service, Otto, penetrated with emotion, said to Theodore, "Indeed, I should like to live with you, and remain always your spiritual brother, as I have been to-day. I have never enjoyed public worship as at this time; but I believe I have chosen my true work, and I will perform it."

"Do so," said Theodore; "for you will always be our brother in the spirit, whilst you are living for Evangelical freedom and truth."

The old Schönfels, also, had been present at this public worship, and felt great devotion; but he said little about it, and only pressed his daughter tenderly to his heart, saying gently, "God bless you, my daughter!" Some time after, he said to Theodore, "My son, I feel that I cannot live with you, and be merely a spectator of your religious exercises. May I not share in them, and partake with you of the Lord's supper, without making such a confession as Hilde-

gard has done? I do not know what restrains me from this open declaration, but I should prefer to be spared it. Is it not enough to be a Christian, and to feel the need of worship, in order to be received into the communion of Christian worshippers? I do not trouble myself about your doctrines; enough, I wish to worship God in the company of good men — in the company of my children."

Theodore spoke about this with John and the old pastor. "My future father-in-law," said he, "does not regard the difference between our churches as of so much importance as we, and I do not think we shall be able to convince him. He is too old to adapt himself to new ideas. I should think we might look at the essentials, and receive him into our communion without any further ceremony. The case of Hildegard was different; for she, as the future wife of an Evangelical preacher, ought to be received in a more solemn manner."

The old pastor shook his head, and said, "That will not answer."

John sided with Theodore, and remarked that no precise form was prescribed for receiving a Catholic into the Protestant church. He thought that the declaration to the pastor and the public partaking of the communion would be sufficient.

But the old pastor thought that he ought, at least, to send a message, announcing his purpose, to the Catholic priest with whom he was spiritually connected, because ecclesiastical etiquette required this. "One could not leave a society, without telling them of it," said he: "and a church is, in fact, a society."

John agreed to this, and Theodore consented, as he hoped to induce his father-in-law to take this step.

The old Schönfels laughed when Theodore made this proposal, and said, "You clergymen are every where the same. You only want the triumph of having got away a soul from another church. Very well; I will do it, since you wish to have it so."

He wrote to the priest of his own town what they wished, and also satisfied the old pastor of Schönbeck by saying that he wished to live and die in the Protestant church, as he found more nourishment for his heart there than elsewhere. So, the next time, he partook of the Lord's supper with his children.

CHAPTER XXII.

THEODORE'S PLANS. BUILDING. THEODORE'S ORDINATION. DEATH OF THE OLD PASTOR. THEODORE'S MARRIAGE WITH HILDEGARD. CONCLUSION.

In the mean time, Theodore had been examined by the superior clergy, whose business it was to do so, and had been admitted as a candidate for the office of preacher. They appeared very willing to give an appointment soon to such a distinguished young man, and one which should accord with his wishes. The old pastor and John proposed to him a situation in the neighborhood, where a vacancy could be made by means of a transfer, if the consistory was willing, as it probably would be. But Theodore preferred another plan. Near to Schönbeck lay a village that was connected with a parish at a considerable distance, so that, in winter time, the inhabitants had to go too far to church. It happened that the owner of the property to which this village belonged thought of selling it. Theodore determined to buy it; to build a church, parsonage, and school-house; to divide the property into small farms, and with the rents to endow the church, parsonage, and school. But, in order to do this, he needed the consent of his father-in-law. In this manner, he would give away two thirds of his property; and it was possible that the old man, out of

regard to Theodore s children, would not be willing to have the property of his son-in-law so much diminished.

When Theodore communicated to him his plan, the old man said, "That is right, my son. We should devote not only the powers of our mind, but also the property we possess, to that in which our heart is interested. By this endowment, you will signify to all times your love for the clerical profession, which has drawn you back again from the confusion of the great world. But you shall not make the sacrifice alone; Hildegard shall contribute something to it."

When Otto heard of this, he insisted that Theodore should accept for this foundation a part of the property which came to him, instead of Hildegard's contribution. Frederica was vexed that her brother had not told her his plan at the beginning, and, with the consent of her husband, begged that she also might have a share in this endowment. In this way, whoever begins a good work will always have followers; and if, in his first zeal, he takes too much upon his shoulders, others will certainly come to bear part of the burden. If we have confidence in ourselves, in good men, and in God, then all good enterprises will certainly succeed. Hildegard learned Theodore's plan with joy. She wholly understood its greatness and nobleness, but yet failed not to remark that in this way she should be able also to arrange their house as conveniently and tastefully as she wished. Theodore smiled at this remark, and she said, blushing, "Is it wrong to think of our own private advantage, as well as the public good?"

"No, love," answered Theodore; "it is to be wished that public and private advantages, the higher and the

lower, were always united as intimately as the spirit is united with the flesh. I smiled at the feminine nature of this remark, but I confess it was also a part of my own plan to prepare a home that would please you. You have made great sacrifices for me and my profession, and the sacrifice lasts through the whole life. I must, therefore, endeavor to make the mode of life which you have chosen as free from inconveniences as possible." Hildegard was grieved that he should have attributed to her so little strength of mind as not to be able to endure trifles.

"Those trifling annoyances," said he, "which affect us every day, such as an inconvenient house, or one that is not clean, and other things of the same sort, exercise a great influence, in course of time, upon the female mind. We must not begin a warfare with such enemies, but put them out of our way as soon as we can."

Upon one of the succeeding days, the whole company went to visit the village of Wiesenau, where the property lay that was to be sold. They were very well pleased with the situation of the village, and particularly with the estate, which was situated upon the top of a hill; but the dwelling was very old-fashioned and defective. Theodore's plan was to pull down the old castle, with all its outhouses, which latter would become superfluous when the property should be divided, and to erect in its place a church, school, and parsonage. All liked this plan, and Hildegard was particularly pleased with it. They inquired the price of the property of the steward, who was commissioned to sell it, found it

reasonable, and agreed to purchase it upon certain conditions. They then sent for the bailiff of the village, and explained to him the plan of dividing the property. He was very much pleased with it, as the congregation of the church had themselves proposed to buy the estate, but had not been able to collect the necessary money. When Theodore explained that he intended to build a parsonage, church, and school-house, for the use of the congregation, the man was so surprised that he fell down before him and embraced his knees. "You will," cried he, "become the benefactor of our church in spiritual and temporal things. By dividing the property, you will give us comfortable homes; and, in addition to this, you will give us a church and parsonage of our own." Theodore raised him, and said, "This favor does not come from me alone. All who stand here have joined me in it; and, besides, I have my own interest in view, for all this foundation is for my benefit; for, if your people agree, and the consistory does not oppose it, I will be your pastor."

"From your lips," replied the man, with tears, "speaks the spirit of your blessed mother, whom I knew well. She intended that you should be the pastor of her own village, and now you will be ours. O yes! we will all receive you with great joy, and would carry you on our hands as our master and benefactor." All were moved, and Hildegard's great blue eyes, moistened with tears of joy, shone like the sun through spring showers. Her father likewise was much moved; but, to conceal his feelings, he took Hildegard by the arm, and led her to the village bailiff, smilingly asking, "And how would you like this lady for your minister's wife?"

Hildegard colored like a rose, and said softly to her father, "Father, do not speak so."

The bailiff said, "It is easy to see that the young lady is as sweet as an angel. She will be a mother to our girls and women. She is high born, but gentle and humble." He offered her his hand, and said, "Let it be so, young lady; you shall be our minister's wife, and we will respect and love you." She took his hand, and said, "Yes, I beg that you will love me."

Theodore now laid before the consistory his plan with respect to the village of Wiesenau, and offered himself as a candidate for the parish which he was about to form there. He had also made arrangements to prevent the parish, to which the village had formerly been attached, from receiving any injury, so that the consistory had no scruple in favoring the plan, but, on the other hand, highly praised the magnanimous founder, and assigned him the office of pastor with great joy. The bargain was concluded with the owner of the property, as well as the arrangement with the members of the church, who divided the lands among them. And now Theodore went on with his plan with respect to building. He obtained the assistance of an architect, a man of skill and taste, whom he had known in * * *. The architect laid before him a plan, after having looked at the localities, which was examined by the friends. Theodore's idea of Protestant church architecture was approved by the architect, and he drew up a plan in accordance with it, which was considered to be a masterpiece. Theodore also obtained a fine painting for the altar, and an excellent organ.

The examination of the architect's plans, and the di-

rection and superintendence of the work of building, occasioned much pleasant occupation and interesting conversation to Theodore, Hildegard, and their friends. The time which intervened before the buildings could be finished, Theodore employed to practise himself in preaching. The old pastor, John, and Hildegard, were excellent instructors for him. He learned by the impression which his discourses made upon Hildegard's heart, whether he could speak to the heart successfully. Besides this, he occupied himself with preparations for the execution of his ideas respecting the improvement of the schools and the liturgy, in which labors the consistory promised to assist him. He took care to procure a good organist and music teacher, as he hoped to beautify the worship by improving the music. With the consent of the consistory, he also obtained an excellent schoolmaster, with whom he had been acquainted, and whose ability he had tested.

Otto, meantime, had taken the necessary steps to procure himself a situation in the Cathedral Chapter of * * *. But he wished to ascend by regular steps from the lower offices, and therefore entered a seminary, intending afterward to officiate awhile as parish priest. He only meant to wait until Theodore was installed, and married to his sister, before he went to the place of his destination.

At last, the church and other buildings were finished, and it was a pleasure to look at their situation. The church lay in the centre, surrounded by a well-enclosed churchyard. On the right hand lay the parsonage, on the left the school-house, both surrounded by their courts and gardens. Theodore had laid out the gar-

dens as soon as he began to build, and the young trees and hedges were already green.

The day which was appointed for the consecration of the church and installation of the pastor had now arrived. The old pastor had obtained from the superintendent of the diocese the appointment of ordaining Theodore. He looked forward to this act as the last and highest joy of his life. He appeared on this occasion almost like one inspired; he spoke with singular force and unction. The whole solemnity was extremely interesting and impressive, to which the peculiar circumstances of the occasion, and the tasteful and judicious arrangement, greatly contributed. Theodore's sermon was composed without any of those elaborate attempts to produce emotion which are usual on such occasions. He spoke of the importance of the office of a teacher, and the duty of obeying the call we receive to teach, with much earnestness. But the personal application to himself and his own history were very lightly touched; and only at the close, when he offered himself to the church, and promised to be a faithful minister of the word to them, was the application to himself distinct and earnest.

After these solemnities, Theodore entertained his friends and the principal persons of the village in the new parsonage. The most heartfelt cheerfulness reigned at this simple meal, and the old pastor seemed to have become young again. He conversed gayly with Hildegard, by whose side he sat; but often, as he looked at Theodore, on the opposite side of the table, he seemed lost in delight.

In the afternoon the company went out into the open

air, to witness some festivities which Theodore had arranged for the young villagers. A cheerful sky smiled upon them, and every eye reflected it in sunny glances.

In the evening, all returned to Schönbeck except Theodore, who remained in the parsonage. In taking leave of Hildegard, he said softly, "I hope soon, my love, that we shall be here together again." He alluded to their speedy marriage. She pressed his hand, and blushed.

But, the next morning, a messenger came from Schönbeck to inform Theodore that the old pastor was dangerously ill, and wished to see him again. He hastened over, and found all the friends around the sick bed.

"My Theodore!" cried the old man, "do I see you again? My soul, which was filled too full of joy yesterday, will burst away, and pass into the land of everlasting joy. My wish was to see you a servant of the word, and then to die. My wish is fulfilled. I have blessed you. My work is finished. Now I go to carry the news to your mother."

Theodore knelt by the bed, and, as if drawn to him by sympathy, Hildegard knelt beside him.

"Noble and holy couple," said the pastor, laying his hands upon them, "may God bless you!"

All around were deeply moved. The old man remained silent, with his hands resting upon Hildegard and Otto, and seemed to be in the act of prayer.

At last, he removed his hands, and caused them to arise. A spiritual joy beamed in his countenance, and he said, "Though so happy already, I yet desire more happiness. I wish to go away joyfully, and leave you

in joy behind me, weeping only happy tears. John, pronounce a blessing upon this couple while I am yet alive. I have a short hour still."

John looked at Theodore and the old Schönfels for a moment hesitatingly. They nodded to him, and he went out, returning immediately in his ministerial robes.

He introduced the marriage ceremony with a few words, in which he remarked how suitable it was to ratify the union of hearts in the presence of death, since this union was to last till death, and beyond it. He said that the joy of a Christian marriage might be well united with sorrow for the departure of a dear father, without being saddened by it, but might be rather purified and strengthened. He then joined the hands of the pair, and blessed them.

The dying man had attentively watched the ceremony, his head being supported upon his left hand and upon Anna's arm, his eyes being directed upon the bridal couple.

Thus he still lay, with a happy smile upon his lips, as the ceremony was concluded. Theodore led his bride to him, and knelt down by the bed to receive his blessing again. He seemed to endeavor to raise his hand. Theodore took it; it was already cold. He tried to move his lips, but only a faint sound came from them. In a few moments after, he drew his last breath.

"May all our deaths be as soft and blessed as this!" said John.

They gazed long at the cheerful countenance of the departed. All wept, but they were tears of soft melan-

choly; death in this form seemed terrible to no one. Anna closed the eyes of the sleeper, saying, "Rest softly, good father!"

They now left the chamber of death, and Theodore, with Hildegard resting on his arm, went through the churchyard to the grave of his mother. Here they knelt together. They had visited it before, and opened their hearts to each other on this sacred spot; but now they were silent, pressing each other's hands. When they had returned to the house, they embraced each other, and Theodore said, "Now you are mine, — pledged to me in sight of the grave, — mine to the grave, and mine beyond it!"

"Ever, ever thine!" cried she, embracing him more closely.

On the same day, Theodore carried home his young wife, and the old Schönfels went with his daughter. All their relations and friends assembled in the evening around the new-wedded pair. "Let us be cheerful," said Theodore, "even though tears be in our eyes. It is the wish of him who is gone."

The funeral was on the third day, and John spoke with pathos over the grave of his teacher and father.

Otto departed some days later. His parting from his father, his sister, and Theodore, was painful; and he said, "If I am disappointed in my wishes, I will return and live with you."

"You will certainly succeed in your purposes, if you choose to succeed," said Theodore. "When you return, we will rejoice with you in your progress and success."

"You have but a sorrowful bridal," said the elder Schönfels, who suffered much in this separation from his son, turning to Theodore and Hildegard.

"These tears are tears of love, father," replied Theodore, "and love makes us happy even in our sorrow. How could I endure my happiness if it were not softened by sadness? After long wanderings, I have found my path of life; my errors have only confirmed me the more in the truth; love has sent me, in my tender and sympathizing wife, a guardian spirit of womanly piety, who will often guide me in my duties — always sustain me. Will you not do this for me, dearest Hildegard?"

Hildegard leaned upon his shoulder, and said, smiling, while tears moistened her eyes, "Thou hast all power over me; wherever thou goest, I will go with thee!"

NOTES ON DE WETTE'S THEODORE,

VOL. II.

NOTES

TO THE TRANSLATION OF

DE WETTE'S THEODORE,

VOL. II.

NOTE A. Page 10.

THE SPIRITUAL ELECTORATES.

The electorates of Germany, which formerly elected the emperor, were fixed at seven, by Charles IV., in the Golden Bull, which became the fundamental law of the empire. This was enacted in 1356, in two diets, with the assistance of the electors, and in part with the consent of the empire. It derived its name from its seal being contained in a gold box. It begins with an apostrophe to Satan, anger, pride, and luxury, and fixes the number of electors at seven, who are to oppose the seven deadly sins. It speaks of the fall of angels, of a heavenly paradise, of Pompey, and of Cæsar, and asserts that the government of Germany is modeled after the Trinity. Of these seven electors, three, namely, those of Mentz, Treves, and Cologne, were archbishops and chancellors of the empire, and therefore were called *spiritual* electors. The elector of Mentz was president of the electoral college, director of the diet, and possessed the right of crowning the

emperor. The elector of Cologne was representative of the pope. These three electors were chosen by the chapter of their archbishopric, and consequently the office might be filled by the humblest clergyman.

NOTE B. Page 62.

VALUE OF FREEDOM.

"Many there be that complain of Divine Providence for suffering Adam to transgress. Foolish tongues! When God gave him reason, he gave him freedom to choose, for reason is but choosing. We ourselves esteem not of that obedience, or love, or gift, which is of force. God therefore left him free, set before him a provoking object, ever almost in his eyes; herein consisted his merit, herein the right of his reward, the praise of his abstinence. Wherefore did he create passions within us, pleasures round about us, but that these, rightly tempered, are the very ingredients of virtue? They are not skilful considerers of human things, who imagine to remove sin by removing the matter of sin; for, besides that it is a huge heap, increasing under the very act of diminishing, though some part of it may for a time be withdrawn from some persons, it cannot from all, and when this is done, the sin remains entire. Though ye take from a covetous man all his treasure, he has yet one jewel left, ye cannot bereave him of his covetousness. Suppose we could expel sin by this means; look how much we thus expel of sin, so much we expel of virtue; for the matter of them both is the same; remove that, and ye remove them both alike. This justifies the high providence of God, who, though he commands us temperance, justice, continence, yet pours out before us, even to a profuseness, all desirable things, and gives us minds which can wander beyond all limit and satiety. Were I the chooser, a dram of well-doing should be preferred before

many times as much the forcible hinderance of evil doing. For God surely esteems the growth and completing of one virtuous person more than the restraint of ten vicious."

From MILTON'S *Areopagitica.*

NOTE C. PAGE 96.

DESTRUCTION OF GOLDAU.

ONE of the best descriptions of the destruction of the village of Goldau, in the canton of Schwytz, in Switzerland, is contained in a letter written from the spot by Rev. Joseph S. Buckminster, who visited the scene directly after the catastrophe. It is published with the first volume of his sermons. On the 3d of September, 1806, at about five o'clock in the evening, a large projection of the mountain of Rossberg gave way, and precipitated itself into the valley, and, in less than four minutes, completely overwhelmed the three villages of Goldau, Businger, and Rathlen.

NOTE D. PAGE 137.

DOCTRINE OF AN ULTIMATE RESTORATION.

FROM various accounts which have been published in our American journals, it is understood that many of the most conspicuous among the orthodox teachers in Germany incline to the doctrine of an ultimate restoration. This view is chiefly held by those who take the strongest Calvinistic views of the divine decrees. Among these theologians, (whom St. Augustine would call "Merciful Doctors,")[1] are Tholuck, Hahn,

[1] "Nunc cum Misericordibus nostris agendum esse video, et pacificè disputandum, qui vel omnibus illis hominibus quos justissimus Judex dignos Gehennæ supplicio judicabit, vel quibus-

Olshausen, and Schleiermacher. The latter theologian, in defending the Calvinistic doctrine of election against the objection drawn from the mercy of God, thus speaks (*Theol. Zeitscrift, Erstes Heft*):—

"This objection goes rather against the fact of damnation, than the mode of its causality, as ascribed to God or man. As soon as this objection is urged, those who deny, no less than those who admit, the doctrine of decrees, must choose between two resources. They must either admit the infinite and eternal nature of the punishments of hell, and with this assert the incomprehensibility of the divine plans, or they must escape from all the apparent conflict between the divine justice and love, by admitting an ultimate restoration and final universal reconciliation of all lost souls. According to this latter view, the difference between the dying believer and unbeliever is of a sooner or later admission into the kingdom of Christ; and such a difference is necessarily involved in every conceivable idea of a temporal world. As far as concerns myself, I should prefer the latter view, not only because I should be more easily reconciled to the death of unbelievers, but also for the sake of those who have become the subjects of grace here, and all the redeemed, whose joy must be clouded by the thought of any one being forever excluded from salvation. For could they be partakers of Christian blessedness if they should lose their sympathy for all who belong to their race? This view appears to me also to be as well supported by the Scripture as the other, (which I cannot stop to prove here in detail,) and to be, besides, the only one which can be brought to any degree of clearness. The more closely that we investigate the opposite view, the more do difficulties accumulate. The understanding cannot find rest but in this opinion, when we regard men's original

dam eorum, nolunt credere pœnam sempiternam futuram: sed post certi temporis metos, pro cujusque peccati quantitate, eos indè existimant liberandos."—*Civ. Dei*, xxi. 17.

differences with their dependence on divine grace, when we compare the infinite power of redemption with the resistance which man is able to oppose to it, and, finally, when we consider the misery of unbelievers, and recollect that the word of grace still remains fastened in their memory."

With this view De Wette also agrees, (*Theolog. Zeitscrift, Zweites Heft, S.* 120,) remarking that "the doctrine of eternal damnation cannot in any wise be retained, if we take the word *eternal* in a strict and absolute sense. For whatever is eternally damned, must have been created in a state of damnation, for eternity has no beginning."

Hahn, (*Christlichen Glaubens*, § 143,) in contending for the salvation of the heathen, uses the following arguments: — 1. The justice and goodness of God, who would only condemn those who have had sufficient means to know the truth here, &c. 2. The declaration of Jesus, that there is only one kind of sin which cannot be forgiven either in this or the future world — the sin against the Holy Ghost; his intimation that the sinner may possibly, though with difficulty, pay the entire debt, (Matt. 5: 26;) and his sayings concerning the men of Sodom and Gomorrah, (Matt. 10: 15.) 3. With this coincide the words of Christ to the crucified malefactor, and what Peter says of the exercise by Christ of his power to redeem spirits after his death, (1 Peter, 13: 18,) — "Thus can and will that be fulfilled which is written, (Philip. 2: 10, &c.,) that at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, in heaven, on earth, and under the earth, and the kingdom of God be at last made perfect."

We do not intend to argue here either for or against the doctrine of a final restoration, but only mention as a remarkable fact that so many eminent men among the German Supernaturalists should have come to this conviction. We are sorry to say that an American theologian, in translating the essay of Schleiermacher from which the above extract is taken, thought fit to omit this passage. It should seem that, while he was willing to have his readers see that the authority of

Schleiermacher was on the side of the doctrine of election, he was not willing that they should understand that he believed it in connection with the doctrine of a final and universal restoration. He informed them that Schleiermacher believed that the salvation of men is determined by the decree of God; he did *not* inform them that he also believed that God had decreed the final salvation of *all*.

NOTE E. Page 175.

STRASBURG MINSTER.

In Goethe's works (vol. xxxix., *final, complete edition*) are several essays upon the old German architecture. One is a paper written in 1773 upon the Strasburg Minster, in which he expresses an enthusiastic admiration for this work of genius, and great contempt for the taste then prevailing, which only approved the flat and empty surfaces of the Grecian orders. The French and Italian critics were accustomed to demand *simplicity* in architecture, and were offended by the exuberance of ornament in the German cathedrals, preferring a meagre and monotonous uniformity to the rich variety of the Minster. With great ardor Goethe contends against these views, showing that there is harmony, proportion, and unity, amid all the crowding lines and ornaments of the Strasburg spire.

"When I first visited the Minster," says he, "my head was filled with general ideas concerning good taste. I reverenced, on hearsay, the harmony of the masses, and the simplicity of the forms, and was a sworn foe to the confused and incongruous ornaments of Gothic architecture. Under this rubric *Gothic*, as in the article of a dictionary, I heaped together all the synonymous misunderstandings which had ever gone through my head about indefinite, irregular, unnatural, patched-up, huddled-together, and overloaded masses. Not

more modest than a nation which calls the whole foreign world barbarian, I called every thing Gothic which did not suit my system, from the twisted and variegated lattice-work with which our civic nobility adorned their houses, to the most serious remains of the elder German art, of which I was ready to cry with the rest, if I saw by chance a bold wreath or volute, 'Altogether weighed down by excessive ornament!' And, in going to see the Minster, I grieved to think I was to look at some deformed and bristling monster.

"With what an unexpected feeling was I surprised by the sight of this building, when I stood before it! A complete and great impression filled my soul, which, because it came from a thousand details, harmonizing with each other, I could taste and enjoy, but neither understand nor explain. They say that the joys of heaven are of this sort. How often did I return to enjoy anew this heavenly bliss upon the earth, — to feel in his works the giant spirit of our elder brother! How often did I return to study its majesty and grandeur from every side, at every distance, in every different light! It is a trouble to the human soul, when the work of one of our brethren is so sublime that we can only bow down and worship. How often has the softly-deepening evening twilight given repose to my eye, wearied with gazing so long, while it melted together into large masses the numberless details! The forms then stood, simple and great, before my soul, and my mind expanded itself with delight, at once to recognize and to enjoy."

NOTE F. Page 231.

CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.

To the reasons given in the text for building churches in the oval form, with seats rising from the centre, may be added one peculiar to this country, namely, the tendency to large

assemblies. It is only in America that multitudes consisting of from five to fifty thousand people come together in political and religious meetings, and even in literary and scientific celebrations, and on national anniversaries. We want buildings which will accommodate the largest number, not only of spectators, but of hearers, bringing them as near as possible to the speaker, and giving the fullest effect to the voice. It is not unlikely that the social tendencies of democracy will create a new style of architecture, exactly as the Catholic religion created the German style. Before that arose, no one could have predicted it; and so no one can foresee what new order of architecture will be developed here. It will probably come before we think of it, and have nearly reached its perfection before we know it, just as the exquisite proportions and grace of naval architecture have reached an ideal perfection, and scarcely a word has been uttered by connoisseurs about them. Occupied in studying the Parthenon and Westminster Abbey, we do not perceive a beauty which would almost make an old Greek shed tears of delight to contemplate. It is the necessity of satisfying a complex want, not any direct effort to produce a beautiful work, which succeeds in creating the masterpieces of art.

NOTE G. Page 344.

The day before Good Friday was called in the ancient church *dies mandati*, or Maundy Thursday. It was a communion day, and celebrated as a love-feast, and by the ceremony of washing the feet by catechumens.

THE END.

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